Picturesque SURREY

Duncan Moul & Gibson Thompson

CONTOUR
Countryside Classics

In 1902 Gibson Thompson took the finedrawings of Duncan Moul to illustrate his commentary on the beautiful country of Surrey. The book which resulted was not only an excellent guide to travellers in the region but an evocative and entertaining study of the geography and people of the area. Demonstrating an empathy for his subject seen in very few writers, Thompson showed that special skill required to identify and relate the pertinent historical fact or enlightening anecdote which has always separated the titles of Cobbett, Belloc and Morton from the standard chronicles of English social history and its countryside.

Serious students of Surrey topography will know this book well — and applaud its re-issue — but those who have come to the subject recently, the multitudes who have found great interest in local history, will be specially attracted by the fresh angles Thompson offers in comparison with present writings. Travellers will seek to re-visit the locations described; local folk will treasure this glimpse of their county nearly a century ago.

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PICTURESQUE SURREY

Down in yon watery nook,
Where bearded mists divide,
The gray old gods whom Chaos knew,
The sires of Nature hide.

Aloft, in secret veins of air,
Blows the sweet breath of song,
O, few to scale these uplands dare,
Though they to all belong.

See thou bring not to field or stone
The fancies found in books;
Leave authors' eyes, and fetch your own,
To brave the landscape's looks.

EMERSON ("Waldeinsamkeit").

ON THE ROAD NEAR HINDHEAD.

PICTURESQUE SURREY

A Portfolio of Sketches by

DUNCAN MOUL

Author of "Dickens' Land" and "Hopland"

With Descriptive Letterpress by

GIBSON THOMPSON

Member of the Surrey Archaeological Society, Author of "Picturesque Kent" and "Wolfe-land"

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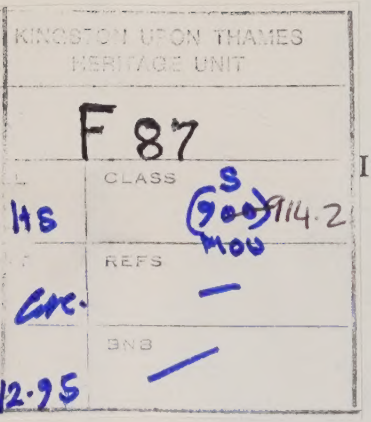

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INTRODUCTION.

SURREY is second to no county in England for a combination of allurements which make it a delightful holiday ground. There is no part of it which is not within easy reach of London, and yet it is as rich in wild heaths and lonely byways as in picturesque hamlets that still sleep in the peace of security among their unchanged environments of centuries ago. Nature seems so to have arranged its physical charms as to give variety in perfection, so rapidly can its delightful scenes be made to pass before the eye. In a short day's ramble one may walk by plashy water-meadows and sandy heights, over wind-swept moorland and in drowsy lanes, on airy uplands and in fern-clothed valleys, through dense forest and busy hop-gardens. Hardly a village is there that has not its ancient church, a mine of interest to the antiquary; its old-world inn by the village green, fit subject for a Morland; some visible relic of its ancient civilization, or quaint piece of folk-lore recalled by gaffer gossip or lingering custom. And outside the village there is the great stately house—Sutton Place, Loseley,

Wotton, and many another—with terraced gardens and the flowers old Gerarde loved, sweeping lawns of days of farthingale and ruff and peacock fan, and great parks with lordly trees whose branches

> . . . Have shadow'd many a group
> Of beauties, that were born
> In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
> Or while the patch was worn.

Artist and author have delightedly wandered on many a day among these scenes and places. If they have not pictured them all with pen and pencil it is only because their enthusiasm is limited by practical considerations. They do not pretend to have dealt with every charm of one of the most charming counties of our Homeland, and on this head they would venture to say to the critic, in the words of Pope :

> In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
> Since none can compass more than they intend.

GIBSON THOMPSON.

"EDENHOLM,"
THAMES DITTON.

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PICTURESQUE SURREY.

SECTION I.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES TO GUILDFORD.

The history of our native land—
With those of Greece compared and popular Rome,
And in our high-wrought modern narratives
Stript of their harmonizing soul, the life
Of manners and familiar incidents—
Has never much delighted me.—WORDSWORTH.

KINGSTON CORONATION STONE.

KINGSTON: THAMES DITTON: SANDOWN PARK: ESHER: COBHAM: RIPLEY: NEWARK ABBEY: SUTTON PLACE.

THERE is, perhaps, no better starting point for a peregrination of Surrey than Kingston, one of the oldest towns of the county. It is near the great Metropolis—ten miles by road, twelve by train, and twenty by river. It has a venerable history; though bustling and businesslike to-day it still preserves many visible links with its olden story; picturesque itself, it is moreover the centre of much attractive country; past it flows the river of pleasure, Spenser's

Crystal Thamis wont to glide
In silver channel, down along the lee.

And this last is its crowning glory.

Sit, on a summer evening, on the Queen's Promenade, and the scene presented can hardly be surpassed for its combination of natural beauty, vivid colouring, and an animation which, while constantly changing the details of the picture, cannot destroy the restful charm of a waterway. Up stream there are obtrusive shafts of waterworks pumping-stations, blots which perfect by contrast the kaleidoscopic picture bridgewards. There the leafy background throws up the sturdy lines of the stone bridge, while the broad river in the forefront is a brilliant panorama of punts, skiffs, canoes, occasionally Venetian gondolas, launches "that among the quieter craft are like kites among pigeons." Patient fishermen angle for barbel or pike, or for trout that experience has made preternaturally wary. The sun silvers the ripples, glints on a sail or a red parasol, makes a gaudy patch of the green awning of a launch, picks out here a white swan and there the gold of boat cushions. Horsemen and cyclists flit swiftly along the tow-path; a harp ripples softly from a passing steamer, or a mandolin tinkles from a lazy punt. Sun and distance brighten and refine all that might be crude; and the living pictures have a charm that landscape lacks, for they change like a never-ending cinematograph. There is nothing in the wide world quite like the Thames at Kingston on a summer day.

The bridge itself is not ancient—it was opened by the Duchess of Clarence, afterwards Queen Adelaide, in 1828—but it marks the site of a wooden structure which, as it was the first above London Bridge to cross the river, was, as will be noticed hereafter, a most important factor in the making of Kingston's history.

What remains of old Kingston is seen in and about its market-place, where projecting upper storeys, quaintly-propor-

tioned gables, antique bargeboards, and other relics yet outwardly testify to its age, and where within shops and dwellings are still staircases and carvings of Tudor days. In this vicinity is THE CORONATION STONE, a mute witness to the vast antiquity of the town.

It is a bare and bald statement to repeat the tradition that upon this stone certain Saxon kings were enthroned. One wants to know where it fits into the building-up of Surrey's history. A backward glance takes us to the most ancient inhabitants of this island, the palæolithic men. Few are the traces of their presence in the county except in the gravel deposits of the Thames Valley, where palæolithic flints have occasionally been found in the company of bones of *Elephas primigenius*, the Irish elk, and other animals of a remote age. Neolithic flints are fairly common at many places in the county, and bronze celts have been discovered, though not near Kingston.

Leaving the remains of primitive man for written records we come to the Belgic tribe of the Atrebates, or their branch, the Segontiaci, who have the best claim to be considered the British holders of most of Surrey. The rest of the county, the north-east, was probably occupied by the Cantii. Cæsar on his first expedition stayed near his landing place in Kent. On his second expedition he marched through Surrey. After defeating the Cantii he desired to cross the Thames and attack Cassivelaunus. It has been said that he crossed at Kingston, and had this been so it would have added to the local interest of the story. But there is every probability that this happened at Walton, opposite Halliford, and with his crossing he passed out of Surrey's history.

Mr. Malden, in his scholarly and vivid "History of Surrey," pictures Roman Surrey after its later final conquest as a pleasant rural county, ungarrisoned and secure from enemies during the greater part of the imperial rule. The legions were quartered

far away. The county was neither a great centre of trade nor of population. The towns must have been few and small. Southwark had villas and other marks of wealthy inhabitants. The evidence of weapons, coins, and other relics found in the bed of the river make it probable that at Kingston there was a small town. At Woodcote, near Croydon, and on Farley Heath there were Roman towns, but it is impossible to say there were any others in the county. It has been claimed that there was a Roman bridge at Kingston, but there is no evidence of this. The first mention of Kingston Bridge is in the Patent Rolls of Henry III. The Roman bridge above Kingston was at Staines.

It would be impossible here to follow the story of Surrey during the Roman occupation, which ended in 410. Nor would it directly relate in any way to Kingston. We come to the time when all doubt as to the rule of Surrey passed away. Egbert returned from the Court of the Franks to take his place as King of the West Saxons, and began to reduce the island of Britain. In 825 he defeated the Mercians, and Surrey, Kent, Sussex and Essex accepted his overlordship, passing for good and all into the hands of the West Saxons. About 838 Egbert held at Kingston the Council at which Ceolnoth, the Archbishop of Canterbury, made between the West Saxon throne and the Metropolitan see the lasting alliance which did much to perpetuate the rule of both in their respective civil and ecclesiastical supremacies in Britain.

Kingston, from its name, must have been already a royal possession, but if any kings had lived there they were the under-kings of Surrey, of whom Frithwald (675) is the only one whose name is preserved. At any rate Kingston was afterwards the place of crowning of several kings, prior to the building of Edward the Confessor's Abbey at Westminster, and the famous Coronation Stone illustrated gives their names as Eadweard, Adelstan, Eadmund, Eadred, Eadwig, Eadweard, and

Ædelred. It is difficult to recognize among them such old friends as Edward the Elder, Edward the Martyr, and Ethelred the Unready masquerading in this new orthography. But they are there, and authorities differ as to whether Edgar should not be included and "Eadmund" omitted.

Three times was the King's Stone moved before, some half a century ago, it was set up with much ceremony in its present position, where, one hopes, it may find a final resting-place. It is a rough pentagonal block, raised on a modern base, on which are inscribed the names and dates of the seven kings it is said to be associated with; and over each royal name is let in a silver penny of the period. When the millenary monument to "the Truthteller" was unveiled at Winchester, Lord Rosebery, Kingston's distinguished High Steward, made but a single criticism on that finest colossal statue the land possesses. He suggested that for the one word "Ælfred" sculptured on the gray Cornish granite "Alfred" should be substituted. Many of the present generation who regret the pedantic spelling of the Saxon names on the Kingston Coronation Stone will agree with him. On the proper day in 1901 the millenary was observed in Kingston with some ceremony, the old stone being decked with a floral wreath, and on a shield were the words, "Alfred the Great, King of Wessex, died October 26, 901."

It has been contended that it was from this relic the town was called Kingston, but in its oldest form the name is the Anglo-Saxon for "King's town," and a charter of King Edred, one of those whose names appear on the stone, in 946 expressly terms Kingston "the royal town where kings were hallowed."

According to the Domesday Book "the royal town" was not at the time of the Conquest of great extent or importance, though it was the proud possessor of a church, five mills, and three fisheries. The Conqueror entrusted his hunting mares to the care of "a man of the soke of Kingston." King John was a fre-

quent visitor, and by giving the townsmen their first and second charters he paved the way for a long municipal history which has not been without distinction. Henry III. and his son Edward were there in 1264 during the Barons' War, having turned aside on their march from the Midlands towards London to seize a mysterious castle which then existed at Kingston, but has since disappeared, leaving no trace even of its site, and never again figuring in the pages of history. It has been suspected that it was only a temporary fortification erected in this campaign by Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, one of the insurgent barons. In 1452 the Duke of York was in arms against the Duke of Somerset. York, advancing from the Welsh Marches, desired to be admitted into London, but on the king's refusal to receive him crossed Kingston Bridge and came through Surrey to Blackheath.

Again, in 1472, soldiers swooped down on the town. Calais was in the hands of Warwick's party, and the Bastard of Falconbridge had come with his ships, having taken on board part of the garrison of Calais, to the coast of Kent, and had proceeded to raise the country for King Henry. He failed in his attack on London Bridge, and the Bastard then marched with his army to Kingston Bridge. There, however, his heart failed him. Lord Scales, and others of King Edward IV.'s party, wrought upon those about him to counsel a retreat, and "for as myche as fayre wordes and promyses make fooles fayne," he was prevailed upon to retrace his steps to Blackheath. From Blackheath he withdrew with his Calais soldiers and shipmen to Sandwich, the local levies melted away, and the enterprise came to an end.

Katharine of Aragon, in 1501, stayed a night here on her way from Portsmouth, after her first landing in England. Sir Thomas Wyatt, in his insurrection against Queen Mary, finding the gates of London Bridge shut against him, marched after some delay to Kingston, where was the next bridge across the

Thames. He arrived to find the bridge broken down, and soldiers posted on the opposite side to oppose his crossing. These he dispersed with two pieces of ordnance, and, seizing some West-country barges and boats, and hastily repairing the bridge with planks and ladders, he carried all his soldiers over, and marched on to Knightsbridge—only to suffer defeat and execution.

By a remarkable chance both the first and almost the last appearance in arms during the great Civil War took place at Kingston. In January, 1642, when an open rupture between King and Parliament seemed inevitable, news was brought to London that Colonel Lunsford and other officers and soldiers who had served in the King's army against the Scots, had made a rendezvous at Kingston ; that Lord Digby had gone to join or lead them, and that the men were swaggering about the town threatening some desperate enterprise. The county magazine was at Kingston, containing arms and ammunition for the militia, and it was feared that there was an intention to seize it, and to provide supplies for a force which should occupy Portsmouth for the King. The sheriffs of Surrey were directed to call out the train-bands, or militia, of Surrey and the neighbouring counties, and to prevent the design. Lunsford allowed himself to be arrested, and was committed to the Tower. Lord Digby escaped "beyond sea," and the agitation at and about Kingston subsided.

The war broke out at last with the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham in 1642. Sir John Ramsay, a Scotch officer from the German wars, for a time held Kingston with 3,000 men ; but was directed to retire to Southwark. Charles I. then occupied the town, with the support of the inhabitants, and temporarily took up his abode in his own house at Oatlands. But if he could not attack London, neither could he safely maintain himself so near it, and Surrey was finally abandoned, and the King went to Reading and to Oxford.

Five years later Kingston was again in military occupation, and was the pivot for an all-eventful movement. In June, 1647, the army had seized King Charles, had impeached eleven members of Parliament of treason, and had marched on London. The Parliament gave way, allowed the eleven members leave of absence, and began to treat with the soldiers. In July the army came to Kingston, and was joined by the Speaker and certain Lords and Commoners. London was fortified, but was indefensible against an army which could practically invest it and cut off supplies. Southwark intimated that it was ready to receive the soldiers. Colonel Rainsborough, who had been quartered at Kingston, marched in at two o'clock in the morning of August 4th, without opposition, and took possession of the forts on the south side of the Thames. Two days later London was fully in the power of the army.

On the evening of July 4th, 1648, the Earl of Holland, with a Dutch officer named Dulbier, the Duke of Buckingham (Dryden's Zimri), his younger brother Lord Francis Villiers, and the Earl of Peterborough, with some 600 men, appeared at Kingston and proceeded to collect partisans and to plunder the property of the Parliamentarians. On the 7th, Holland, hearing that his enemy had left Reigate, marched from Dorking to re-occupy that town. The Parliamentary troops, however, were beforehand with him, and turning about he started for Kingston. Near Ewell a few shots were fired and a few men taken. At Nonsuch was a sharper skirmish. The pursuers, all cavalry, were able to overtake the Royalists, who were foot as well as horse. Between Nonsuch and Kingston, where the road from Tolworth goes over Kingston Common, about a mile south-east from Surbiton Station, the Royalists faced about. They were forced to retire, but stoutly covering as a rearguard the march of their foot into Kingston. In the post of greatest danger, in the rear, Lord Francis Villiers, a boy of singular beauty, was fighting. His

horse was shot under him, and he took his stand with his back to an elm tree on the east side of the road. The tree was cut down in 1680, but in Aubrey's time (1719) the spot seems to have been pointed out still. Here he kept five or six troopers at bay, till one coming up behind the tree struck off his steel cap and laid him mortally hurt on the ground. The report reached London that he was wounded and a prisoner, and orders were sent that he should be well cared for. But he was dead, and, says Major Awdeley—a combatant on the Parliamentary side—"good pillage found in his pockets." Ludlow, in his "Memoirs," writes:

"The Lord Francis, presuming perhaps that his beauty would have charmed the soldiers, as it had done Mrs. Kirke, for whom he had made a splendid entertainment the night before he left the town, and made her a present of plate to the value of a thousand pounds, stayed behind his company, where unseasonably daring the troopers, and refusing to take quarter, he was killed, and after his death there was found upon him some of the hair of Mrs. Kirke sewed in a piece of ribbon that hung next his skin."

When the fight reached Kingston the Royalist infantry checked the advance of the enemy's horse, who drew off to wait for their own foot, intending to attack next day. On the morrow, however, they had scarcely an enemy. Kingston was found evacuated. Half Holland's force had dispersed, many making their way up to London—where they were never inquired after, Clarendon adds. The leaders had fled with a few horse northwards. Holland was subsequently taken at St. Neots, and executed. Dulbier was killed in the last scuffle at St. Neots. Buckingham and Peterborough escaped. The bloodshed of the Civil Wars was not over, but with the fight near Kingston, over the ground covered by the suburban houses and gardens of to-day, and with the death of Lord Francis Villiers, whose comeli-

ness, youth, and courage excited widespread compassion for his fate, the curtain falls upon the Civil Wars south of the Thames, and upon all warfare of any kind in Surrey.

From the King's Stone it is but a step to the Town Hall, a comparatively modern structure, which bears on its front a leaden statue of Queen Anne, originally erected on the building's predecessor in 1706. In the principal room is a portrait of that queen by Kneller. The accounts of the Chamberlain record the receipt of payments from Spaniards for the hire of the town hall and of the county hall. The strangers must have been attendants of ambassadors sent to England by Charles V. to treat as to the suggested marriage of his son Philip with Queen Mary, and it is probable Philip himself visited the town during his short stay in England. To quote but another item, the same accounts show about a century later (1650), after the triumph of the Parliament and the execution of Charles I., a payment for taking down the royal arms in the town hall, and "blotting out" those in the church.

A few more steps, and the tower of the old church comes into view, incongruously crowned with stone pineapples. The fine window seen is, like the body of the building, of the Perpendicular period, but the lower part of the tower is apparently older. It has had its vicissitudes—this brick-topped veteran tower. Previously it was surmounted by a spire, but in 1703 lightning destroyed this, and so shattered the tower that it had to be partly rebuilt. It was then that the pineapple grotesques came into being, and for further incongruity the bricks, though the remainder of the church is flint and chalk and stone. A quarter of a century before tower and spire had similarly suffered by lightning, and William of Worcester solemnly assures us that "one in the church died through fear of a spirit which he saw there." There is, unfortunately, no memorial of the vision's victim, but there are many other interesting monuments, notably an altar-tomb with a recumbent effigy in alabaster for Sir Anthony Benn

(died 1618), Recorder of London, in his official gown and great ruff; a statue, by the famous Chantrey, of Louisa Theodosia, Countess of Liverpool (died 1821); and a full-length portrait in high relief of Henry Davidson (died 1827), by Ternough, Chantrey's pupil. Among the brasses is one for Robert Skern (died 1437), and a very good one for his wife Joan, daughter of Alice Perrers and—so historical scandal asserts—Edward III. No less interesting are the brasses, with kneeling effigies of John Hertcombe (died 1480), in the habit of a merchant, with scrip and girdle, and for his wife, who appears attired in full gown, furred gloves, and square pendent headdress; another for Mark Snellinge (died 1633), nine times bailiff of Kingston, and his wife; and another for the ten children of Dr. Edward Staunton, who was ejected at the restoration of Charles II. and "silenced for nonconformity" by the Act of 1662. The curious lines on the inscription are made up of Scriptural references:

> Ten children in one grave! A dreadfull sight;
> Seven Sons and Daughters three, Job's number right.
> Childhood and Youth are Vaine, Death reigns over all;
> Even those who never Sin'd sike Adam's fall:
> But why over all? In th' first Man every one
> Sin'd and fell, not he himselfe alone.
> Our hope is Christ, the second Adam; He
> Who saves th' Elect from Sin and Misery.
> What's that to V's poore Children? This our Creed,
> God is a God to th' faithfull, and their seed.
> Sleepe on, deare Children, never that you wake
> Till Christ doth raise you, and to Glory take.

Staunton was not the only, nor the first, unconformable minister of Kingston. "Pious Mr. Udal," for his book, "A Demonstration of Discipline," was rewarded by a demonstration of that exercise which probably did not appeal to him as a correct interpretation. In 1590 he was ejected from his living and condemned to death. From time to time, however, he was respited, and two years after

he died in the Marshalsea prison. Another remarkable epitaph in the church is for Thomas Hayward (1665):

> Earth to Earth,
> Ashes on Ashes lye, on Ashes tread ;
> Ashes engrav'd these words, which Ashes read.
> Then what, poore thing, is Man, when any Gust
> Can blow his Ashes to their elder Dust.
> More was intended, but a wind did rise
> And filled with Ashes both my Mouth and Eyes.

The Sir Anthony Benn mentioned above as Recorder of London had previously held the same honoured office at Kingston. According to Aubrey he married "Jane, daughter of John Evelyn of Godstone, sister to Sir John Evelyn, and mother to the now old Countess of Kent, who restored that decaying honourable Family, to which she brought great riches." Another of Kingston's recorders buried in the church is George Roots (1831), who published a most interesting translation of the charters of the town. It is a noteworthy fact that of the boroughs of England, some three hundred and fifty altogether, only twenty-six possess both a Recorder and a High Steward. Kingston not only has both, but through its municipal representatives it claims and exercises the privilege of appointing them, and in this respect it stands absolutely alone among English boroughs. Of the eighteen High Stewards whose names have been recorded, three of Lord Rosebery's predecessors are specially distinguished. One was the Earl of Nottingham, better known by his lesser title of Lord Howard of Effingham, of memory glorious in the naval annals of our country, always memorable for his great achievement of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Another, Robert Banks, second Earl of Liverpool, was Prime Minister for a longer consecutive period than any holder of that office during the nineteenth century, and that at the critical time when our nation was in imminent peril at the close of the death struggle

with Napoleon. The third was Edward Bartenshaw, Lord St. Leonards, who succeeded the third Earl Liverpool in the High Stewardship. We refer again to this remarkable man in connection with Thames Ditton. Of lowly origin, by the sheer force of his sledge-hammer ability he forged his way upwards in the profession of the law until he won its very highest prize and took his seat on the Woolsack as Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. His judgments were received with as much respect and reverence as those of Lord Hardwicke, Lord Eldon, or Lord Cairns.

On the Sunday before Michaelmas Day—"crack-nut" Sunday, as it was called in Kingston—the old church was wont to hear within its walls during service the disturbing cracking of nuts, with which young and old alike had stuffed their pockets. It may be that, like Dr. Primrose's parishioners, they cracked them religiously; in any case they cracked them noisily enough to necessitate the occasional suspension of the service, and strenuous efforts were made to suppress the practice. It was not, however, until about the end of the eighteenth century that they were successful. It has been suggested that this custom may have originated from the usual civic feast attending the choosing of the bailiff and other members of the corporate body on Michaelmas Day. Another diversion of Kingstonians was the pre-Reformation "Kyng-gam" or King-game, no doubt the pageant of the Three Kings of Cologne. It was performed in the churchyard, at considerable pecuniary profit to the parish. It might be thought, at first sight, that the old charge levied upon the parsons of certain parishes for keeping bulls for the use of their parishioners was connected with the relaxation of bull-baiting, or the equally barbarous bull-running, in which our ancestors delighted. But it was imposed on the practical ground that as the rector was entitled to the tithe of calves, and in some cases milk, it was to his interest to promote increase of tithable pro-

duce. In Queen Elizabeth's day a jury haled before the Hundred Court a Mr. Pope, the vicar of Kingston, because he had not a bull at the parsonage, according to old custom; and it was ordered that thenceforth he should keep one "on payne of x shillings for every lackinge." In some places a boar, as well as a bull, had to be kept. But though the parson's bull was not associated with frivolous pursuits, there were several other pastimes connected with the church. Within its walls there were miracle plays, and immediately outside them were celebrated with much splendour the sports called "Robin Hood" and the "May Game," scenic exhibitions in which all ranks of society took part. Probably the great Kingston Fair, with all its ribald accompaniments, was also at one time held within the precincts of the church. What these entertainments covered is suggested by the mandate of William de Wykeham, which forbade within the diocese of Winchester (which then included Kingston) juggling, the performance of loose dances, ballad-singing, the exhibition of shows or spectacles, and the celebration of other games in churchyards, on pain of excommunication.

Ball play was another rather remarkable dissipation of the inhabitants. At noon the church bells rang out for the opening of the game, and the mayor started the football from the steps of the Town Hall. Until at five o'clock the bells rang out "time!" the ball was kicked or carried about the streets in a kind of go-as-you-please Association and Rugby scramble. In the earlier days the play was good-humoured, but in later years it became a "carnival of roughs." Lamps and windows in the market-place had to be boarded over, and the streets were abandoned for the time being by quietly-disposed people who objected to take involuntary part in reckless "scrums." In 1866 the mayor established a precedent by refusing to "kick off," and since then the revel has gradually ceased to be. Local tradition accounts for its origin by relating that in one of their

incursions the Danes were stopped at Kingston by the resistance of the townsmen until help came from London, and in the battle that ensued the invaders were defeated, their general slain, and his head cut off and kicked about the streets in triumph. There has been, however, a very similar custom in many other places throughout the country, and we shall meet with it again at Dorking, for example. Though moribund there, the pre-Lenten saturnalia is still vigorously healthy in some parts—at Ashbourne, in the Peak district, to mention but one place.

The ducking of viragos with "tongues that talk too idle" was another pastime of Kingstonians of yore. The churchwardens' accounts for 1572 record that the making of the "cucking stool" cost eight shillings, the iron-work for it three shillings, the timber seven shillings and sixpence, and three brasses and three wheels four shillings and tenpence, a cost by no means excessive when it is seen from later accounts for repairs how frequently the stool must have afforded diversion to all save the shrew who sat in it and was bobbed up and down in the river. Curiously enough, the cucking-stool still is, by the common law of England, the recognized punishment for a female "scold"; and certain husbands say that, even at this day, there are ladies at Kingston who have cause for congratulation that the offence is no longer prosecuted.

But Kingston still witnesses annually a scene which retains some mediæval spirit and picturesqueness. In July it is roused by the swan-hopper's melodious call "All up!" an indication that the ancient process of marking the young swans with their owners' symbols is in progress. Naturally, as a royal bird, the swan was the property of the king, but sovereigns long dead did, with regal generosity and for consideration shown, grant royal licence to certain favoured subjects to possess property in swans. Thus it was that the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies of the City of London came to have swans upon the Thames in

common with the King's Majesty. The progeny of swans belongs to the owner of the parent birds. But the cygnet must be marked, or it reverts to the Crown. Once a year, therefore, the owners claim and mark their increase in the presence of the king's swanherd; and terrible are the penalties for wrongly marking or tampering with marks. There are six skiffs, two each for the King, the Vintners, and the Dyers. Each skiff carries a banner showing a white swan, on a ground of red for the King and the Vintners, of blue for the Dyers. On the first is also a crown, on the others the arms of the respective companies, with the legend "Vintners' royalty" or "Dyers' royalty." The men wear jerseys—scarlet for the King, blue and white striped for the Vintners, blue for the Dyers. Then when a brood is sighted the swan-uppers make a dash for the birds, grasp them, tie their feet with twine, and with penknives trace the proper marks on the skin of the youngsters' beaks. And so they journey on to Henley, which is well above the Palace of Windsor.

What varying phases of comedy and tragedy the old market-place and its precincts must have witnessed in the days that are gone by! The cucking stool must have brought to it a gaping crowd on one of the very first occasions when this new chair was used. The victim was the wife of one Downinge, a "gravemaker" of Kingston. With so sombre an occupation and such a termagant for a helpmeet, the poor man's life must have indeed been melancholy. The shrew was perched on the stool of repentance, after it had been designedly "made of a grete hythe; and so browgt a bowte the markett place to Temes brydge and ther had iij Duckinges over hed and eres because she was a common scolde and fyghter." The cost of the three wheels for the stool has already been mentioned; they were probably used for drawing it to the place of immersion, amid the shouts and jeers of the townsmen. A beam ran out from the

main arch or pier of the bridge—the old wooden one that has been referred to in connection with Sir Thomas Wyatt's rising—and from the beam the chair was lowered into the water. Dr. George Roots—who died in 1830, and, like his son, the Recorder of Kingston previously mentioned, lies buried in Kingston Church—witnessed the last local instance of this method of cooling the unruly tongue, but the cucking-stool was long afterwards kept ready for use in the old town-barn, now pulled down.

In the next month of 1572 there was variety in the excitement when by judgment of the Sessions there were hanged "vj persons and seventeene taken for rogues and vagabonds and whippid about the market place and brent in the ears." In those days the unemployed were an even greater source of lawlessness than in our own times. The squatter who had been ousted by common-grabbing lords of manors, the dispossessed monks and hangers-on of monasteries, the vagrants who were beggars by profession, swarmed in Surrey to such an extent that, two years later, they were specially brought to the notice of the Lord Lieutenant—Lord Howard of Effingham. "A great stoare of stout vagabonds and maysterlesse men, able enough for labour, which do great hurte in the county by their idle and naughtie life," was the Council's description of them. Orders were given that they should be arrested, sent to London, and shipped as soldiers to the Low Countries, "where they shall be well used and entertained." The government's idea of good usage and entertainment was to leave the pitiful rascals abroad for six months, unpaid, with the result that many of those who had not become "food for powder" either deserted to the Spaniards or straggled home starving.

Many of these mediæval mendicants were authorized to go from church to church collecting alms under begging licences (generally called "briefs"), extensively granted to distressed individuals and families in Elizabeth's reign; and their living

depended, if they did not overstep the bounds of honesty, on the success with which they could work upon the feelings of churchwardens with their moving tales of disaster by flood and field. Kingston has many entries such as one of 1570, which records the arrival there of John Jinkin, who had (or said he had) been "robbid on the sea by Spanyards"; or those of 1571, which tell of the pleading of a man who seems to have held his licence to beg from "My Lord Admirall"; of a widow who successfully "gathered xviijd" on the strength of the story of her husband having been "slayne amongst the wylde Iryshe, being Captain of Gallyglasses"; and of a vagrant from Dorking whose house—as happened in the market-place to the ears of certain peripatetic scamps—had been "brent." In the thirty-ninth year of Elizabeth's reign an Act "for the suppressing of rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars" was vigorously enforced against "Persons calling themselves scholars, going about begging; all idle persons going about in any country either begging or using any subtil craft or unlawful games or plays, or feigning knowledge in physionomy or palmestry; patent gatherers; common players of interludes, other than players belonging to any Baron of the Realm; jugglers, tinkers, pedlers, and petty chapmen; and generally all wandering persons . . . loytering, and refusing to work for reasonable wages, or pretending to be Egyptians." Any wanderer coming within the meshes of this wide net was on conviction to be "stripped naked from the middle upward, and openly whipped until his or her body be bloody; and then sent from parish to parish to his or her last residence, and in default of going there within a time limited to be eftsoons taken and whipped again." One imagines the prospect must have robbed vagrancy of much of its charm. The statute, though modified from time to time, remained in force until the reign of Queen Anne. It is interesting to set side by side with this general picture the facts that at the beginning of the nineteenth

century, under the then Poor Law, there was in Surrey one pauper to about every seven inhabitants; while at the end of the century (1898) the paupers were one to every forty-four of the population. Kingston Union in that year had only to relieve just over one in fifty of its population.

When Queen Elizabeth visited the royal town, as she did frequently, the bells of the old church were set a-ringing, and the sightseers of the market place must have witnessed some brilliant pageants. In 1597 she dined at Kingston, and the ringers were rewarded with a payment of five shillings. Two years later Mr. Bailiff Yates paid £6 10*s*. towards the fees of the Queen's officers; and two years later, when the same royal visitor came through the town in state, Thomas Hawarde had forty shillings to pay for Her Majesty's gloves and Mr. Cockles £4 6*s*. "for the gift to the Queen." No doubt there was unanimous acclamation on the passage of that majestic figure with the expensive gauntlets, for disloyalty was a hazardous indulgence in "great Eliza's" days—a fact which was impressed upon the people during her reign by five executions for denying the royal supremacy. Two of these were witnessed in Kingston—those of Way and Wigges, each a William, both priests, and both hanged in the town in 1588. Two centuries later (1787) the gossips of Kingston were occupied in discussing the details of a crime which may perhaps be mentioned here because it is referred to in detail in later pages. In that year the Hindhead murderers were tried at Kingston assizes and sentenced to death.

Boating is not a pastime nowadays associated with the market place, but it was not uncommon there when the swollen river was wont to make unexpected excursions inland. One of the most picturesque records of such happenings is that of October, 1570, when on "Sunday at nyght arose a great winde and rayne that the Temps rose so high that they might row botts owte of the Temps a great waye into the markette place."

There was no warning of this "dem'd demp" night visitation, for the narrator records, with a nice dramatic instinct, that it came "upon a sodayne."

Many a stirring spectacle must this historic site have seen in connection with the military occupations of Kingston. To recall but one, it was in the market place, when Royalists and Parliamentarians were preparing for an appeal to the sword, that Colonel Lunsford and other Royalist officers made the first attempt to assemble an armed force. In November of 1642 a grim entry in the Parish Register records "two soldiers hanged in the market place, were buried."

The Old Portsmouth Road, which runs through Kingston, has taken yeoman share, too, in the story of the incidents of Kingston's ancient mart; and many a motley load it has seen borne to the town in all kinds of vehicles before and since the days of the lumbering six-inside conveyance of the seventeenth century, the mail coaches which first appeared in 1784, or the light four-inside fast coaches which in 1823 marked the meridian of this kind of travelling. The famous highway was measured from the Stone's End, Borough, whence to Kingston it was eleven miles five furlongs. Six toll-bars crossed it between London and Portsmouth, the third at the "Robin Hood" in Kingston Vale. Thence the "Portsmouth Regulator," the "Portsmouth Telegraph," the "Royal Mail," the "Light Post," and other noted coaches, to say nothing of lumbering chaises and travelling waggons, would wend their way through the outskirts of the town, passing Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, with its ancient chapel. It still stands, close to the roadside, and is noteworthy if only for the fact that Edward Gibbon, the celebrated historian, was one of its pupils. He was born at Putney in 1727, and "in my ninth year," he has told us, "in a lucid interval of comparative health, my father adopted the convenient and customary mode of English education; and I was sent to Kingston-upon-Thames

to a school of about seventy boys, which was kept by a Doctor Wooddeson and his assistants. Every time I have since passed over Putney Common, I have always noticed the spot where my mother, as we drove along in the coach, admonished me that I was now going into the world, and must learn to think and act for myself." Lovibond, the poet, was another of its notable pupils; and William Burton—critic, philologer, and antiquary—one of its talented masters A contemporary of the author of the "Decline and Fall" was a very different character, but one in whom travellers by the Portsmouth Road were for a brief time much more keenly interested—the redoubtable Jerry Abershawe, who with other highwaymen haunted Putney and Wimbledon Commons and the neighbourhood of Kingston. As his mother foretold, he came to a fitting end on the gibbet at the age of twenty-two, under circumstances referred to in the concluding section of this book.

The whole distance from the Stone's End to Portsmouth was a furlong short of seventy-two miles, a distance which, when only the "stages" were running, could be accomplished with luck, and when Jerry Abershawes were inactive—and then only if the roads were good—in fourteen hours. In 1821—in the Augustan age of coaching, when George IV. was king—the journey was accomplished by "The Rocket" in the record time for the year of nine hours. Kingston, in mail-coach days, was the end of the first stage out of London, and there the hungry passengers breakfasted before pursuing their journey "southward o'er Surrey's pleasant hills." The Kingston inns were busy and prosperous in the days when our sea-power was being gloriously demonstrated, and the coaches rolled through the market place decked with laurel wreaths and flowers as they brought the news of fresh victories, and pig-tailed sailor men with pockets full of prize money filled the mail-coach seats and made the glasses of the "Castle Inn" ring with their bluff calls for the

very best of fare the portly host could supply. In the time of Henry VIII. ten Kingston inns were rated for tithes—the "Crane," "Bell and Swan," "Crown," "Angel," "Castle," "Rose," "George," "Cross Keys," "Greyhound," and "Griffin." The famous "Castle" still retains in the carvings of the staircase and in the large timbers which support the floors, evidences of its Tudor birth, but its public glory has departed, and it is now divided up into private dwellings. And for the picturesque coaches that were wont to brighten the old Portsmouth Road streams of cycles and automobiles flash along, carrying custom to many an old posting house that but for them would have shared the degradation of the "Castle Inn." It is startling to learn that on Whit Sunday, 1894, no less than twenty thousand cyclists passed through Kingston.

When the time came in recent years for fixing the seat of the new governing body of the county, there was not a little competition for the honour, but the choice fell upon Kingston. "If in some ways the choice is a new departure," says Mr. Malden, "yet it is fitting that the government of Surrey, a part of the West Saxon kingdom and bishopric should sit in an ancient crowning-place of West Saxon Kings, in a town perchance named after the residence there of Under-Kings of Surrey."

But we must journey on to Thames Ditton, and perhaps the pleasantest way is to cross Kingston Bridge into Hampton Wick, on the Middlesex side, a hamlet no longer characterized by "the elegant solitude" which Steele praised in dedicating to the Earl of Halifax from his "little covert" in the village the fourth volume of "The Tatler." Turning to the left one is faced by "Ye Olde King's Head," adjoining which are some gates with stone-capped, red-brick pillars at an entrance to the Home Park of Hampton Court. Those whom it may concern should note that cycles cannot pass through. Bearing to the left, over the green turf and along a double avenue of trees, the golf club-

SWAN INN, THAMES DITTON.

house is passed, and a fine section of the avenue leads to an iron gate in the boundary wall abutting the towing path. A little higher up the river will be seen three small eyots, with for background "THE SWAN" at Ditton, and the stunted square tower of the church, with its wooden belfry. At this point some stone steps lead down to the water, and from these a ferry-boat can be hailed. It will belong to the brothers Tagg, members of the innumerable family whose name is a "household word" along the course of the Thames. Quite a century ago the grandfather of the brothers kept the famous inn which adjoins their boat-slip.

It was in a punt off "The Swan" that Theodore Hook, a frequent visitor, composed these lines, published in 1834:

Here lawyers free from legal toils,
And peers released from duty,
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,
And eke the smiles of beauty.

The "Swan," snug inn, good fare affords
As table e'er was put on,
And worthier quite of loftier boards
Its poultry, fish, and mutton.
And while sound wine mine host supplies,
With beer of Meux or Tritton,
Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,
Invites to stay at Ditton.

"The Swan" still hath its charms, and time has not effaced its own picturesque appearance nor interfered with its outlook over a pretty backwater of the river, albeit engineering works and the ubiquity of the villa builder have not improved the attractions of its once rural surroundings. The sketch, made from the side of the road which runs under the high wall of Boyle Farm, gives a glimpse of the inn and of some of the quaint cottages still left in the village, which is ancient enough to have had its existence

recorded in Domesday Book. Opposite "The Swan" is another old inn, "The Crown," with quaint fire-place, low-pitched rooms, and whitewashed oak beams that age has hardened to iron. The cottages figured so prominently in the forefront of the illustration may have originally been the priest's house, or some kind of monastic building connected with Merton Priory, to which, in the reign of Henry I., Gilbert Norman, Sheriff of Surrey, gave the advowson of Kingston, together with the four chapelries then attached, Thames Ditton being one. This old house has been divided up into separate cottages, in one of which there is a wide staircase of oak, sadly disfigured with paint. To the right of the fine chimney shown at the gable end there can be seen, in what is now an external wall, a pointed recess which would seem to have been a piscina. The roadway has cut through part of the building, possibly through an oratory, but the writer has not been able to discover the history of the house.

Boyle Farm, the house adjoining the boat-slip whence the ferry plies, will have been noticed in crossing the river. "Mrs. Walsingham," wrote Horace Walpole, "is making her house at Ditton (now baptized Boyle Farm) very orthodox. Her daughter, Miss Boyle, who has real genius, has carved three tablets in marble with boys, designed by herself. These sculptures are for a chimney-piece; and she is painting panels in grotesque for the library, with pilasters in black and gold." Miss Boyle married Lord de Ros, and afterwards Lord Henry Fitzgerald, and resided at Boyle Farm. In 1827 a gorgeous fête was organized there, the expenses being met by a subscription of £500 each from Lords Alvanley, Castlereagh, Chesterfield, Robert Grosvenor, and Henry de Roos. Pavilions for some five hundred diners covered the lawns that sloped to the weeping willows overhanging the water; the ornamental gardens were ablaze with many-hued illuminations; character quadrilles were danced by the

beauties of the season; gondolas glided about the river, their freight picked singers from the Italian opera; in a boat were Vestris and Fanny Ayton, the one singing Italian, the other English. The famous "Dandies' Fête"

> Of some few hundred beauties, wits,
> Blues, dandies, swains, and exquisites,

formed the groundwork of a poem by Tom Moore which he dedicated some years after to the Hon. Mrs. Norton, "one of the most distinguished ornaments" of the carnival. Lord Francis Egerton, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere, also helped to immortalize the function in what Moore termed "a playful and happy *jeu-d'esprit*." Later, Boyle Farm was the residence of the eminent lawyer, Sir Edward Sugden, afterwards Lord St. Leonards and Lord Chancellor of England, who died there and lies buried in the adjacent churchyard. Theodore Hook and Croker were on one occasion the guests of Sir Edward at Boyle Farm. They were admiring a very beautiful vase that stood in the hall, and Sir Edward explained that it was a copy of the celebrated Warwick vase. "Yes," said Croker, "it is extremely handsome; but don't you think the Barberini vase would have been more appropriate to the place?" The point of the unmannerly witticism lies in its reference to Sir Edward having started life as the son of a hairdresser in Duke Street, Piccadilly. Afterwards Boyle Farm was the residence and property of the Hon. and Rev. Frank Sugden, a son of the late peer. Ditton House, adjoining, was formerly the home of the Hon. Edward Bligh, grand-uncle to the Earl of Darnley, who died here in 1841; and subsequently of Mr. W. W. Fitzwilliam Dick, of Humewood, co. Wicklow.

THAMES DITTON CHURCH, originally a chapel-of-ease to Kingston, though fatally restored and added to in 1864, still retains no little of its ancient interest. It has a monument with a fine embattled frieze to Erasmus Forde (died 1553), and it has been suggested that the memorial is not a tomb, but a con-

fessional, as the lower part is divided into arched recesses. There is, however, no convincing reason for the theory. Attached to the wall near is a brass for this same Erasmus (who was treasurer

THAMES DITTON CHURCH.

to Edward IV.), his wife, six sons and eleven daughters. William Notte (died 1576) also added manfully to the population of the district, for there are smaller brasses to commemorate him and his fourteen sons and his wife and five daughters. Another small brass perpetuates the memory of Cuthbert Blakeden (died

1540), his wife, and her second husband, John Boothe. Cuthbert was "sergeant of confectionery" to Henry VIII., and Boothe one of the gentlemen ushers to Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Some more recent memorials include a mural monument, with bust, for Col. Sidney Godolphin, Governor of the Isles of Scilly and "Auditor of Wales." "He spent his life in arms," says his inscription, "till his state of health requiring ease and quiet made him quit a military life, but not the service of his country, which he represented in Parliament nearly fifty years, and died Father of the House" in 1732. In the vestry there is a curious but incomplete set of ancient painted panels of rude oak, bearing in colour representations of angels wearing stoles and swinging censers, of skulls and bones, and other weird devices. In the wall at the east end of the churchyard are the relics of an ancient brick house, probably at one time part of the interesting building already referred to in connection with the illustration showing "The Swan."

In Domesday time the manor which included Thames Ditton was owned by the Abbess of Barking, possibly because it formed part of the original endowment when that convent was founded in the seventh century. The abbess conveyed it to Henry VIII. when he was forming the chase hereafter referred to. But, as already noted, the church was associated with Merton Priory, and it was subordinate to Kingston until 1769, when an Act of Parliament established Thames Ditton and East Moulsey as perpetual curacies, "distinct from each other and from the vicarage of Kingston." From the early years of the thirteenth century there are in the annals of the priory many records of adjustments by the bishops of the income of priory and church and chapelries; and they give interesting glimpses of old-time customs. Thus, in 1352, under an award of Bishop Edindon, when William de Freston was Prior of Merton, it was arranged that the portion of Robert de Hinckeleye, then vicar of Kingston, was to include all

"obventions" and profits accruing to the chapel of Ditton except the tithes of such things as hay, coppice-wood, and corn not growing in gardens. Twenty-three years later Bishop William de Wykeham had to settle disputes which had arisen through the non-observance of Edindon's arrangements. Then the prior was Robert de Wyndsore, and the vicar Robert de Bokenhulle, and it was held that the latter's perquisites were to include all tithes of lambs' wool and skins within the chapelry of Ditton, and all things growing in the cemetery there, "the bodies of trees only excepted, and pigeons and other birds bred in the said chapel." Also the convent at Merton was to supply every Easter a cart-load of wheat straw towards covering or repairing the manse at Ditton. Finally, the convent was to assign, award, give, demise, and grant to the said Robert de Bokenhulle and his successors a site called "Prestes'-hagh," adjoining the churchyard at Ditton, sufficiently inclosed, freely and quietly to hold and possess for ever, for the mansion and curtilage for a chaplain to perform divine service in the chapel of Ditton. And within six months from the assigning of such site there was to be built upon it a manse which should include a hall with two chambers (*cameræ*), one at each end, with a water-supply (*cloaca*) to each, "which whole mansion shall contain forty feet in length and eighteen feet in breadth."

As a last reference to church matters and the quaint practices they recall may be mentioned a bequest of the time of Henry VIII., when John Lee charged his house and certain lands at Thames Ditton with the payment of six shillings and eightpence for an obit. The curate and three other priests were to say a Dirige and four masses, for which each of the divines was to receive eightpence, the clerk fourpence, and the curate an additional fourpence for the "Beede Roole;" leaving three shillings and fourpence to be distributed in bread and cheese to the poor. Do they get it, one wonders?

When Henry VIII. was getting too old and fat to incur the fatigue of going to Windsor Forest for his favourite sport of stag-hunting, he acquired all the manors near Hampton Court and lumped them together. Then he had the great tract of country inclosed within a wooden paling, and reserved "for the nourishing, generation, and feeding of beasts of venery and fowls of warren" for his royal sport. Thames Ditton—as well as Esher, part of Cobham, and other places—was included in this vast "chase," and no doubt it shared the grumbling at seeing the "parishes all overlayed with deer" and "the country thereabouts in manner made desolate." But the sufferers took care not to make their growls heard while "old Harry" was alive. They waited until the accession of Edward VI., and then petitioned the Council with such success that orders were given forthwith to remove the deer and take down the palings. But the Council reserved the rights of future sovereigns, and it is a curious fact that the district is still technically a Royal Chase, and the paramount authority over all game within its limits is vested in the Crown.

From Ditton it is but a short walk, past the railway station and across Weston Green, to the Portsmouth Road, which can be joined by Esher railway station. We skirt the celebrated racecourse at Sandown Park, formed on Sandown Farm, upon which formerly stood the hospital of Sandon, founded early in the reign of Henry II. One of its benefactors provided for the maintenance of six chaplains, and for keeping a lamp and candle continually burning before the altar in the chapel where was buried the heart of the donor and the body of his wife. The terrible "Black Death" of the middle of the fourteenth century swept off the master and all the brethren; but apparently they were replaced, for the hospital existed until at the Dissolution it shared the fate of the other religious houses. The chapel was left standing long after the other buildings were destroyed, but

no vestige even of it remains to-day. Sandown House stands on the site of the hospital. The ornamental iron entrance gates to the racecourse, which was opened in 1870, came from the princely mansion, Kensington House, that the late Baron Albert Grant was building for himself at the time of his great financial collapse.

Just at the entrance to Esher there is, on the right, a flint and stone arch over a seat, known as the "Travellers' Rest," with the Pelham arms and the initials "H. P.," no doubt the gift to the village of Henry Pelham, of Esher Place.

Esher, "the Ash Wood," one of the most charming of the Surrey villages near the fringe of London, lies in the shadow of the wooded heights of Claremont. Its main street, generously wide, is flanked with quaint buildings of varying heights and irregular frontages, ivy-covered; and a Jacobean gateway or two divide attention with prim yews shaped artificially with formal precision. With its foreground of sloping village green, white posts, bright sunblinds and snug seats, prominent is the old hostelry and posting house, "The Bear Hotel," established in 1529. Louis Philippe used it during the old Claremont days, and here are portraits of him, signed by his own hand; his pistols, and the huge jack-boots worn by the postboy who drove him to Claremont in 1848. It is said that some German adventurers started at Esher in 1649 the first brass-works ever established in England. They failed, and there is certainly nothing about peaceful Esher to suggest that it is ever likely to become the scene of noisy industrial enterprises.

At the time of the Domesday Survey the manor of Esher belonged mainly to the Abbot of Leutfrid's Cross, but in the reign of Henry III. the abbot sold it to Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, and it remained in the possession of the see, Esher Place being the residence of the bishops until 1537, when Stephen Gardiner conveyed house and manor to Henry VIII.,

who had, as already mentioned, just constituted Hampton Court a manor, and was converting Esher and the country round into a chase. Queen Mary reconveyed the manor to the see of Winchester, and its later history may be read in connection with the notes on Esher Place.

An illustration shows its OLD CHURCH, quite hidden away behind the noted Bear Inn. Small and ugly it used to be, but it has long been disused, and if left to itself may even yet become picturesque as a ruin. Its chief monument has been moved to the new church on the other side of the high road, but the old building is still of interest, though by no means a delight architecturally. The ungainly excrescence on the south, built by the Duke of Newcastle as a chamber pew for the lords of Claremont and Esher Place, certainly does not heighten its appeal to the æsthetic eye. The old high-back pews still remain, and are useful as shoots for the miscellaneous items with which the sacred building is now stored. Out of the dust and cobwebs peers a mural tablet—not very striking, though it is by Flaxman—in memory of the Hon. Mrs. E. C. C. Ellis (died 1803) of Claremont. In the little belfry are three bells, one of which, says tradition, was brought from over the sea by the great Francis Drake. The donor, however, was, if a Drake at all, more probably the Francis of that ilk who was lord of the manor in the reign of James I. In the churchyard is the ivy-hung tomb of "Jane Porter, a Christian widow" (died 1831), with the inscription: "Respect her grave for she ministered to the poor." She was the mother of Sir R. Ker Porter, and of his famed sisters, the novelists Jane and Anna Maria Porter, both of whom lived for many years in a small house at the back of Claremont Park. In the days of our grandparents the sisters' novels were read with avidity, but we imagine "The Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw" are unknown to the present generation. The picture of the Saviour over the communion

table in the old church was painted at Caracas in 1837 by Sir

OLD CHURCH, ESHER.

R. Ker Porter, and already it is cracked and faded enough to rank as "an old master."

This literary association is not the only one that Esher can boast. Howitt was for many years a resident there, though this does not prevent him, in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," falling into the error of describing as "Wolsey's Well" the seat at the entrance to the village already referred to. The historian of the "Decline and Fall" writes: "My unexpected recovery again encouraged the hope of my education; and I was placed at Esher, in Surrey, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Philip Francis, in a pleasant spot which promised to unite the various benefits of air, exercise, and study (January, 1752). The translator of Horace might have taught me to relish the Latin poets had not my friends discovered in a few weeks that he preferred the pleasures of London to the instruction of his pupils." Some five years before, Gibbon had spent two years at the Grammar School at Kingston. The "Rev. Mr. Philip" was the father of the more famous Sir Philip Francis, and he had just opened in Esher the academy where was published the well-known translation Gibbon refers to. Esher Place and Claremont have inspired numerous pens—Pope's, Thomson's, Moore's, Dodsley's, Colley Cibber's and Garth's, if one mention but a mixed few among so many; and Claremont is obviously the scene of Jane Austen's "Emma."

In the new church, which dates only from 1854, there is nothing of ancient interest save the mural monument already mentioned as having been transferred from the old church. It shows a small kneeling effigy in armour, and commemorates Richard Drake (died 1603), equerry to Queen Elizabeth, "one of t^{h} overies of ovre late Soverane Elizabets stabl^{e} who lived in great credit wth all men and in high favor wth his Prince as any man of his caling." Under the tower is a marble monument of Leopold, first King of the Belgians (died 1865), who resided at Claremont. It was originally erected by "Victoria the Good" in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. In the north aisle is a bust of H.R.H. the late Duke of Albany, admirably executed by Mr.

F. J. Williamson, a local sculptor of famed ability, whose studio is still in Esher. In the chancel is the royal pew attached to Claremont. In the south side of the churchyard Samuel Warren, Q.C. (died 1877), the author of "Ten Thousand a Year" and "The Diary of a Late Physician," is buried; and there is also a very beautiful modern marble monument to Edith (died 1891), wife of Arthur Doveton Clarke. Six years later the husband was laid by his wife, and the inscription is the one word "United." But perhaps the most curious memorial is that—also of marble and very beautiful, the work of Mr. Williamson—to the Brett family, with recumbent effigies of the late Sir William Baliol Brett, P.C., Master of the Rolls, First Viscount Esher, Baron Esher of Esher (died 1899), and Lady Esher, who is still living. It is curious, though not singular, in having been erected while both lord and lady were alive; and many a time, on their way to and from the church, must they have passed their counterfeit presentments, grim sermons in stone. Sir Thomas Walsingham erected an anticipatory monument to himself in Chislehurst Church, but it was in memory of his father as well as in anticipation of his own death. Moreover, this was three hundred and fifty years ago! Lord Esher erected his own monument over the vault which was built on the death of his second son, Eugene Leopold Selwyn, of the Scots Guards. Another of the memorials in the churchyard is for the Rev. Charles Clark, the author of several works of fiction, who carried on the famous school in the "Old House" at Esher.

The grounds of Esher Place, the seat of Sir Edgar Vincent, K.C.M.G., extend from the village to the Mole, which winds its devious way along the meadows west of Esher, on its journey to the Thames. The original house built by Bishop Waynflete, about the middle of the fifteenth century, as a residence for the Bishops of Winchester, stood on the low marshy site close by the Mole, in "a moist and corrupt air," as Wolsey afterwards com-

plained to Gardiner, "continuing in which I cannot live." On his appointment to the see of Winchester in 1528, Wolsey remodelled and extended the house, as a compensation for the loss of Hampton Court, which he had found it prudent to present to the king. July 3rd, 1529, was the last time he ever set eyes upon his dearly-loved brick towers and courts at Hampton. In a few weeks more—

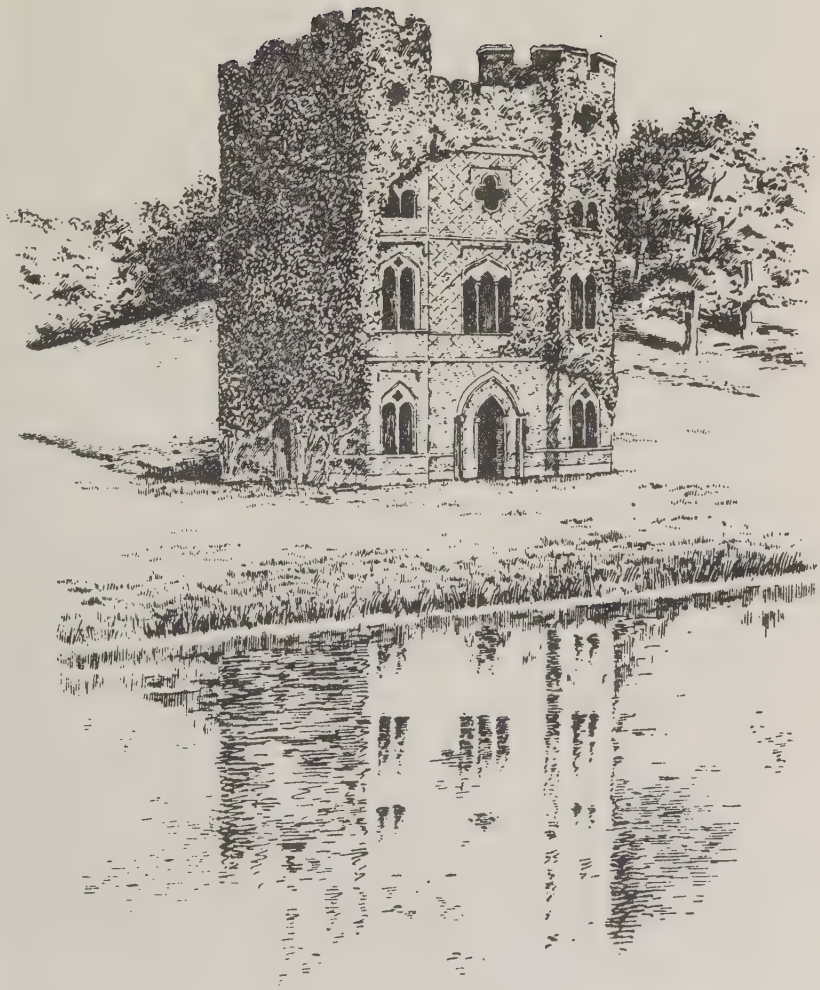
> Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory
> And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—

was flung from his high estate, banished the king's presence, stripped of his dignities, robbed of all his vast possessions and goods, and sent in disgrace to Esher. He proceeded to Putney by water and thence rode to Esher across country. On the way he was overtaken by Norris, a gentleman of the bedchamber, who brought him a kind message from the king, at which poor Wolsey was so overjoyed that he sent back his fool Patch as a present to Henry. "The poor fool," says Stow, "took on like a tyrant rather than he would have departed from my lord," and Wolsey "was fain to send six of his tallest yeomen to convey the fool to the Court." Sick unto death in body and mind, Wolsey had to remain with his retinue at Esher "without beds, sheets, tablecloths or dishes," though there was "good provision of all kinds of victuals." Plates and dishes were borrowed from "Master Arundell and the Bishop of Carlisle"; but at Christmas Wolsey "fell sore sick that he was likely to die, and the king sent his physician, Dr. Butts," to see what was the real condition of the fallen prelate. It was reported that the Cardinal's life was in danger, and the king seemed to relent for a while and to feel some remorse for his ungrateful treatment of one whose only fault had been to serve him too well. He sent him messages of hope, and a ring as a token of good will, and even induced Anne Boleyn to send him the tablet of gold hanging at her girdle "with very gentle and comfortable words." Wolsey was anxious to be "re-

moved to some dryer air and place," and it may be hoped that his diocese of York, to which he was subsequently allowed to go, fulfilled those conditions. In the last miserable months of his life every galling indignity that the ingenuity of his enemies could devise was heaped upon his head. In the early morning of the 29th November, 1530, the once-proud cardinal and mighty minister of Henry VIII., attended only by a few followers as faithful as poor Patch, breathed his last in Leicester Abbey, a prisoner charged with high treason against his sovereign lord the king. And the greatness and splendour of Henry's reign departed with him.

Queen Elizabeth, who purchased the manor from Gardiner, gave it to Lord Howard of Effingham, and among its subsequent distinguished owners were Richard Drake, whose memorial we have seen in the new church; and his son, Francis Drake. In 1729 it came into the hands of the Rt. Hon. Henry Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle, the famous minister who succeeded Walpole and Carteret. Even then little was left of Waynflete's mansion but the gatehouse known as WOLSEY'S TOWER. In 1805 the estate was purchased by Mr. John Spicer, who pulled down the earlier buildings and erected the present semi-classic structure on higher ground. But the ancient green-mantled gatehouse remains, an excellent example of old brick-work with stone mouldings and dressings, with octagonal turrets, battlements, machicolations and a central gateway, shadowing itself in the waters of the Mole, with the park and the modern Esher Place for background. It can best be seen from the fields of Wayland's Farm, on the other side of the Mole, from which the illustration was made.

Wayland's Farm was once occupied by Mr. William Duckett (1801), the inventor of the drill plough. Here he was frequently honoured by visits of George III. and many others who were anxious to profit by his skill in matters of agriculture and



"WOLSEY'S TOWER," ESHER.

agricultural machinery. Mr. Duckett's son was sent by the king to the Cape of Good Hope to introduce there his father's methods and improved implements. There are memorials to the family in the old churchyard at Esher.

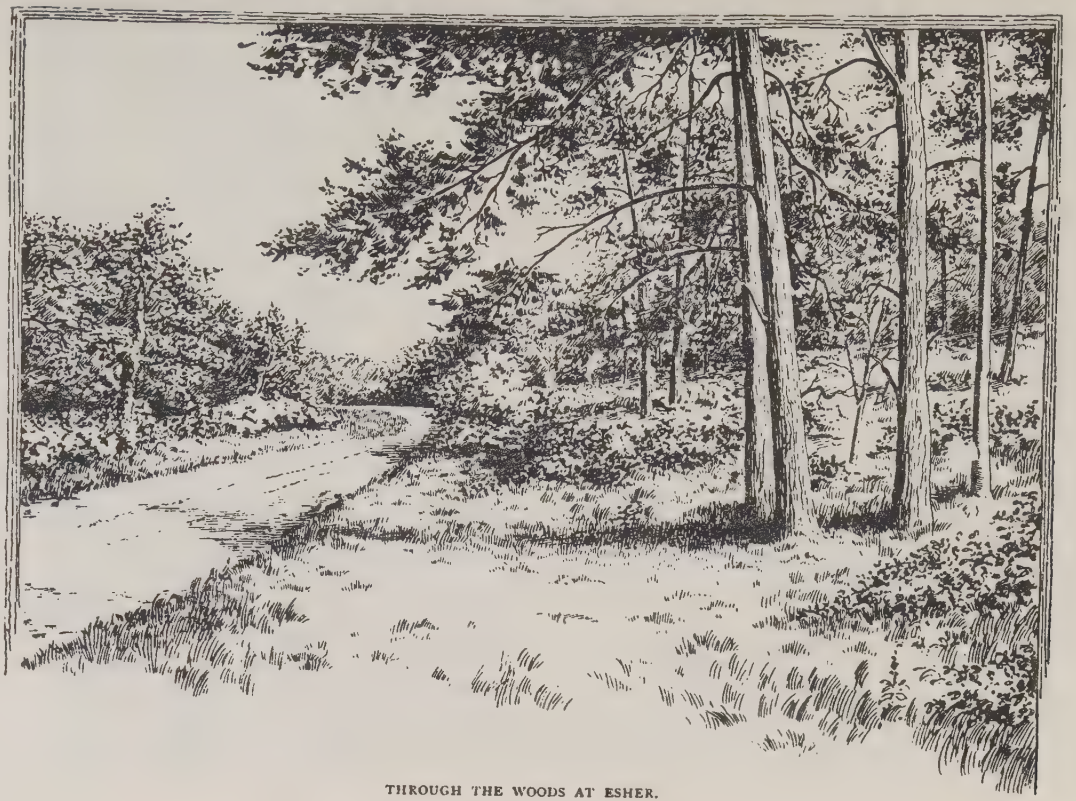
Claremont, on the opposite side of the village, is still richer in associations than Esher Place, though they are of more recent date. Like Esher Place it succeeds a small brick mansion first erected on low-lying ground. This was erected for himself, in the reign of Anne, by Sir John Vanbrugh, the celebrated architect and more excellent dramatist. The house and the bare bleak land about it were bought from Vanbrugh by Thomas Pelham Holles, Earl of Clare (created Duke of Newcastle in 1715), who added to the grounds and to Vanbrugh's house, and built a castellated prospect tower on a mount a short distance west of the present mansion, whence the name "Clare-mont." He was Prime Minister to George II. and George III. The grounds, like those of Esher Place, are said to have been laid out by Kent, the famous gardener, and "Claremont's terraced heights" were vastly admired by Kent's contemporaries and duly celebrated by Queen Anne's poets.

Lord Clive, who bought the estate in 1769, twenty-eight years after the duke's death, commissioned "Capability" Brown to build a new and more magnificent house on higher ground. It is said to have cost over £100,000. Meanwhile that fatal shadow which overclouded the hero's later years was already gathering. The dark accusations brought against him by his political foes reached the rustics of Esher. "The peasantry of Surrey," says Macaulay, "looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be made so thick in order to keep out the devil, who would one day carry him away bodily." "The stately house," of brick with stone dressings, and the Clive arms above the portico, is said to be the only mansion Lancelot

Brown ever completed, though he altered many. His sobriquet of "Capability" was bestowed by his contemporaries in consequence of his frequent use of that word when giving advice in his twofold profession of architect and landscape-gardener.

After Clive's death by his own hand in 1774 at his town house in Berkeley Square the estate was sold to Viscount Galway. From him it passed to the Earl of Tyrconnel, who, in 1807, sold it for £53,000 to Charles Rose Ellis, brother of the better-known George Ellis, the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. Nine years later, in view of the marriage of Princess Charlotte with Prince Leopold, it was bought from Mr. Ellis by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests for £69,000, and it was settled on, and was the residence of, the royal couple until the death there in childbed of the Princess in that melancholy November of 1817. It was in a room at the south-west angle that Princess Charlotte died, and the house still contains many memorials of her, including her full-length portrait by Dawe. In 1837 the Duchess of Nemours, first cousin to the Queen and the Prince Consort, who had given birth to a daughter on October 28, died suddenly, on November 10th, at Claremont. In a letter to Baron Stockmar the Prince wrote: "The fresh disaster to which eventful November has given rise in eventful Claremont will have caused you deep emotion. . . Nemours has lost his dear, to us all so dear, Victoire! in the room nearly above that in which the Princess Charlotte died." Prince Leopold—whose full-length portrait by the same artist also hangs in the gallery—became King of the Belgians in 1831, and a year after married the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French. Leopold never lived at Claremont after the great sorrow which had befallen him under its roof, but under the terms of the settlement it remained his property until his death in 1865.

When Louis Philippe took refuge in England after the French Revolution of 1848, Leopold lent him Claremont as a residence,



THROUGH THE WOODS AT ESHER.

and he retained it until his death there some two years later.[1] Queen Amélie died here in 1866. Both were temporarily interred at Weybridge in the little Roman Catholic chapel, but in 1876 were removed to Dreux, in Normandy.

Our late Queen, as a young girl, stayed more than once at Claremont with her mother, the Duchess of Kent; and during the early years of Her Majesty's reign it was a favourite resort of both the Queen and the Prince Consort. Here they frequently came from London or Windsor, seeking, says Sir Charles Grey, "such short intervals of quiet and refreshment as they could snatch from the fatigue and excitement of London life"; and, near the observatory built by the Duke of Newcastle, an ancient cork-tree marks the spot where the royal couple often breakfasted with their children. "This place has a peculiar charm for us both," wrote the Queen to the King of the Belgians in 1843, "and to use it brings back recollections of the happiest days of my otherwise dull childhood, when I experienced from you, dearest uncle, kindness which has ever since continued."

Since the days of the exiles from France, who lived and died at Claremont as the Count and Countess de Neuilly, the house of sad memories has been the home of more than one member of our own royal family. In 1871 the Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, went to spend there the early days of their honeymoon; and just eleven years later the mansion was assigned as a residence to the late Duke of Albany, the Queen's youngest son, on his marriage with Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont. His painfully sudden death only two years later added another mournful recollection to the ill-fated house, where the widowed Duchess of Albany still continues to reside.

The statute of 1866 which gave Claremont to our late Queen

[1] A peculiarity about the house is that a drawing-room, used by the French King as a chapel, was built according to Lord Clive's instructions to fit a magnificent carpet which he had imported from India.

"during her life and pleasure" estimates the park, pleasure grounds, and gardens at 332 acres, and "certain plantations and lands" at 132 acres, but later additions must have made the total area very much greater. In 1882 it was bought by Queen Victoria as her private property. Both within and without the house are rare attractions for the visitor who may be privileged to see them, but we cannot even suggest them here.

Esher is surrounded by pleasant scenery, and many fine walks may be taken on the commons or by the banks of the Mole, though the latter runs for much of its course through private inclosures. The wooded land beyond Claremont may be especially mentioned. There is a great variety of sylvan strolls such as that suggested by the road illustrated in THROUGH THE WOODS, where the notes of cuckoo and nightingale may be heard at times with almost unending persistence. Even without any definite "show-place" to visit the average man could find delight in the broad, breezy, heather-clad stretch of Esher Common, or in the fir-margined lake at Fairmile, glorious in the sunset of a fine summer evening.

A little further along the Portsmouth road, at four and a half miles from Esher, we reach Cobham Street, with another inn, "The White Lion," which was famous in the days of the posting trade. In 1794 "Liberty" Wilkes, M.P.—he of the famous "North Briton"—partook there of "a large bowl of lemonade," which was scarcely sufficient to wash away the dust of the Portsmouth Road. A Mr. Hervey, "brother-in-law to Mr. Lambe, a silversmith, and Common Councilman of my ward," was at the time the landlord. "I was well used by him," continues the traveller, "and the house has a very decent appearance, but the poor fellow had tears in his eyes when he told me of thirty-five horse quartered on him." Some fifty years ago, when there were six toll-houses and turnpike bars between London and Portsmouth, the fourth was at Cobham Street.

OLD CHURCH STYLE HOUSE, COBHAM.

Adjoining is Church Cobham, which has more interest. Its church—chiefly late Decorated, but with a south door and a tower with two-light windows which may indicate an even earlier date. It is one of the few places left where the bell-ringers still stand on the floor of the church under the tower. It contains some monuments, notably one for W. H. Cooper, of Pains Hill, with a bas-relief—"the pilgrim at rest"—by R. Westmacott, jun. There are two old brasses, one a palimpsest with a history. It is now placed in the church, but in Manning's time it was "in the chest" here. One side shows a man bareheaded, with a long beard, identified by the inscription, since lost, as James Sutton (1530), "some tyme Baylé of this Lordshyppe." On the reverse side is the half-length figure of an ecclesiastic with hands upraised and holding a chalice. But the literary pilgrim will perhaps note with more regard the simple inscription on a brass wall-plate which recalls the fact that for some years Matthew Arnold lived hard by. We shall pass both his house and Pains Hill on leaving Cobham.

In the churchyard is the ostentatious mausoleum of Ald. Harvey C. Combe (died 1818), the great brewer, M.P. for London, and friend of Charles James Fox. At the entrance to the churchyard is the OLD CHURCH STYLE HOUSE illustrated. The manor of Cobham was attached to Chertsey Abbey, which had a "park" here, and this quaint timbered house, which dates from 1532, was once a charity of the Abbey. Now it is a "Home of Rest" for gentlemen, and part of it is devoted to the care of crippled children unable to earn a livelihood.

A short distance beyond the church, along a road to Leatherhead, is the picturesque MILL illustrated, with its two broad black wheels and sharp gables. The Mole winds about it, and at times cattle being watered complete a picture which even the ugly iron railings that skirt the road cannot spoil.

Having returned to Church Cobham to follow the Portsmouth

Road, Pains Hill Cottage is passed on the left, a few yards beyond an inn called "The Antelope." The house, much larger than its name suggests, stands in its own grounds behind a high fence, so that little of it can be seen from the road. Here died the famous poet and critic, the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, ever to be remembered as the master of Rugby; brother of Thomas Arnold, who was remarkably like him in appearance and a writer of scarcely less note; and uncle of the novelist, Mrs. Humphry Ward. The "detector-general of the intellectual feelings of his own nation," as Matthew Arnold has been somewhat harshly called, was born in 1822 at Laleham, near Staines, where his father then took pupils. He came from Harrow to Cobham in 1873, and fifteen years later died suddenly from heart disease at Liverpool, whither he had gone on a visit to his sister to welcome his daughter home from America. He was buried in the churchyard of All Saints, Laleham, in the same grave with his eldest son, who died in 1868, and the tombstone bears the inscription, "Awake, thou Lute and Harp! I will awake right early." Mrs. Matthew Arnold died at Pains Hill Cottage quite recently (1901), and was also buried at Laleham.

The "Cottage," which must for ever be of interest to the literary pilgrim, is part of the estate of Pains Hill, whose principal entrance we pass on our left just after crossing the bridge that spans the Mole. We may recall, in passing, that the original bridge here was built by Matilda, Henry I.'s queen, "for the benefit of the soul" of one of her maidens who was drowned in crossing the ford of the Mole at this spot. Pains Hill has its special interest as being one of the first examples of landscape gardening in Surrey, and in the eighteenth century it was regarded as one of the finest examples. The grounds were laid out by the Hon. Charles Hamilton early in the reign of George II., with the idea of combining the greatest possible variety of scenes and periods within a comparatively limited space. Many

THE MILL AT COBHAM.

of the views were formed from the pictures of Gaspar Poussin and Claude Lorraine. There were Greek and Roman temples and ruins, a Gothic chapel, a mediæval keep, grottoes, a waterfall, Italian and Alpine landscapes, and a hermitage. For the last, it is said, Hamilton advertised for a genuine live hermit, offering £700 to anyone who would lead a real recluse's life, sleeping on a mat, never suffering scissors to touch his beard or nails, and never speaking a syllable to the servant who brought his food. A man was found to undertake the enterprise, but one is not surprised that he tired before three weeks and "chucked the job." Horace Walpole was enthusiastic in praise of the effect that had been obtained from "a most cursed hill." Since his time much of Hamilton's work has been removed or altered, but the grounds are still remarkable. The house, with some grand old cedars on its lawn, stands on an elevation that slopes down to the Mole, and was built about 1790. The Rev. John Wesley, "that strenuous and painful" preacher, in 1771 found the gardens of Pains Hill "inexpressibly pleasant, through the variety of hills and dales and the admirable contrivances of the whole; and now, after spending all his life in bringing it to perfection, the gray-headed owner advertises it to be sold." Next year "Liberty" Wilkes, as he tells his daughter, "sauntered through the elysium of Mr. Hamilton's gardens till eight in the evening, like the first solitary man through Paradise."

Through a delightful country of pine woods and sand-covered hills, as wild as any in Surrey, we journey on for Ripley. Sheltering trees mark the approach to Ockham Common, beyond which we re-enter woods, pass the pretty lake by the "Huts Hotel," and ascend to charming Wisley Common, whence it is less than two miles to Ripley. Stretches of pineland and moorland give place to a plainer agricultural country, and we reach our next halting-place, Ripley, beloved of cyclists and motorists, in active touch with London by coach and steady stream of riders awheel,

yet old-world, with spacious village green where many a noted Surrey cricketer has learnt to play with a straight bat, irregular lines of picturesque brick houses adown its one long street, and its two old hostelries, one the far-famed "Anchor Inn." Its low-pitched planked ceilings and its beams testify to its age, and not long ago the removal of a modern grate disclosed the old

"THE ANCHOR," RIPLEY.

chimney seats and an Elizabethan fireback. Busy in the old coaching days, it was left to the cheery Dibble family, who owned the inn when Edmund Yates's "cads on castors" was generally accepted as an accurate description of bicyclists, to revive the fame of Ripley by welcoming with prophetic instinct the riders who first discovered that the Surrey hamlet was a Mecca for a most delightful run from London. The other hotel, "The Talbot," has some fine old timber and bracket work, and

it reverently preserves a genuine pair of old coach lamps, handsomely mounted in ornamental brasswork. A few years ago its doors were closed, but the popularity of cycling has given it a new, and it may be hoped long, lease of life.

In 1896 a stained-glass window, subscribed for by cyclists, was placed in the church in memory of the late hostesses of "The

OLD HOUSE, RIPLEY.

Anchor," and it bears the appropriate inscription, "So run that ye may obtain." A small tablet also perpetuates the memory of Herbert Liddell Cortis, perhaps one of the finest cyclists that ever mounted a wheel. His death in New South Wales in 1885, deprived the writer of a personal friend. At the present time there is also being constructed the organ which is to be paid for by a Cyclists' Memorial Fund. Sufficient has already been subscribed to cover the expense of erecting the console, but

further donations are needed. Three or four generations ago the musical portion of the services hereabout would seem to have been in more urgent need of attention. According to Col. George Onslow:

> The squeaking of pigs, the barking of dogs,
> The hooting of owls, the grunting of hogs,
> Make altogether much confusion of noises
> As when Ockham and Ripley in Psalms join their voices;
> And then the old clerk, to make it more odd,
> Calls this singing the praise and glory of God.
> If discord can be to God's honour and glory,
> I'm sure there's no choir that can go before ye.
> In heaven if harmony is to be found,
> Ye ne'er can go there, ye must bide on the ground.

Though rebuilt and enlarged in 1846, the church retains its Early English chancel, with a remarkable band of diapered ornament running round under the windows. Cyclists are always especially welcomed to its services, and the vicar has not only set apart special seats for them, but has opened at the vicarage a free stable for their machines.

The delightful old building which forms the subject of another illustration stands immediately opposite "The Anchor," and was once the Manor House. It is an interesting E-shaped mansion with curious brickwork and ornamental gables.

Ripley Church was formerly a chapel of Send, and belonged to the Priory of Newark, which lies but little over a mile to the north-west of Ripley Green. The quaint, planked NEWARK MILL illustrated is passed on our way. The picturesque and interesting remains of the Priory stand on the north side of the Wey, under which, says scandalous tradition, a vaulted passage led to the nunnery at Ockham Court. The story has given birth to a ballad, in which the frivolous Newark brethren are represented as being all drowned by a sudden inrush of the river just as they were on the eve of completing the tunnel which was to facilitate

NEWARK MILL, RIPLEY, WITH THE RUINED PRIORY IN THE DISTANCE.

their dallyings with the nuns. With game galore in the meads and fine fat fish in the streams life was probably not all mortification

> Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence,
> And number'd bead, and shrift,
> Bluff Harry broke into the spence
> And turn'd the cowls adrift.

At the same time there is no real foundation for the calumny concerning the fair sisters of Ockham, and the tunnel is accounted

NEWARK PRIORY.

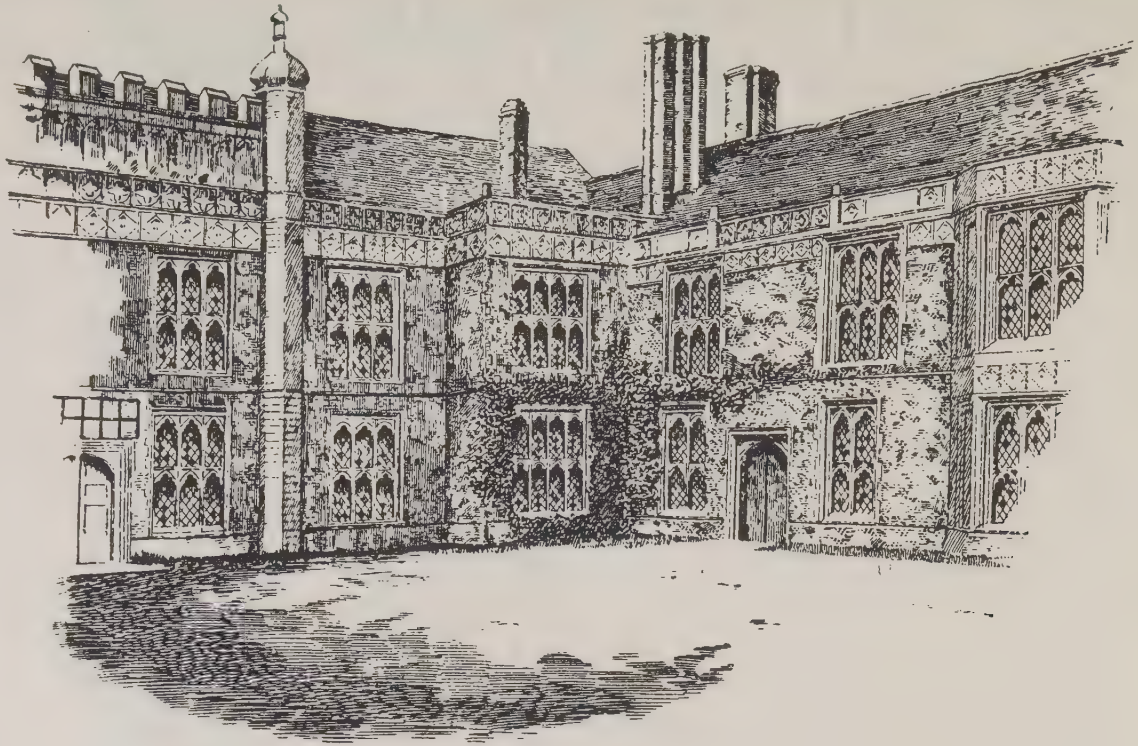
for by a very prosaic explanation. It was merely a necessary sewer to drain the priory buildings. Besides, the brothers of Newark belonged to an order which included only priests, and they lived under very strict monastic rule.

Clear, bare and gray rise the grouted flint and gravel walls of the ruins, its tall lancet windows, bereft of their tracery, sharply outlined against the vivid green of the adjoining meadows. Seven streams, says Aubrey, run by the Priory, and "the surrounding scenery is composed of rivers and rivulets, foot-bridge and fords, plashy pools and fringed, tangled hollows, trees in groups or

alone, and cattle dotted over the pastures." In John Evelyn's time (1681) the low-lying fields were the home of innumerable herons. The Priory was founded for Augustinian Canons at, or about, the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, and it received from various benefactors extensive grants of lands in Surrey and the adjoining counties. Its annual revenue when it was suppressed at the Dissolution was £258. Most of the priory buildings were pulled down in the eighteenth century and used to repair the roads! The principal mass of the remains standing to-day—still, after Waverley Abbey, the most considerable of all the Surrey religious houses—is possibly a part of the south transept of the old Priory Church.

A little further along our Portsmouth Road, another turning to the right diverges to the beautiful old mansion of SUTTON PLACE, which shares with Loseley the undisputed honour of being the finest house in Surrey. Moreover, it is one of the first purely domestic great houses ever built in the country; and for four hundred years, in time of peace or time of peril, mass has been said daily without interruption at Sutton Place. It has been made the subject of a sumptuous and exhaustive monograph by Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose mother occupied it.

The earliest mention of Sutton is in the record that Edward the Confessor had a hunting lodge near, and in Domesday Book the manor is duly catalogued. William I. bestowed it upon Robert Malet, whose father was one of the knights told off at the Battle of Hastings to defend the consecrated banner of the Normans, and after the battle he had charge of the sepulture of Harold, at Waltham Abbey. Robert, at the death of William Rufus, supported the claim of Robert of Normandy to the throne, and on the accession of Henry I. his manor was consequently forfeited to the Crown. This was the beginning of a very unsettled era of about four centuries, and during that period the manor seems to have brought ill luck to its possessors. "From



SUTTON PLACE.

the Conquest to Bosworth Field," says Mr. Harrison, "it was forfeited to the Crown more than ten times. At least ten times the owner, or his heir, is either beheaded, attainted, or killed in civil war." Henry VIII. granted the manor to Sir Richard Weston, with permission to impark six hundred acres of land and pasture, fifty of wood, and four hundred of heath and furze. From this period to the present time, now nearly four centuries, the manor has been held by Sir Richard's descendants and collaterals; since 1872, by Westons from an allied branch of the same family. The Westons were an ancient family of Lincolnshire since, at least, the time of Henry I., and Sir Richard was not only a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, appointed thereto by reason of his staid demeanour and discreet behaviour, but was also "Soldier, seaman, ambassador, governor, treasurer, privy councillor, judge of the Court of Wards and of the Star Chamber." His younger brother, Sir William, commanded the first ironclad recorded in history, the "Great Carrick," which was sheathed with metal so as to be cannon proof. This was at the heroic defence of Rhodes, in 1522, and for his share in it he was made, in succession to his uncle, Prior of the House of Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell. It proved a fatal distinction, as he is said to have died of grief in 1540, on the very day of the passing of the Act for the Dissolution of Religious Houses. Sir Richard's son, Sir Francis—he was knighted at the coronation of Anne Boleyn—was a young gallant

> Well mannered and in grace surpassing,
> In lists, dance, leaping, all o'er-pacing.

But unfortunately for him he was charged with conducting an intrigue with the fickle queen. In 1538 he was beheaded on Tower Hill, and on Tower Green Anne Boleyn suffered the same fate two days later. Sir Richard survived his son by four years, and was buried at Holy Trinity Church, Guildford, but his tomb, and those of his descendants who were entombed in the same

vault, was destroyed at the rebuilding of the church. His grandson and successor, Sir Henry, who twice received Queen Elizabeth at Sutton, died in 1592, and was buried with his grandfather. His son, a second Sir Richard, succeeded; and then came his grandson, a third Sir Richard, who is famous in the arts of peace. He spent much of his time in Flanders, where he availed himself of the opportunity of studying the advanced systems of agriculture and waterways already established there. Aubrey says that "he conveyed the water from Stoke river, near Guildford, to his manour of Sutton, whereby he floated six score acres of ground which aforetime was most of it dry. The same Sir Richard brought the first clover grass about 1645 out of Brabant and Flanders, at which time he also brought over the contrivance of locks, turnpikes, and tumbling bayes for rivers. He began the making of the New River." Aubrey, of course, means the new channel of the Wey, which Sir Richard was the first to make navigable from the Thames to Guildford. There is a "tumbling-bay"—a dam of loose stones—at the south end of the park of Sutton Place. Of a remarkable book on agriculture which Sir Richard wrote, the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says it "marks the dawn of the vast improvements since effected in England." The worthy author died in 1652, and in his turn was laid to rest in the family vault at Guildford. It would be tedious to follow here the further descent of the estate to the present owner, and something must be said of the house itself.

It was built about 1530 by the Sir Richard Weston to whom Henry VIII. had granted the estate, at a period of immense architectural activity, and it exhibits a perhaps unique combination of Tudor Perpendicular Gothic, without the addition of a single classical feature. "Had our builders continued on these lines of thought," says Mr. Harrison, "it is possible that our architecture might never have fallen beneath the dominion of Palladio, and yet might have worked clear of the imitation feudal

castle and the mesquin inanity of debased Gothic. But this idea, to whomsoever it belongs, perished with him. Sutton Place remains the single extant production of a peculiar and suggestive type of Renascence Gothic." The house is built of red bricks, but it has mouldings and ornaments of a lighter colour, which are said to have also been brought from the Low Countries, and are called by Aubrey "Flanders bricks." A curious feature is the introduction in every possible corner of the rebus in Norman French of the Westons, "R. W." and a butt or "tun," ornamentally encircled by vine leaves and grapes. The vine clusters having been mistaken for grapes, an absurd local tradition represents Sir Richard as the King's brewer. He was in reality his under-treasurer. Originally the building formed a quadrangle, but the side which contained "the stately gatehouse" mentioned by Aubrey became ruinous towards the end of the eighteenth century, and was removed altogether. One of the occasions on which Queen Elizabeth was entertained here was on her way to Chichester in 1591, and three days after her visit the south-east wing was destroyed by fire and remained a ruin for a hundred and thirty years. The north wing has been carefully restored by Mr. Norman Shaw. It is impossible to convey by written description anything like a proper sense of the charm of this beautiful house. A remarkable feature—which occurs again at Layer Marney, in Essex, a similar building of slightly earlier date—is the free use of terra-cotta. "It is one of the very few ancient buildings still remaining in our country which are made of terra-cotta and brick, without any dressing of stone.... Mullions, drip-stones, string-courses, turrets, arches, parapets, groins and finials are all moulded in fine terra-cotta, with delicate designs.... The mass and completeness of the terra-cotta work is hardly equalled by any old work in England." The exterior of the house is rich with moulded bricks, beautifully formed and proportioned windows, and terra-cotta mullions in a perfect state of

preservation. Within it has been more modernized, but there are still considerable remains of the older fittings. The centre of the building is occupied entirely by a fine hall, the windows of which contain some curious armorial glass, much of which is said to have been brought from the older Sutton Place, which perhaps stood a short distance north of the present house. Among them are the cognizances of Edward IV. and Henry VII., and the red and white rose of the Tudor sovereigns. Among the later devices is one of the clown "sent forth to fetch the goslings home." To save them from being drowned he thrust them under his girdle —and strangled them! Thus, says Wither of the quaint "Emblems"—

> The best good turns that fools can do us
> Prove disadvantages to us.

The paintings in the building are numerous, and among them are portraits of Henry VIII., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and, of course, a number of family portraits. Elaborately carved cabinets, helmets, suits of armour, old swords, bronzes, lantern clocks, a pierced steel chest, tapestry—these are but a tithe of the interesting objects which will appeal to the visitor who is fortunate enough to be privileged to roam over grand old Sutton Place.

If we return to Ripley, a journey of six miles along level roads and between cornfields and hedges will carry us thence into Guildford.

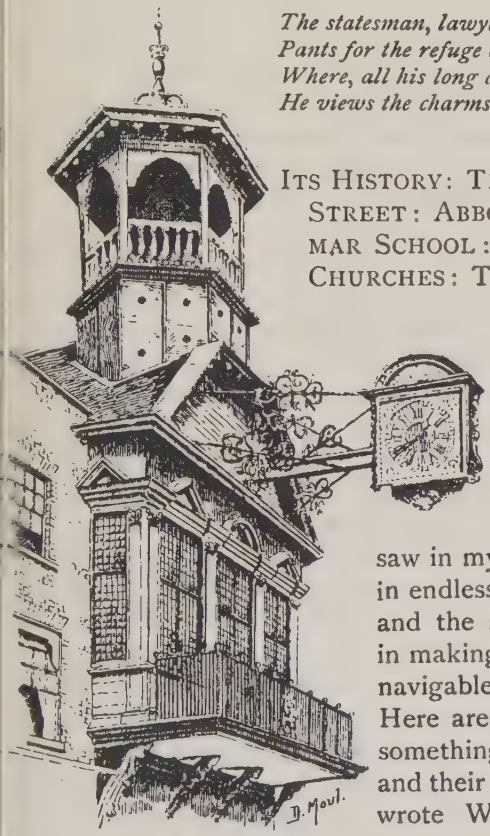
SECTION II.

GUILDFORD: SURREY'S CAPITAL.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forgot,
He views the charms of some sequestered spot.

COWPER.

ITS HISTORY: THE GUILDHALL: THE HIGH STREET: ABBOT'S HOSPITAL: THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL: THE CASTLE: THE THREE CHURCHES: THE WEY.



THE GUILDHALL CLOCK, GUILDFORD.

THE town of Guildford, taken with its environs, "I, who have seen so many, many, towns, think the prettiest, and, taken all together, the most agreeable and most happy-looking that I ever saw in my life. Here are hill and dell in endless variety. Here are the chalk and the sand, vying with each other in making beautiful scenes. Here is a navigable river and fine meadows. Here are woods and downs. Here is something of everything but fat marshes and their skeleton-making agues." So wrote William Cobbett more than seventy years ago. "Even now"—says Mr. Joseph E. Morris, in his charming little handbook to "Surrey's Capital"—"it is difficult to find a quainter or a prettier town in England. . . . Only those who

have wandered over Surrey year after year, in and out of season —in autumn, when the trees are russet gold and yellow, and the cottages are aglow with virginia creeper; in winter, in summer; and above all in—

> The sweet spring days,
> With whitening hedges and uncrumpling fern,
> And blue-bells trembling by the forest ways—

can ever appreciate at its proper value this exceedingly beautiful corner of our always-beautiful England." Yet another testimony to Guildford it is tempting to quote. Thus apostrophizes it a poet unknown:

> Blest source of health! seated on rising ground,
> With friendly hills by Nature guarded round:
> From eastern blasts, and sultry south secure,
> Thy air's balsamic, and thy soil is pure.

The lyric tripping of the first words of the last line is perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the tribute.

Its history begins with the first mention of the town by name in the will of Alfred the Great, by which the great Saxon bequeaths to his nephew Ethelwald certain "villæ," including "Guldeford." In 1036, after the death of Canute, it was the reputed theatre of a massacre of appalling dimensions. The story runs that one of the Saxon Ethelings—Alfred, brother to the Edward who was afterwards known as "The Confessor"—had been treacherously recalled from Normandy. Alfred had landed in Kent, and in passing over Guildown, on the east side of the Hog's Back above Guildford, Godwin bade him observe how wide a realm would be subject to his dominion. This was the signal for the earl's men to seize Alfred and his Norman attendants and to convey them to Guildford. Manning and Bray assure us that "they were, early in the morning, brought forth into the public streets and appointed unto slaughter. In order to do this they underwent a decimation, by which the

tenth only was preserved ; and this tenth another [decimation] of the same kind ; so that of six hundred Normans who accompanied the prince on this occasion, not more than six escaped the fury of the merciless barbarians. Nor was the death alone of these unhappy victims thought a sufficient atonement for the presumption of their leader. They even sported with their miseries, and by every lingering torment that the very wantonness of cruelty could devise, and the most abandoned ferocity execute, protracted their various agonies to the very last moment." Alfred himself, being blinded, was conveyed to Ely, where he died. Freeman, in his "History of the Norman Conquest," sets out the narrative at some length, but unfortunately he robs it of most of the picturesque embroidery which Manning and Bray had taken from monkish chroniclers.

From that time to the present Guildford has on occasion furnished an interesting page in the story of our country. The town and manor were included among the demesnes of the crown in the time of the Confessor, and the Kings of England retained property here until the reign of James I. Many a royal visitor has it known. Henry II., apart from his connection with the castle, inclosed a park on the north side of Guildown, and probably built a mansion on the site. Once when he was there the Prior of St. Swithin, Winchester, with thirteen of his monks, came to complain sobbingly that their new bishop had cut down to ten dishes the thirteen to which they had been accustomed on festivals ever since the time of St. Swithin. "May their bishop perish," said the king, "unless he further reduces their courses to the number of those in my own household. They call *me* king, yet I am content with three." John visited Guildford no less than nineteen times in eleven years, and his presence there has inspired in "Stephan Langton" a very readable romance by the late Mr. Martin Tupper.

Henry III. resided there on several occasions, and was not

too proud to add to his income the profits of a wine business, for there is extant his order to the sheriff of Surrey to sell the king's wines at Guildford, and not to allow any other wine to be sold in the bailiwick of Surrey (all the county west of the Wey), until the royal stock has been disposed of. Eleanor of Provence, Henry's queen, founded at Guildford a Dominican convent, which has long since disappeared. It was suppressed under Wolsey in 1523. The site and part of the buildings became a royal residence, finally alienated by Charles I. to the Earl of Annandale, together with Guildford Park.

Edward I. was certainly at Guildford during the lifetime of his father, and a monkish chronicle relates that a certain free-booter, Adam Gordon, fought a Homeric combat with the prince. Gordon had been disinherited and outlawed with other adherents of Simon, Earl of Leicester, for refusing submission to the king. He withdrew with his men to the woods of western Surrey and Hampshire, and liberally despoiled all and sundry, especially the king's adherents. The fame of his strength and courage reached Prince Edward, who met the robber with a strong body of men, but commanded that no one should interfere to prevent a preliminary combat. Prince and pirate set to, and fought for a long time without either giving ground. At length the prince, delighted with the outlaw's pluck, urged him to yield on condition that his life should be spared and his estate restored. The knight laid down his arms, and an ancient ballad records how—

> Prince Edward hath brought him to Guildford tower,
> Ere that summer's day is o'er ;
> He hath led him to the sacred bower
> Of his wife, fair Elianore.
>
> His mother, the "ladye of gay Provence,"
> And his sire, the king, was there ;
> Oh, scarcely the Gordon dared advance
> In a presence so stately and fair !

Gordon duly had his inheritance restored, and here the narrative, as a "once-upon-a-time" story, should end. But the sequel narrates that the ungrateful marauder returned to his evil practices, though to a somewhat modified extent.

Edward II. and Edward III., Henry VIII. and Edward VI. were there; and at Guildford, in 1546, died Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the second husband of Mary Tudor, youngest sister of Henry VIII. It did not cease to share with Windsor the claim to be looked upon as a royal borough until the reigns of James I. and Charles I., by whom the crown lands were given by a series of grants to John Murray, the first Lord Annandale. Still was Guildford loyal, for on the restoration of Charles II. its corporation feasted the merry monarch and presented him with a silver plate, even though they had to borrow £140 wherewith to purchase it. Finally, after many changes, the crown lands passed to the Earls of Onslow.

The Guildford of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seems principally to have been noted for its clothing trade and Puritanism. Of the former extent of its woollen industry there still remains plenty of evidence, and two little woolpacks "in fesse of the third paleways" still figure on the borough arms to commemorate the important industry of blue cloth that for many generations flourished here. According to Aubrey, the final decay of the cloth trade was due to the clothiers' "avaricious method of stretching their cloth from 18 yards to 22 or 23; which being discovered abroad, they returned their commodity on their hands, and it would sell at no market." Aubrey was specially referring to Wonersh, which had a large trade in blue cloths sent to the Canary Islands, but he adds that "the same fraudulent practice caused the decay of the blews at Guildford." Possibly, however, over-protection had something to do with the death of the trade. But Guildford still continued to flourish. Easy and cheap communication with the Thames by means of

the Wey, the earliest canalized river in England, gave it great advantages as an agricultural centre whence corn, malt, beer and timber were conveyed to London.

So much, at least, of the town's ancient history is necessary to an appreciation of the main features of existing Guildford, or to so many of them as can be referred to here. It would be impossible within a limited space to give details of them all. Mr. Morris's book already referred to omits little, and one could not wish for a more informing and pleasant companion.

On an earlier page is figured the picturesque front, with its overhanging balcony and huge projecting clock, of the seventeenth-century Town Hall in the High Street. THE CLOCK is dated 1683, and is said to have been given by a certain John Aylward in return for the freedom of the borough. Perhaps no other building in Guildford—not even excepting Abbot's Hospital—is quite so imposing and beautiful a picture as this very fine Guildhall. Dr. Johnson said the Giant's Causeway was "worth seeing, but not worth going to see"; this quaint structure at Guildford is not only worth seeing, but it is worth going many a mile to see. Its lower storey is open in front to the roadway. Above, and supported by huge grotesque brackets—monsters of perverted ingenuity—is the slightly projecting Council Chamber, conspicuous with its overhanging balcony and large square leaded windows. Above this rises a gable, and the whole is surmounted by a cupola-crowned bell-turret, whose bell is said to have been brought from St. Martha's Chapel. Russell says the bell is of the same date as the clock, 1683, at which time the old market-house that "stood across the street" was pulled down. Inside, the Town Hall is full of interest. In the Court Room are two fine full-length portraits, by Lely, of Charles II. and James II., works unequalled for size and importance by the same master's paintings at either Hampton Court or Windsor. There are also full-length portraits of William III. and his consort

HIGH STREET, GUILDFORD.

Mary. The little parlour at the back of the Court Room contains an exceedingly curious collection of standard measures, dating from the commencement of the seventeenth century. In the Council Chamber are a beautiful fireplace and most notable chimney-piece; and portraits of James I., supposed, unlike the Vandyck at Windsor, to have been painted from life; of the Rt. Hon. Arthur Onslow, who was for thirty-three years Speaker of the House of Commons, and was the third of his family to fill that honourable office; and of Admiral Sir Richard Onslow (by John Russell, R.A., who was a native of Guildford) in the act of receiving the Dutch flag after the battle of Camperdown. On the wall is hung a list of Guildford mayors, ranging from the first (Wattaus Wodeland, 1362-1365) down to the present holder of the time-honoured office.

The HIGH STREET—one of the steepest in England—with its Dutch-looking Guildhall, gabled roofs, projecting oriel windows and quaint doorways, is a most delightful thoroughfare. The number of venerable buildings in it is remarkable. No. 25, which may perhaps be singled out as being especially interesting, can generally be seen, on application, by courtesy of the owner. Nor must "The Angel Inn," with its old galleried hall, its ancient clock, and its two thirteenth-century vaults, be overlooked. The clock is dated 1658, and should therefore be twenty-five years older than that at the Guildhall. Castle Rushen, the fortress which stands in the middle of Castletown, in the Isle of Man, has one presented by Queen Elizabeth in 1597. It still goes admirably, albeit it has but a single hand and its works are driven by ropes and pulleys. In the days when "The Telegraph," the "Red Rover," and other coaches rattled through Guildford on their way to Southampton or Portsmouth, the "Angel" and the other old inns in the High Street needed all the accommodation in the great stable yards behind them. But in Pepys's opinion the "Red Lyon" was "the best inne" when, in

1661, he slept there "in the room where the King lately lay in." He came there again seven years after, but not to the royal chamber. The inn was "so full of people, and a wedding, that the master of the house did get us a lodging over the way, at a private house, his landlord's, mighty neat and fine." Until about the end of the eighteenth century there was a cock-pit within the gateway of the inn.

The old High Street must have seen of yore many a picturesque procession wending its way to castle, or guildhouse, or priory. No doubt it saw some rare scuffles between guild merchants and mob in 1383, when the *probi homines* were robbed of their ancient charters. It would see something of bull-running—a refinement on Guildford's other pastime of bull-baiting—said to have been invented by John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, after seeing a bull loose in the streets of Stamford, with the town dogs after it. It would see the annual pageants of "Summer-Kings, Princes and Sword-bearers." It would see the proud parade of the twenty-two bill-men and archers raised and provided, on the order of Henry VIII., by the sixty townsmen nominated by the Court Leet. In Edward VI.'s reign its inns were visited by the appointed beadle, and if he found any "pore people or mens servants" during the times of church service, the alehouse keeper was to be fined sixpence, and to be "presented" to the Mayor. Then no doubt it saw some hasty flittings by back door and stable-yard. Elizabeth had also paid the innkeepers pointed attention, and, in connection with the town's woollen industry, had ordered each of them to hang up at his door, under a penalty of 6*s.* 8*d.* for neglect, a signboard with a woolsack painted on it. Late in her reign the High Street was first paved, each householder having, under a penalty of twenty shillings, to lay a breadth of eight feet before his house. The effect of different methods and materials must have been picturesquely variegated, but it would severely tax the toper. In 1605 it saw

ABBOT'S HOSPITAL, GUILDFORD.

"Thomas Smalpece" and his associates, "persons of themselves very disordered," going about to set up a "Summerpole," in spite of the "Maire and his Bretheren." What a record it would make if even such a peep as this were to be expanded.

What Whitgift's Hospital is to Croydon, ABBOT'S HOSPITAL is to Guildford. Both are dedicated to the Holy Trinity; both are the gifts of great Calvinistic prelates who once occupied the chair of St. Augustine; both are exceedingly picturesque old structures which rank among the principal ornaments of the two towns. Moreover, Abbot's generosity was directly inspired by the example of his predecessor, and the idea of founding a hospital in his native place was germinating in his mind at least as early as the year 1614. "My affection leading me," the old man tells us, "to the town of Guildford, where I was born and where my aged parents lived many years with good report, I thought upon the erection of a hospital there, which I have dedicated to the Blessed Trinity." Abbot's birthplace—a humble alehouse known as the "Three Mariners"—remained standing until 1864, when it was pulled down. Here were born that "happy ternion of brothers," George, Archbishop of Canterbury, Robert, Bishop of Salisbury, and Sir Maurice, who became Lord Mayor of London. Their father, Maurice (a Guildford clothier), and his wife Alice, were both in trouble during the persecutions of Queen Mary, the latter narrowly escaping the faggot. She lived, however, to dream, in the words of Aubrey, "that if she should eat a *Jack* or *Pike* her son in her womb would be a great man; upon this she was indefatigable to satisfy her longing, as well as her dream: She first enquired out for the fish; but accidentally taking up some of the river water (that runs close by the house) in a pail, she took up the much desired banquet, dress'd it, and devour'd it almost all: This odd affair made no small noise in the neighbourhood, and the curiosity of it made several people of quality offer themselves to be sponsors at the baptismal fount

when she was delivered; this their poverty accepted joyfully, and three were chosen, who maintained him at school, and at the university afterwards." Abbot was born in 1562, and was educated at the Free Grammar School in his native town, and at Balliol College, Oxford. The Grammar School still stands, in Spital Street, distinguished by its remarkably picturesque stone front, its mullioned windows, and three little gables. On the beams of the roof are painted the names of former scholars, among them those of Fuller's "happy ternion." He was a rare scholar and a man of great force of character, and his advancement was rapid. At forty-nine he was made Archbishop of Canterbury. He was sour of aspect, morose of disposition, savagely fanatic in religion. The closing years of his life were clouded by a terrible misfortune. When shooting at a buck in Lord Zouch's park at Bramshill in Berkshire—three years after he had laid the foundation stone of his hospital—he managed to hit a keeper in the arm with a barbed arrow from his cross-bow. The unfortunate victim bled to death, and by way of penance the ecclesiastical "marksman" presented the widow with a pension of twenty pounds, and for ever after kept Tuesday, the unlucky day, as a fast. King James defended Abbot, saying, "an angel might have miscarried in such sort" and that "no one but a fool or a knave would think worse of a man for such an accident." But this was not the view of the Arminian party, who declined to receive ordination or consecration from hands "imbrued with blood." During the discussions which arose in consequence, Abbot retired to his newly-founded hospital at Guildford, and afterwards to his palace at Ford, in Kent. With the accession of Charles I. Abbot declined in favour, and in 1627 he was sequestered, and the Archbishopric of Canterbury was put into commission of Laud, Abbot's pronounced enemy, and four other bishops. Five years after he died at Croydon, but at his own request was buried in his native town, in the church opposite the hospital he had founded.

THE QUADRANGLE, ABBOT'S HOSPITAL, GUILDFORD.

The hospital is undoubtedly a statelier, more beautiful structure than its elder sister at Croydon. The gateway tower facing the street is not unlike some at Cambridge, but it also possesses an individuality entirely its own. On the great oak doors which lead through a lofty entrance tower, with domed turrets at the angles, you will see the arms of Abbot—three gold pears—and the arms of the see of Canterbury. Above the gateway is the appropriate Virgilian inscription: "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit." THE QUADRANGLE is prettily laid out with flower-beds and walks. On the left are the apartments of the brethren, on the right those of the sisters. In the south-east corner is the master's house. Opposite, to the right of the central doorway, are the entrances to the hall and chapel. The windows are filled with diamond-leaded panes, and are divided by stone mullions. Above all one should notice the elaborate and exceedingly beautiful chimney-stacks. In a county which is peculiarly distinguished for the richness and beauty of its chimneys there is nowhere, perhaps, another collection so rich and beautiful as this. The panelled dining-hall, like all the rest of the hospital, retains its original fittings, and has portraits of Wycliffe, of Foxe the martyrologist, of Calvin, and other great Protestant doctors. The chapel is still more interesting, though—apart from its alms-box and "Vinegar" Bible, its half-length portrait of Abbot, and a brass to his parents (who died within a few days of each other)—it would attract less attention were it not for the exceeding beauty of the glass in its two windows, which picture the history of the patriarch Joseph. They are said to have come from the chapel of the Dominican Friary founded by Eleanor of Provence. Then there is the kitchen with its buttery hatch; the strip of garden at the back of the building, with its old summer-house over a well; and the beautiful room above the dining-hall, embellished—as indeed is the whole of the hospital—with magnificent old black oak. It has memories of the

unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. In 1685 the disastrous skirmish of Sedgemoor, the last battle fought on English soil, was decided in the gray light of an early July morning. Monmouth was captured ingloriously in a ditch, and taken as a captive to London. Guildford was one of the halting-places on the route, and the wretched prisoner is said to have been confined for the night in the upper room of the gatehouse before journeying on to his death.

Perhaps, also, one may be permitted a glimpse of the master's house, and of the so-called "board room" above the gateway, with its remarkably beautiful chimney-piece. Over the whole hospital there is an air of rest and peace. If a brother or sister should be convicted of any kind of incontinency, prying, forgery, obstinacy in heresy, sorcery, or any kind of charming or witchcraft, he or she is to be displaced and expelled out of the house, and never received there again. It may be hoped that the ancient regulation as to prying is not too strictly enforced among the aged sisters, and for the rest the happy inmates are probably secure in a lifelong tenancy of the sheltering walls of the grand old hospital.

Guildford Castle is by far the most considerable example of mediæval military architecture still existing in the county. By whom it was first built, and at what exact period, it is now impossible to discover. No castles are mentioned in Surrey in the Domesday Survey, but it is reasonable to suppose that the royal manor of Guildford was not undefended, even before 1066. It probably had from a very early date a mound artificially raised by adding earth to some slight natural eminence, on that a wooden hall for habitation, and around it wooden palisades and a moat for protection. There is what was probably a mound castle at Abinger, though marked as a barrow on the Ordnance map. Mr. Malden suggests that the "burh" at Guildford was made by Edward the Elder, in the early part of the tenth

century, for defence against the Danes. The Norman stone keep, still standing, was added at an unknown date, but to judge from the style of the building, very likely by Henry II. The inhabited part of the castle, where John and Henry III. kept court, and which Henry III. largely rebuilt, was south of the mound and keep, inside the outer ward. Even while the court was residing here, the keep itself was still used as a prison. The first actual mention of the castle is when King John paid four shillings for repaving it as a gaol in 1202; but two years before that he kept Christmas at Guildford, presumably in the castle, with his newly-married wife, Isabella of Angoulême, whom he had just carried off from her betrothed husband, Hugh de la Marche.

Another early mention of it occurs in the annals of Waverley Abbey, wherein it is recorded that the French Dauphin, having in the reign of John landed in Thanet and received the homage of the barons in London, there afterwards passed into his hands in succession the castles of Reigate, Guildford, and Farnham, though there is no record of any fighting. They were surrendered again when he evacuated England in 1217. This is apparently the only event of importance connected with Guildford Castle, which, in spite of its apparently important military situation, never, so far as is known, withstood a siege.

But the main interest connected with the notices of Guildford Castle consists in the light thrown upon domestic manners and architecture by the directions of Henry III. for the improvement of the royal apartments. In 1246 preparations were ordered for the king's son, Edward, who was not quite seven years old. He had a spacious nursery, with bars at the windows to prevent his tumbling out, after the fashion of modern nurseries. It was also directed that iron bars should be added to the windows of the king's new chamber, though presumably not so much to keep him in as to keep others out. A long pent-house, with a chimney

and private chamber, was built for the queen's wardrobe. Roofs and buttresses were to be repaired, glass windows with wooden shutters added, newly-built chambers wainscoted, the royal seat in the King's Hall ornamented with a carving of beasts, and opposite it the story of Dives and Lazarus to be painted.

Probably the Castle was in the hands of the king's party during Henry III.'s barons' wars. It is not in the region of any fighting during the Wars of the Roses, and, being ungarrisoned during the Civil Wars of Charles I., it may be supposed that its defences had been allowed to decay. The keep, no longer needed as a prison, had been rendered less defensible by the opening of larger windows for domestic comfort since it became a house. The roof of some of the outside buildings of Henry III. had fallen down early in Richard II.'s reign, and it does not appear whether they were repaired or not. These elaborate apartments do not seem to have been commonly inhabited by the court after the reign of Henry III., and were perhaps partly ruinous before the seventeenth century.

But it remained a royal castle until 1612, when it was granted to Francis Carter, Mayor of Guildford, by James I. His son, John Carter, was living in the castle in 1623. It continued in private hands until 1885, when the then owner, Lord Grantley, announced it as again for sale, and to the credit of Guildford public spirit it was bought by the Corporation, and its beautiful recreation grounds laid out.

The CASTLE ARCH is attributed to about the time of Henry III., but is probably cut through a Norman curtain; indeed, there still exists, outside and to the south of it, what seems to be a Norman buttress. A similar buttress on the other side has apparently been replaced in red brick. The present arch is almost certainly only the outer face of what was once, perhaps, a vaulted gateway; and the presence of the portcullis grooves points to the existence of a chamber above, into which

THE CASTLE ARCH, FROM THE GROUNDS.

the portcullis could be drawn up. There formerly existed, inside and above this arch, a stone tablet, now in the Museum,

THE CASTLE ARCH, FROM THE STREET.

bearing the date, 1699, and the initials of John Carter. It is possible that the original gateway was remodelled, and that the picturesque old house just inside to the left was erected

at this date. The house is now the Museum referred to, and contains the interesting collection of the Surrey Archæological Society.

THE KEEP, GUILDFORD CASTLE.

The ruin is, of course, not so striking and important as the great Norman castles at Rochester and Dover, but it is full of interest to anyone who cares to examine the massive, ivy-grown KEEP in the light of Mr. G. T. Clark's exhaustive description in his "Mediæval Fortification of England," bearing in mind the

havoc wrought by its adaptation to the purposes of a dwelling-house during the seventeenth century. On the second or middle storey of the keep are some small chambers, within the thickness of the wall, one of which was probably an oratory and contains some rude religious carvings.

There is a well-known distich that tells of—

> Proud Guildford, poor people,
> Three churches, no steeple.

Its three churches are full of interest. Holy Trinity Church, like its sister, St. Nicholas, has suffered many vicissitudes. The present brick building was begun in 1749. The only part of the earlier church that remains is the modernized Weston Chantry, at present used as a vestry. It was formed in 1540 by Sir Richard Weston, a member of the very important Guildford family we have already met with in connection with Sutton Place. It contains a stately Renaissance memorial which escaped destruction when, in 1740, the steeple of the old church fell through the roof. Those who are familiar with the beautiful restored Whitgift monument at Croydon will, perhaps, be disappointed with this to George Abbot. It was erected by the archbishop's brother, Sir Maurice, in 1640, and is still in excellent preservation. It is a remarkable specimen of a tomb of the early part of the seventeenth century. The archbishop, fully vested, in cap and rochet, reclines beneath an elaborate marble canopy, sustained by columns of black marble which rest on pedestals composed of stacks of substantial quartos, with gilded clasps and book-markers coming out from their pages, a little unhappily recalling the

> Altar built
> Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

Within a grating at the end of the tomb is a charnel-house of bones carved with delicate minuteness. A marble tablet com-

memorates the archbishop's father and mother; and a recumbent figure of a woman in a ruff, which was discovered in the Weston chantry chapel in 1869, is also attributed (there is no inscription) to his mother. There is a cenotaph in the nave to the memory of the Speaker Onslow whose portrait hangs in the Guildhall. He is buried in the family vault at Merrow, and is here represented reclining on an altar-tomb in "a Roman habit," with his left arm leaning on scrolls bearing the votes of thanks passed by the House of Commons on his retirement in 1761. Another tomb discovered in the Weston chapel is for Sir Robert Parkhurst (died 1636), who was Lord Mayor of London, and his wife. The figure of poor Dame Parkhurst is now decapitated; that of Sir Robert reminds one of the quaint sarcasm of Webster, in his gruesome "Duchess of Malfi"—"Princes' images on their tombes do not lie, as were their wont, seeming to pray up to Heaven; but with their hands under their cheekes (as if they died of the tooth-ache)."

St. Mary's Church is now the only mediæval church left in Guildford. It is full of curious little archæological problems, but in the eye of the antiquary and artist it has suffered not a little from the costly restoration made in 1863. Now it looks painfully new among the old houses by which it is surrounded.

The core of the church is late Norman throughout; but on to this have from time to time been grafted additions and alterations representative of all the later styles. Under the window at the west end of the north aisle is what is probably a "low side" window. Worthy of notice, too, are the roofs of the north and south aisles, with their series of extravagantly grotesque corbels; and the curious piscina in the south wall of the south aisle. In the space beneath the central tower one stands in the oldest part of the building. Above the east and west tower arches, though apparently without reference to them, the wall is pierced by two small circular-headed openings, deeply splayed

on each side. Outside are a number of curious pilaster strips, running up from the floor of the church to a considerable height on the exterior of the tower. All this, Mr. Morris believes, is, if not strictly Anglo-Saxon, certainly extremely Early Norman; and it forms not only the oldest existing work in Guildford, but some of the oldest in the county. The late Mr. J. H. Parker assigns these walls and windows to about 1050, and the arches to about 1100. The chancel possesses in its vaulted roof a feature very uncommon in Surrey churches. Similarly, the apses of its north and south aisles are completed by very beautiful Early English vaulting, divided by ribs into three compartments. In the case of the north apse—which terminates the Chapel of St. John—these three compartments and the spandrels of the arch marking the commencement of the apse are covered with now almost obliterated and scarcely decipherable wall-paintings. They constitute, however, with the possible exception of the "Ladder of Salvation" in Chaldon Church, the most important work of this kind in Surrey. They are conjecturally assigned to a certain William of Florence, who is known to have been employed on paintings at Guildford in the middle of the thirteenth century. The connection is certainly shadowy and Mr. C. R. B. Barrett, in his "Surrey: Highways, Byways, and Waterways," is inclined to date them back to the beginning of the thirteenth century. From both the chapels of St. John and St. Mary large openings, coming down to the level of the floor, command a view of the high altar. Whether these large arches were simply "hagioscopes" it is difficult to say; but certainly there is a genuine "squint" through the south-east pier of the tower. Mr. Parker supposed that there was a galilee running along the west front of St. Mary's, and a niche for the image of a saint still remains near the south end of the west wall. If such a porch did exist it may have been used for sanctuary, a privilege attached to churches from the very earliest times and

continued through the Middle Ages. Not only did people in danger to life or liberty take refuge in the nearest church, but sanctuary could also be claimed for money and valuables deposited there.

St. Nicholas Church stands on the left bank of the Wey. Three churches, it is certain, have stood here on the swampy ground by the river. The first was pulled down, with the exception of the tower and the Perpendicular Loseley Chapel, in 1836, and a new church was erected on the site. New church and "beautified" tower were alike pulled down—the Loseley Chapel again being spared—in 1875, when the present striking building was erected. In the old chapel, for more than three centuries the burial-place of the Mores of Loseley, a number of the interesting old monuments form a finer collection than that of any other church in Guildford. They chiefly belong to the Mores. The best is an altar-tomb with two recumbent figures in alabaster—the knight in armour, the dame in the usual Elizabethan costume—for Sir William More and his wife Margaret. The armour and costume of the effigies have been beautifully represented by the sculptor. The tomb is a lofty structure surmounted by heraldic enrichments, and bearing many ornamentations of characteristic Renaissance type. The two figures in relief above the effigies, one representing a boy blowing bubbles and another intended to personate Time, are curious. Sir William More died in 1600, and the tomb is an admirable example of a large and costly monument of the sixteenth century. Under the south window is a remarkable altar-tomb for Arnold Brocas, rector of the parish towards the end of the fourteenth century, whose freestone effigy lies thereon in a close-fitting scarlet robe. An inscription which formerly ran round the tomb gave its date as 1395.

On Cobbett's "navigable river," the Wey, there are delightful boating trips, and the angler will find plenty of scope for pursuing

his hobby. It may not be possible to drop in a bucket and bring up a pike, as did dear Mrs. Abbot, but pike are still to be caught, to say nothing of perch, roach, bream, chub, and dace. Rudd, carp, and trout are occasionally met with—the last, as a rule, of goodly size. It was probably their ancestors which were partly responsible for the undoing of Dr. Andrews, incumbent of St. Nicholas and vicar of Godalming. He was expelled by the Long Parliament, who added several charges to that of giving more time to fishing than preaching. And when he did preach, they said, he taught strange doctrines, saying, "Fie upon the doctrine that the greatest part of the world shall be damned." The one thing they did not charge him with was probably his real offence—he was Royalist. So he was deprived, and imprisoned, and died of the hardships of imprisonment.

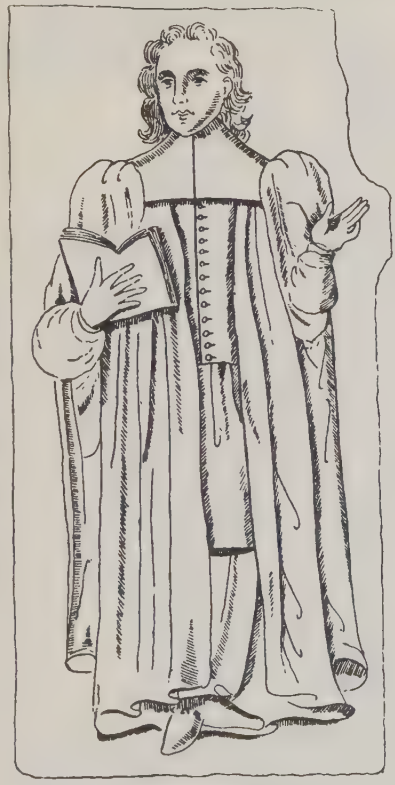
Reluctantly we part from the old town and its quaint associations. Sir Lancelot

> Left the beaten thoroughfare,
> Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,
> And there among the solitary downs,
> Full often lost in fancy, lost his way;
> Till . . . he traced a faintly-shadow'd track,
> That all in loops and links among the dales
> Ran to the Castle of Astolat.

Guildford may not, as Sir T. Malory supposes, be Astolat, but the beauty of its surroundings might well make it a fit setting for a poet's vision.

SECTION III.

GUILDFORD TO LEATHERHEAD.



LAW-STUDENT BRASS AT GREAT BOOKHAM.

O country lanes, white-starred with bloom,
Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
Where all your waving grasses laugh
And pant before my eager feet—
Could I forever dwell with you,
Letting the mad old world rush by,
And just be glad of wind and sun,
Of rocking nest and brooding sky!
How often, in the crowded street,
I dream of you, sweet country lane...
I hear a wild bird's ringing call,
I catch the scent of leaf-strewn mould...

FRANCIS A. JONES.

MERROW: WEST HORSLEY: LITTLE BOOKHAM: GREAT BOOKHAM: SLYFIELD: LEATHERHEAD.

AT two miles from Guildford, along the Leatherhead road, we reach Merrow, from which there radiates a number of delightful walks. Moreover, the village itself is particularly picturesque. Its little church, unfortunately, has been barbarously over-restored, one might almost say rebuilt. Its main object of interest is the Decorated bargeboard over the north porch, illustrated

by Rickman, and regarded by him as unique. But very few of the original timbers are left, however. Perhaps more interesting than this ancient church which has become new, is the old INN, dated 1615. With its three tall gables and its stately chimney-

THE OLD INN AT MERROW.

stack it is scarcely to be rivalled in Surrey. Merrow Downs should certainly be scaled. From "The Roughs," as their summit is appropriately called—bearing in mind the tangled wilderness of trees and wild undergrowth which will be found there—there are magnificent prospects in all directions.

THE OLD WORKHOUSE AT WEST HORSLEY.

Through East Clandon we journey on to West Horsley, a village not yet prospected by that outpost of expanding London, the builder. It is still one of the most typical and old-fashioned hamlets within easy reach of the metropolis. Half-way through the village is an old brick building still called THE WORKHOUSE, though now converted into cottages. Still it casts its reflection in the rural pond in front, and still it bears its old-time look of comfort and protection. One wonders, with a touch of sadness, what has become of the aged folk that once found shelter therein. Next to Compton, its church (mentioned in Domesday Book) is perhaps the most interesting near Guildford, and it has the additional attraction of being picturesquely perched among trees on a slight eminence overlooking the road. The bulk of the church—which consisted originally of chancel, nave, and north aisle—is apparently Early English; but the so-called Nicholas chapel and a south aisle have been added at a later period. The latter is separated from the nave by an arcade of three Tudor arches—a feature of uncommon interest in Surrey, where four-centred arches are rare. The east window of the chancel is exceedingly beautiful, and, if original, of great value; for, with the exception of the east window at Ockham, there is nothing finer of its kind in the county. In it are preserved two interesting fragments of extremely ancient glass, possibly of the time of Henry III. or Edward I. In the centre light is a figure of our Lord at table, with the Magdalen wiping His feet with her hair; in the light to the north St. Catherine has just been delivered from her wheel of torture. Scarcely less interesting is the kneeling man in armour in the flamboyant window on the north of the chancel. Beneath is the inscription "Jacobus Berners, Patronus huius ecclesiæ." Above is the Berners crest, a monkey. This Sir James Berners was one of the minions of Richard II., and was involved in his ruin, being beheaded in 1388. Below this window is a beautiful Decorated recessed tomb, with

the recumbent figure of an ecclesiastic. There is no inscription, but the monkey-heads on the canopy above suggest a member of the Berners family, possibly Roger de Berners, rector in the time of Edward II., or Radolphus de Berners, "clericus," in the reign of Edward III. Near it is a stone coffin embedded in the wall. Separated from the rest of the church by two ancient screens is the Nicholas chapel, appropriated as a "Dormitory," says Aubrey quaintly, "for the family of the Nicholas's." Here are some interesting monuments to Sir Edward Nicholas (died 1669), Secretary of State to Charles I. and Charles II., and to other members of the family. There is an old tradition (there is no other authority) that the head of Sir Walter Raleigh was buried in this church, apparently in the grave of his son Carew, who lived for a time at West Horsley Place. It is remarkable with what an air of mystery the disposal of Raleigh's body is surrounded. A letter from Lady Raleigh is known to have been written requesting the permission of her brother, Sir Francis Carew, to bury the body at Beddington, which we include later in our perambulation. It does not appear, however, that this was actually done. As for the head, Lady Raleigh is said to have preserved it in her own keeping during the remainder of her life, much as the head of Sir Thomas More is supposed to have been kept by Margaret Roper at Baynards. Between the chancel and nave is a screen, apparently of the same date as those inclosing the Nicholas chapel. Built into the wall near the chancel is a curious, but late, alabaster bas-relief, representing the Nativity, discovered under the brick flooring during the restoration in 1810. One of the chandeliers in the nave has apparently been brought from Namur. Outside the north door, to the west, are some marks which may be consecration crosses. The old ivy-draped PORCH and the quaintly-shaped tower with shingled spire are charming features of the exterior.

Opposite the church, across a sunk fence and a rich fore-

ground of meadow, yellow in spring time with innumerable cowslips, appears the quaint front of West Horsley Place. The oldest parts are attributed to Sir Anthony Browne, Master of

THE PORCH OF WEST HORSLEY CHURCH.

the Horse to Henry VIII., and husband of the "Fair Geraldine" of the Earl of Surrey's sonnets:

Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.

The bulk of the house, however, dates from the reign of

James I. It is the kind of delightful home which makes one exclaim with Kingsley: "Peaceful, graceful, complete English country life and country houses; everywhere finish and polish; Nature perfected by the wealth and art of peaceful centuries! Why should I exchange you, even for the sight of all the Alps?"

A FARM AT WEST HORSLEY.

The FARM at West Horsley shown in the illustration is a typical example of the Surrey farms of the better class, which lend such charm to the district around. The building, though it has been added to from time to time, is undoubtedly old, and its fine chimney, peeping latticed windows, heavy timbering, and steeply-pitched roofs give it an unconventional charm well calculated to catch an artist's eye. "When the old farm-houses

are down (and down they must come in time), what a miserable thing the country will be!" says Cobbett.

Past East Horsley we continue to Effingham—interesting from its connection with Lord Howard, who broke up the Spanish Armada—with a church which contains a singular seventeenth-century monument composed of floor tiles. Then we reach Little Bookham, with a quaint inn, "THE OLDE WINDSOR

AN OLD INN AT LITTLE BOOKHAM.

CASTLE," a delightful survival of bygone days. One of its rooms has a curious old fireplace that may justly excuse a few minutes rest here. When or by whom the small but interesting church of Little Bookham was built is as unknown as its dedication, but perhaps it was erected during the twelfth century by one of the De Broase family, who held the manor from William the Conqueror. At Domesday time there was in Surrey only one landowner, the king, and there were forty tenants in chief, the greatest number of whom were not inhabitants of the county.

William de Broase, Lord of Bramber in Sussex, who was one of the forty, was lord also at Tadworth as well as Little Bookham. The church was restored—with excellent taste, it is pleasant to record—in 1864. Originally it had a side aisle, as the built-up Norman arches in the south wall show, but this must have been removed at an early period. The Norman piers are shown inside, and in the restoration the aisles, arches, and Norman capitals on which they rested were uncovered outside, the carving being quite sharp. They have considerately been left exposed. In the chancel is a double piscina. The date on the weather vane is 1774, with the initials "J. S." Local tradition says, apparently without the slightest foundation, that Cromwell's soldiers were responsible for the cracks in the font. A fine old yew in the churchyard is reputed to be as old as the church.

The church of Great Bookham, a little further along our main road, is another ancient and interesting building which has been well restored, only some fifteen years ago. It has Norman piers and south arches; and the lower part of the tower and the south arcade are of the twelfth century. The chancel was built by Abbot John de Rutherwyke, of Chertsey—"the second founder of his convent, a most prudent and profitable lord"—in 1341, a fact which is recorded in a Latin inscription cut deeply in Gothic characters upon the dedication stone in the chancel. There is in Egham Church a similar inscription to the abbot, who had the chancel of the old church rebuilt there in 1327. Bookham—including manor, church, and mill—at the Domesday Survey belonged to the Abbey of Chertsey, of which St. Erkenwald was the "first founder." There are some costly monuments in Great Bookham Church, interesting examples of the monumental sculpture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Those of Col. Thomas Moore, of Polesden (1735), who is represented in full military costume, and Arthur Moore, of Fetcham (1746), are admirably executed, however absurd in

design. Adjoining these is that of Robert Shiers, his wife Elizabeth (the benefactors of Exeter College), and their son George Shiers. The busts of all are well sculptured. From the brass of Edmond Slyfield (1592) the effigies are gone, but a quaint and long rhyming inscription commences—

> Of Slyfield place, in Surrey soile, here Edmond Slyfield lies,
> A stout Esquier, who allweys sett God's feare before his eyes—

and continues by setting forth at length his virtues and his wife's family connections. An extremely well-executed brass has effigies of Henry Slyfield (1598), his wife, and their ten children ; and in the floor of the south aisle is the very fine BRASS sketched, that of Robert Shiers (1668), of the Inner Temple, representing him in a student's habit with an open book in his hand. Next to it are two slabs of black marble, with the family arms, in memory of George Shiers (died 1685) and Elizabeth Shiers (1700). The east window of the Slyfield chapel, in which is a well-preserved piscina, has been filled with stained glass as a memorial of Lord Raglan, who died before Sebastopol. It was the tribute in 1859 of his niece, Lady Mary Farquhar, of Polesden, who also erected in the chancel a new east window as a memorial of her mother, Charlotte, wife of the sixth Duke of Beaufort. Part of the old Slyfield pew has been used as a screen between the chapel and south aisle, and the screen itself does duty at the church door.

On the chalk south of the Bookhams and Effingham are pits which may be collapsed dene-holes, the storehouses of primitive people.

The Polesden referred to can be reached in about half an hour by a walk through pleasant lanes. It stands on much higher ground than Great Bookham, and commands from its long terrace walk some most beautiful views towards Box Hill. The old house was from 1804 the residence of Richard Brinsley Sheridan ; and on his death, twelve years later, it was pulled down by a Mr. Joseph Bonsor, who built the present semi-classic mansion.

Slyfield, on the left bank of the Mole, once the manor house of the Slyfield and Shiers families, is some two miles north of Bookham church. There is a delightful walk by bridle-path to it across the common and through woodland glades. Now it is a farm-house. The Slyfields were settled here from a very early period until the first half of the seventeenth century, when the estates passed to the Shiers, the last of whom, Mrs. Elizabeth Shiers, whose memorial has been referred to, conveyed them by will to Exeter College, Oxford, for certain special purposes. The original part of the house, which probably dates from 1620, is a beautiful example of red-brick work. Slyfield is full of interesting relics of a Jacobean mansion. Its carved staircase, fine old fireplace, panelled walls and richly-plastered ceilings; chimney-piece with the arms of the Slyfields and Shiers; the original chimney stacks and supports of the south part of the house; its old granary, once perhaps used as barracks for retainers—all these are precious heirlooms carefully preserved. Perhaps its most popular feature, one that exists only in two or three other houses in the country, is the original gates which still shut off the stairs, as they did in the bygone days when the dogs would otherwise have paid riotous visits of exploration to the upper parts of the building.

Bookham has an interesting literary association through its having been the home of Frances Burney. Her father was Dr. Charles Burney, a lovable man, and a famous musician in the days of George III. "Evelina," her first novel, was published anonymously in 1778, and was a brilliant success. Edmund Burke sat up all night to laugh over its humour; Horace Walpole, in his lovely home at Strawberry Hill, was delighted with it; the colossal Dr. Johnson declared it was more interesting than Richardson, and finer than Fielding, and it secured his warm and lasting friendship for "Little Burney," as he came to call her. Her "dear Daddy," Samuel Crisp, of Chessington, near Epsom,

was impatient to get at the third volume, which the lively young authoress pretended she had not brought with her from London. "Fannikins did it to tantalize me," he said to Susan Burney. She was married to General d'Arblay in 1793 at Mickleham, and with an income represented by a pension of £100 a year, they came to live frugally at Bookham, within reach of Norbury, which then belonged to the Lockes, old friends of the Burney family. Before the marriage could take place there had been parental disapproval to overcome, but Mr. Locke at length obtained a reluctant consent, and himself took Dr. Burney's place at the altar and gave away the bride. Then with affectionate care he had hunted out at Bookham the small cottage called "Fairfield," and here, after they had been left awhile to their own resources, the relenting father sought them out without giving notice of his intention, sent in his name from his post-chaise, and ere he could cross the threshold "Fannikins" was in his arms. At Bookham their son was born. Towards the end of 1794 Madame d'Arblay tried to improve her income by bringing out a tragedy, "Edwy and Elvina," the rough draft of which had been finished at Windsor four years before. It was duly performed at Drury Lane, but in spite of the acting of Mrs. Siddons and Kemble it failed, and was withdrawn after the first night. But Fanny d'Arblay's pen was plied again until "Evelina" had a second sister called "Camilla," and the reading world gave her such a golden welcome that the little household at Bookham put on quite a prosperous appearance. "Little Burney's" connection with Camilla Lacey is referred to in the next section, but it may be noted here that she died in 1840, at the age of eighty-seven. She was in Belgium during Waterloo, and the graphic description in her diary of her adventures there were perhaps turned to account by Thackeray in the corresponding passages of "Vanity Fair." In some degree she was a model to the novelists in the next generation—Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, the latter of whom

took the title of her first novel, "Pride and Prejudice," from the last pages of "Cecilia," and who speaks with admiration of Fanny Burney in a remarkable passage in "Northanger Abbey." Madame d'Arblay's diary is now more interesting than her novels. The author herself—with her insatiable delight in compliments, her quick observation and lively garrulity, her effusion of sentiment, her vehement prejudices corrected by flashes of humour—is always interesting.

Leatherhead is the termination of this section of our road. It is a place of great antiquity, venerable enough to be mentioned in King Alfred's will and in Domesday Book, but it has not retained many visible traces of its age. Its church, which of course has undergone restoration, was granted to the Priory of Leeds about the middle of the fourteenth century, from which time it principally dates. The piers of the nave may, however, be earlier. In the north-east wall of the transept is a curious squint; and south of the chancel are three sedilia and a piscina. The stained glass of the east window was collected at Rouen by the Rev. James Dallaway, who published his "History of West Sussex" during his thirty years' vicarage of Leatherhead. He also wrote books of anecdotes about art and heraldry, neither of more value than his history. That he would have been more successful in fiction the following incident would seem to indicate. "The Priory" at Leatherhead was originally called the "Lynk House," from its being held by the tenure of providing a link to burn before the altar of St. Nicholas in the church. The ingenious Mr. Dallaway concocted a history of a fictitious Cistercian priory on the site, and at his suggestion the house, enlarged and Gothicized, was re-christened "The Priory." A brass plate in the south aisle for "fryndly Robartt Gardnar" (1571), bears a long inscription which was written by Thomas Churchyard, "court poet" to Queen Elizabeth. Gardnar was "chief sergeant of the cellar to Queen Elizabeth," and resided in a house

"THE RUNNING HORSE," LEATHERHEAD.

which preceded the present "Thorncroft," south-east of the town, a building erected in 1772. The old house was also the residence of Sir Thomas Bludworth, who was Lord Mayor of London in the year of the Great Fire, and was buried in Leatherhead church; and of Colonel Drinkwater-Bethune (died 1844), who when Captain Drinkwater wrote a "History of the Siege of Gibraltar" that, it has been said, "stirs the heart like a trumpet." A house, dating from 1710, on the right bank of the Mole, near the church, occupies the site of one that was the property of Bludworth, and was an occasional residence of Judge Jeffreys, who married Bludworth's sister. There is a tradition that when proscribed at the revolution of 1688 Jeffreys concealed himself in the vaults of this house. The monuments in the church are not of great interest. They include memorials to Dallaway and Bethune, and to Richard Duppa (died 1831), who wrote a "Life of Michael Angelo." In the south transept, which is of later date than the main part of the building, are two windows to the memory of the late Bishop of Guildford, whose grave in the burial ground is marked by a beautiful marble cross.

It is to be regretted that so few of the town's old houses have been preserved, but by the fine bridge of fourteen arches which crosses the Mole there is a small but ancient timber-framed inn, called "THE RUNNING HORSE," said to be the hostel of Elynour Rummynge, who—

> Dwelt in Sothray [Surrey],
> In a certain stede [place],
> Besyde Lederhede . . .
> She breweth noppy ale,
> And maketh thereof port sale
> To travellars, to tynkers,
> To sweters, to swynkers,
> And all good drynkers—[1]

[1] Dyce, one of Skelton's editors, explains "noppy" as meaning nappy, which does not appear to be very enlightening. "Port sale," if the right

as celebrated by Skelton, Henry VIII.'s laureate, in verses more curious than poetic. Dallaway explains the poet's interest in "Lederhede" by suggesting that when the court of Henry VIII. was frequently kept at Nonsuch the laureate would come with other courtiers to fish in the Mole and be made welcome at the cabaret of Elynour Rummynge. A portrait of the lady appears on one of the gables of the house, and an edition of Skelton's poems, published in 1571, has a rude woodcut of her holding a leather "Black Jack" in each hand, with the couplet—

> When Skelton wore the laurel crown,
> My ale put all the alewives down.

The part of the inn which faces the street is original. Within, the massive exposed beams testify to the age of the house, where no doubt "noppy ale" was liberally imbibed on the eventful occasion when, if tradition be believed, Queen Elizabeth slept within its walls. It was on one of her visits to Slyfield when she was for the time being unable to cross the river owing to floods.

On the other side of the bridge stands a disused MILL, fast falling into picturesque ruin. Part of it is used as a swimming bath.

Finally, Leatherhead is in the midst of much beautiful and varied scenery. Between it and Dorking, to cite but one of the many walks about it, there is along the valley of Mickleham a ramble of about five miles which opens up a charming tract of country with some most interesting associations. "The Vale of Mickleham they call this delicious little bit of English country," says Grant Allen, "from the quaint small village with its dear old-world square church tower, dedicated to St. Michael, which nestles in the dell about half-way between Leatherhead and Dorking."

reading, means sale in general. "Sweters" and "swynkers" are those who sweat and labour hard.

LEATHERHEAD MILL.

SECTION IV.

GUILDFORD TO DORKING.

Though we have found no common prayer,
Nor creed that all the world may share.
The joy of earth unites our days
And wins from man one voice of praise.
For, from the very life of things,
A constant fount of gladness springs;
A beauty, making all the earth
One heart in joy, one song in mirth—
One voice that o'er our severed aims
Our faith in life itself proclaims.

S. R. LYSAGHT.

SHALFORD: WONERSH: CHILWORTH: ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL: TYTING FARM: GREAT TANGLEY: ALBURY: THE SILENT POOL: SHERE: GOMSHALL: ABINGER HALL: WOTTON: DORKING.

THE STOCKS AT SHALFORD.

LEAVING Guildford by Quarry Street, a walk of but a mile carries us to the old village of Shalford, between the Wey and its tributary the Tillingbourne, a cluster of whitewashed cottages with latticed windows and quaint frontages, sleeping round a

rural village green. Not only is it one of the prettiest hamlets in Surrey, but, with the exceptions of Betchworth and Shere, it may fairly be said that there is none with which to compare it. On one side is "The Sea-Horse Inn," with its window-box flowers and square-leaded panes; on the other a short lane leads down to a WATER-MILL, one of the most perfect in Surrey, tiled almost to the ground, and with a huge projecting upper storey supported on wooden pillars. Most of the houses are genuinely old, but many of them appear to have been fitted with comparatively modern bargeboards. Just outside the churchyard are the old VILLAGE STOCKS—

Under a dark red-fruited yew tree's shade

—the only stocks in Surrey except those at Abinger and a single post at Newdigate. The church itself, which was rebuilt in Early English style in 1847, is pretty, but of no special interest. Once Shalford threatened to be commercially busy. The Arun Canal, the construction of which was commenced in 1813, started from the Arun near Billinghurst, in Sussex, and joined the Wey at Shalford, so that there was a direct waterway from the Thames to the English Channel. The Wey and Arun Canal, however, is now a thing of the past, as completely as are stretches of the Roman road which runs near it. In 1873 it was barely passable for a small boat. Now it is in many places filled up and abandoned. In others it remains a neglected ditch overgrown with reeds and water-lilies, haunted by the kingfisher and the moor-hen.

Shalford was for some five centuries the scene of a motley annual gathering at the Feast of the Assumption (August 15th) and the days preceding and following it. The privilege of holding this fair in the churchyard was granted to the rector in the reign of John, but when the number of persons resorting to it had become so great as to be the cause of litigation between the rector of Shalford and the clergy of Guildford, in respect of the

THE WATER-MILL AT SHALFORD.

fees exacted from the Winchester merchants and others attending the fair, an inquisition was held in 1287, under royal order, by the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and the right to make charges for additional space for the purposes of the gathering was conceded to various persons. At the time of its greatest prosperity the fair was held in three large fields. This larger ground was bounded on the north by the Pesthouse, or Ciderhouse, Lane (it is known by both names), and its southern limit was Shalford Church and the Tillingbourne. The ancient Pesthouse (Ciderhouse Cottage, as it is also called) is still to be seen, a reminiscence of the fact that the Canterbury pilgrims, among whom was the refuse of the lower orders, carried in their train foul disease, of which the fairs were centres of distribution. Guildford had also its Pesthouse—St. Thomas's Hospital, at the top of Spital Street—and would jealously keep the sick from Shalford at arm's length by establishing a sanitary cordon, while the Shalford authorities took similar precautions during the Guildford fairs. The Pesthouse Lane at Shalford is precisely in the line from St. Catherine's Ferry to St. Martha's Chapel, which it is proved was resorted to by the pilgrims ; and General Renouard James, whose investigations have thrown so much light on the course of the Pilgrims' Way in this district, has therefore come to the conclusion that the lane was part of the Pilgrims' Way itself. Something more is said of this ancient track in a later reference to St. Martha's Chapel.

From Shalford we diverge from our main road for a visit to WONERSH, a short distance south-east, once, as mentioned in connection with Guildford, of note for its trade in "blew cloth for the Canary Islands." It is a straggling hamlet, as remote and antique a village as one may find, standing with its old houses in the midst of some charming scenery. Wonersh House, the former seat of Sir Fletcher Norton, first Baron Grantley—who was Speaker of the House of Commons from

1769 to 1782—is close to the village, in a finely-wooded park stocked with deer. The central part of the house is Elizabethan, but the building was much enlarged by Lord Grantley, and by the third Baron Grantley, who added the east wing. From the road one cannot see a sign of the church, so densely is it surrounded by trees. Nature kindly hides an instance of eighteenth-century rebuilding in the worst possible taste. It is, however, worth exploring, as some much older work has been left, no doubt accidentally, as well as a brass for Henry Elyot (1503), his wife, and a prodigious family of twenty-three children.

After Cæsar had left Britain his Atrebatian ally, Commius, came over from Gaul, and with his three sons ruled over the Atrebates, the Regni, and by conquest probably over the Cantii. Possibly the rule of Verica, one of the sons, covered West Surrey and Hampshire. The evidence of the limits of these territories is derived from coins, the first in Britain bearing any names. Coins of Verica, who styled himself a king, have been found at Wonersh and at Farley Heath.

At two miles from Shalford is Chilworth, never to be written about without a reference to Cobbett. This pretty valley, he says in his "Rural Rides," "has a run of water which comes out of the high hills, and which, occasionally, spreads into a pond; so that there is in fact a series of ponds connected by this run of water. This valley, which seems to have been created by a bountiful Providence as one of the choicest retreats of man, which seems formed for a scene of innocence and happiness, has been, by ungrateful man, so perverted as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable of purposes; in carrying into execution two of the most damnable inventions that ever sprang from the mind of man under the influence of the devil! namely, the making of gunpowder and of bank notes! Here, in this tranquil spot, where the night-

WONERSH VILLAGE.

ingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England; where the first bursting of the buds is seen in spring; where no rigour of season can ever be felt; where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness; here has the devil fixed on as one of the seats of this grand manufactory; and perverse and ungrateful man not only lends him his aid, but lends it cheerfully. As to the gunpowder, indeed, we might get over that. In some cases that may be innocently and, when it sends the lead at the head of a tyrant, meritoriously employed. The alders and the willows, therefore, one can see, without so much regret, turned into powder by the waters of the valley; but the bank notes! To think that the springs which God has commanded to flow from the sides of these happy hills, for the comfort and delight of man—to think that these springs should be perverted into means of spreading misery over a whole nation."

In the richly-wooded valley lies Chilworth Manor, the residence no doubt of a body of monks in the days when one brother from Newark could no longer celebrate alone the services at St. Martha's. The modern house still comprises parts of the monastery; and the old-fashioned terraced square garden, with its fish-stews, still offers evidence that catering for the spiritual wants of passing pilgrims to St. Becket's shrine was once a thriving business.

From Chilworth it is an easy walk to St. Martha's Hill, past the powder-mills which so exasperated Cobbett. "My ancestors," wrote Mr. Evelyn, of Long Ditton, to Aubrey, were the first who brought that invention to England; before which we had all our powder out of Flanders." About 1590 George Evelyn, grandfather of the diarist, manufactured gunpowder at Long Ditton and Godstone under a patent from Queen Elizabeth. The oldest powder-mills in England were reported to be those near Wotton. After they were destroyed the manufacture went lower down the

Tillingbourne and was established at Albury, as well as at Chilworth, by 1570. There it flourished during the Civil War time, and has continued to exist, if not to flourish, ever since. In the latter part of the seventeenth century there were eighteen powder-mills at Chilworth, and others at Albury. The dams near Wotton no doubt served to make a head of water, which was used for different works at different times. But the great reason for fixing these works here was the abundance of wood for charcoal burning. In 1645 the Committee of the Two Kingdoms were apparently apprehensive of the powder being conveyed where they thought it should not, and they issued an order forbidding the manufacturer to keep by him more than a certain quantity of the necessary saltpetre, restricting his output to their requirements. At Chilworth charcoal continues to be made for the gunpowder mills from wood which had not been destroyed by the iron-works near the place. There, as previously mentioned, the gunpowder industry still survives, but the paper-mills no longer produce that other damnable invention—bank notes.

St. Martha's Chapel—"the little gray church on the wind-swept hill," nearly six hundred feet above the sea—will probably long remain a delightful memory in the mind of the visitor to it. The chapel itself, it is true, is mostly modern restoration, its nave, in particular, having been a shapeless ruin as recently as 1858. Nor does it contain anything of more than ordinary interest—with the exception of a few old stone coffin-lids and an altar-tomb to William Morgan (1602), of Chilworth. The latter contained an inscription which should perhaps be recorded as a melancholy instance, by no means an uncommon type of the period, of misapplied and infantile jocularity—

> Take from thy name but M, even Morgan's breath
> Stopt sweetly like an organ at his death.

But the church stands in its little graveyard upon a knole

ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL.

covered with heather and copse, and the strangeness of its site, the beauty of the hill itself, and beyond everything the exquisite views over much that is richest and loveliest in Surrey, make this place, perhaps, the first of all shrines for the devotion of the Surrey wanderer.

The chapel is on the supposed line of the Pilgrims' Way, the name given later to an ancient British track. It entered Surrey close to Farnham, and there is reason to believe that it divided at Whiteway End, near there, one branch following the lower slope of the hill past Seale, Puttenham, and Compton to St. Catherine's Ferry on the Wey, where was perhaps a ford, destroyed afterwards by the canalizing of the river. It was this lower road which ran past St. Martha's Chapel to Albury, Shere, and Dorking, where it rejoined the upper branch, which kept along the chalk hills from Merrow Downs, near Guildford, where it crossed the Wey. The lower road was probably the actual Pilgrims' Way of the Middle Ages to Canterbury. It runs from church to church. Pilgrims' marks are said to be found carved on the pillars of some churches on the line. St. Catherine's Fair was, like all mediæval fairs, held on the frequented road. St. Martha's Chapel seems to recall its use, for the name is pretty certainly a corruption. Sancti Martyris is the older form, and in the case of a late twelfth-century building, in such a place, the "Holy Martyr" can be none other than St. Thomas of Canterbury.

But nothing definite is known of the date of the foundation of St. Martha's, except that it is supposed to be one of the three churches mentioned in Domesday as existing within Bishop Odo's manor of Bramley. Tradition supposes the hill to have been the site of a British camp, and in old days it was called Martyr's Hill, from a legend that some Christians suffered death here. In 1150, or thereabouts, the estate was granted to the Prior of Newark, who divided the ecclesiastical influence on the

Pilgrims' Way in West Surrey with the Abbot of Waverley, disputing Wanborough with the latter, but holding undisputed sway at St. Martha's Chapel. It is said that a large quantity of relics of martyrs, especially of St. Thomas of Canterbury, were collected here by the Prior of Newark, and that they were swept away by Henry VIII.'s Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1537, from which date the decay of both the priory and the chapel commenced. Earl Spencer, when owner of Chilworth Manor, carted away what remained of the western tower to mend the roads, and the bell found its way to the turret of the Town Hall at Guildford. A view of the chapel published in 1820 shows a flock of sheep grazing in the nave. Salmon, writing of the chapel in 1735, says quaintly, "It is sometimes used for weddings, either for luck or privacy." It is supposed to have suffered severely in the Wars of the Roses; and in the fifteenth century a forty days' indulgence was to be obtained by benefactors towards its restoration or by such as resorted to the chapel on account of devotion, prayer, pilgrimage, or offering, and should there say Paternoster, the Angels' Salutation, and Apostles' Creed. In the restored chapel service is now held once each Sunday. The view of it given herewith was taken from Postford Ponds, on the main road between Chilworth and Albury.

On St. Martha's Hill there are three curious earth-circles, the relics very possibly of primitive worship.

In the hollow to the north, between the hill and the low chalk downs, is Tyting Farm, perhaps the former home of the priest in charge of St. Martha's. It stands in a quaint, monkish herb-garden, and within it is a little oratory with a triple-pointed window, possibly of the twelfth or thirteenth century. The hollow is notable as a home of the large edible snail, *Helix pomatia*, introduced early in the seventeenth century by the Earl of Arundel, it is said, though another belief attributes its presence on English soil to French pilgrims. To the south is the "little

GREAT TANGLEY MANOR.

romancy vale" of Chilworth, dear to Cobbett in spite of the devilish inventions it harboured.

Half a mile to the south-west is the moated MANOR HOUSE OF GREAT TANGLEY, one of the finest specimens in Surrey of the old half-timbered house. In fact, there is nothing in the county of quite the same type, though there are buildings resembling it in other parts of the country. The manor came by descent from William de Brasse to Thomas Howard, first Earl of Surrey, and afterwards Duke of Norfolk; and the present house was built by John Caryll, whose father bought the manor from the duke's successor. The building bears on its carved brackets the date 1582, but it contains the remains of a much older house. How ancient may be these relics none can tell, unless perhaps the inner walls were searchingly examined. That some kind of a house, perhaps a hunting lodge, existed here in the reign of King John seems almost certain. Not many years ago the grand old house was almost in ruins from misusage and neglect, but it has fortunately fallen into the hands of an owner who appreciates and preserves it.

Continuing by the road from Chilworth we reach, at some five miles from Guildford, the well-cared-for little hamlet of Albury, in the shadow of St. Martha's Hill, with a parish church built about sixty years ago by the late Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P., the banker, of Albury Park. The architect took for his model a church built at Caen in the Romanesque style. The font, removed from the old church which stood in the park, is probably Early Norman; and there is a brass for John Weston (1440). The east window was painted by Lady R. Gage as a memorial to Mr. Drummond.

Farther on we come to the park, now a seat of the Duke of Northumberland. Here, in the north-west corner, Mr. Drummond built, at a cost of £16,000, the Catholic Apostolic Church, the cathedral of the "Irvingites," of which sect he was the head.

The interior of this ornate temple, a somewhat poor specimen of Perpendicular Gothic, is richly fitted, and is well worth examination. Several picturesque timber dwelling-houses of the community adjoin the cathedral. The mansion was altered from the designs of Pugin, and it is now a mixture of various styles. Near it, on the bank of the Tillingbourne, is the shell of the "Old burgh" CHURCH, which was dismantled by Mr. Drummond. Parts of it (the bases of two of the pillars) and of Shere Church are traditionally said to have been built with materials from the Roman ruins at Farley, but however that may be it is certainly one of the oldest churches in Surrey. With its sturdy square tower surmounted by the strangest of strange-looking cupolas, its ruined chancel and its deserted nave, it should certainly be visited. The chancel is Early English, but the tower, which is in the centre, contains, like that at Cobham, balusters in its belfry windows of the kind sometimes called Saxon. There is something strangely pathetic and suggestive in the relics of this deserted "God's house." The chapel at the end of the south aisle was arranged by Pugin as a mausoleum for the Drummond family, and is richly decorated with heraldic blazonings. The quaint timber-balustered PORCH, open at the sides, and with good Decorated bargeboards, has seats inside "for talking age and whispering lovers made," and many a village scandal could they repeat if, like Tennyson's "Talking Oak," they could plagiarize a heart and answer with a voice. In the churchyard is the vault of the once widely-read Martin F. Tupper, of "Proverbial Philosophy" fame, who lived at Albury House hard by. The gardens of Albury Park were laid out in 1667 by John Evelyn, at the request of the Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel and Duke of Norfolk, who collected the Arundel marbles. "Take it altogether," said Cobbett, "this certainly is the prettiest garden I ever beheld." The existing terrace, a quarter of a mile long, and a remarkable arcade of yews are part of Evelyn's work. The

THE OLD BURGH CHURCH AT ALBURY.

latter is probably the finest thing of the kind to be seen in England ; and running at right angles to it there is a holly hedge, to which it would be almost as difficult to find an equal.

The humours of a fair on the Pilgrims' Way, supposed to have been held at Albury on May Day, 1186, are related in "Stephan Langton," where Mr. Tupper well imagines the nature of the motley gathering of monks, nuns, and begging friars ; pilgrims,

THE OLD CHURCH PORCH AT ALBURY.

palmers, and men-at-arms ; knights, esquires, and yeomen ; jugglers, ballad-singers, mountebanks, and gipsies ; the quoit-flinging and hatchet-hurling ; the quintain, the popinjay, and, chief of all, the Maypole dancing. A maypole, with a weather-cock on the top, still stood in Albury village at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and many a rural romp it must have witnessed.

When Tom came home from labour,
And Ciss from milking rose,

Then merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

But the dances round the maypole have gone the way of many another village pastime, leaving as a substitute technical education and University Extension lectures. How far, one wonders, is the death of these old English diversions a factor in the depopulation of villages?

Albury passed from the Howards to the Finches, and in 1819 was purchased by Mr. Drummond. Its name—"Eldeberi," the Old Bury—in Domesday, has reference to a remarkable Roman-British camp on Farley Heath, two miles south of the village. A large, nearly rectangular fortification, with remains of brick buildings, show clearly that it was a Roman station—a camp, possibly converted into a permanent settlement or garrison. In Aubrey's time the remains of buildings here were evidently much more considerable. Many Roman coins, vases, tiles and other antiquities of different periods have been found here, and a collection of them is now in the British Museum. As already mentioned, coins of Verica have also been found, and it is quite probable that systematic excavation would unearth more evidences of the earlier occupiers of Surrey. Aubrey regarded the site as that of a "Roman temple," and tradition has it that an ancient church here was destroyed by the Danes.

A quarter of a mile north of the Irvingite Cathedral, on the road to Newland's Corner—whence there is one of the most remarkable prospects in the county—through a gateway on the right is reached the so-called "Silent Pool," whose name and fame Martin Tupper claimed to have invented. In his "Stephan Langton" he extols its "placid loveliness, great silver beeches stretching as to shake hands across the clear deep water, edged with greenery all round, but in a pure white shelving basin of chalk." Tennyson also was a warm admirer of this crystal pool, which suggested to him Keats's description of Neptune's

Cave. It is said that the pond, which swarms with tame trout, has never been frozen; and of such extraordinary clearness is its blue-tinted water that, even at midnight, the mystic maiden who drowned herself there can be clearly seen, still drowning.

"And so," as the dear old diarists say, to Shere, two miles from Albury. "No written description can possibly do justice to the manifold beauties of Shere," writes Mr. Morris. "The gray village church with its quaint broach spire; the rippling waters of the translucent Tillingbourne; the old gabled cottages with their overhanging storeys; the densely-wooded escarpment of the abrupt chalk downs; the wealth of foliage in the immediate vicinity; the unbroken seclusion of the narrow valley—these constitute together an unrivalled realization of the idea of an English village." No wonder it is beloved of artists, and that it inspires a "Shere school" of painters. Leader himself lives near, and has done much to add to the fame of its charms in some of his beautiful landscapes. George Grote, the historian of Greece, whose widow is buried in the churchyard, lived at "The Ridgeway;" and Elias Ashmole, the antiquary, must also be included among the notable men it has attracted.

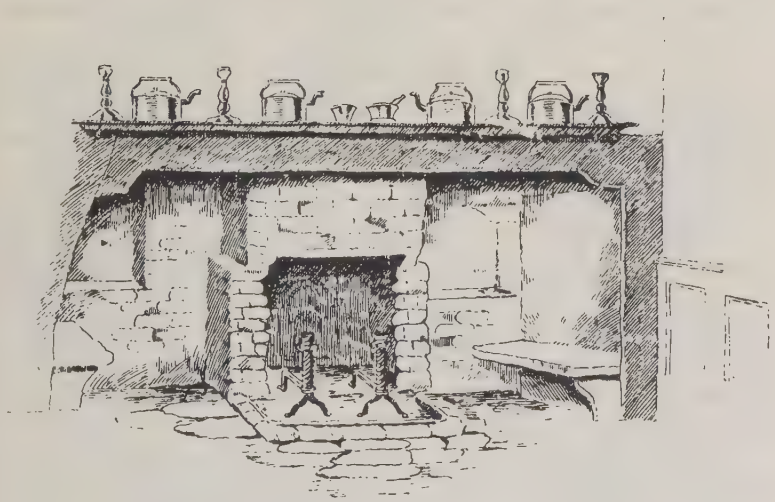
Probably its church occupies the site of a much older building of Saxon times, mentioned in Domesday as the church of "Essira." Originally it was cruciform, consisting of a central tower on four Norman arches, which opened into a nave, apsidal chancel, and two truncated transepts. The church, with its Norman tower, has been reverently but efficiently restored. Here, at any rate, the old tracery has not been hacked out of the windows to give place to modern masonry; nor have the two rude porches, the rough old doors, or the huge brick buttress at the north-west angle been swept away by architectural "reformers." The building is principally Decorated, but there are instances of nearly all the other styles. The south and west doors, for instance, are examples respectively of Norman and

Early English ; and the latter style is represented again by some fine Purbeck-marble columns in the south aisle. Several of the windows contain—what is rare in Surrey—fragments of painted glass. The arches supporting the central tower have been built into walls of earlier date, and traces of the original Norman arch are visible above the one to the south. The font is very old Norman. A couple of features at the north-west corner of the chancel—a hollow quatrefoil and a blocked-up squint—are provocative of speculation. As at Cobham, the ringers still stand on the floor of the church under the tower.

In the window of the north chapel there are three red roses, said to testify to the Lancastrian tendencies of James, the second Earl of Ormond, in whose family the manor and advowson of Shere were formerly vested. Among the brasses in the church, there is on the chancel floor a mutilated one to John Towchet, Lord Audley (1491), who became possessed of both the property and the patronage on the attainder of Lord Ormond, and from whose family, on the execution of his son for high treason, it passed into the family of Sir Reginald Bray, an ancestor of William Bray, also lord of the manor. A mural tablet identifies the latter as "the historian of this his native county, who died on December 21st, 1832, in the ninety-seventh year of his age." His history he wrote in conjunction with the Rev. Owen Manning, vicar of Godalming, and he also edited an edition, published in 1818, of John Evelyn's "Diary." Engraved on some of the numerous Bray memorials in the church is the family crest, "a flax-crusher or." This, no doubt, is a punning allusion to the meaning of the family name, which recalls the days when farmers' wives brayed out hemp to make their own gowns. "To bray," in the sense of pounding to pieces, is now practically obsolete. It occurs, however, in Thackeray's "Pendennis" and in Browning's "A Pretty Woman," though in each case as a clear reminiscence of the famous passage in Proverbs: "Though

thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

In better condition than the Towchet brass is one for Robert Sawcliff, or Scarclyf, who was rector in 1412; and there is a modern brass to William Melbourne James, Lord Justice of Appeal (1881). It is recorded that "he spent many happy holidays in the neighbourhood of Albury and Shere."



THE "WHITE HORSE" FIREPLACE, SHERE.

Surrey affords some curious instances of tenure of land. Personal service at the Court—which was so often at Westminster, Windsor, or Guildford, close to or in Surrey—was suitably paid for by land in the county. Mr. Malden gives an interesting example of this tenure by sergeanty at Shere. Stephen de Turnham held land in Coteshulle there by the service called *mapparia*, more properly napperia, or the charge of the king's linen, no doubt for the Court at Guildford, and four pounds' worth of land in Guildford by the service of *marescalcia*,

or providing fodder for the king's stables at the same place. He looked after bed and board, for man and beast, when the king kept his Court in Surrey.

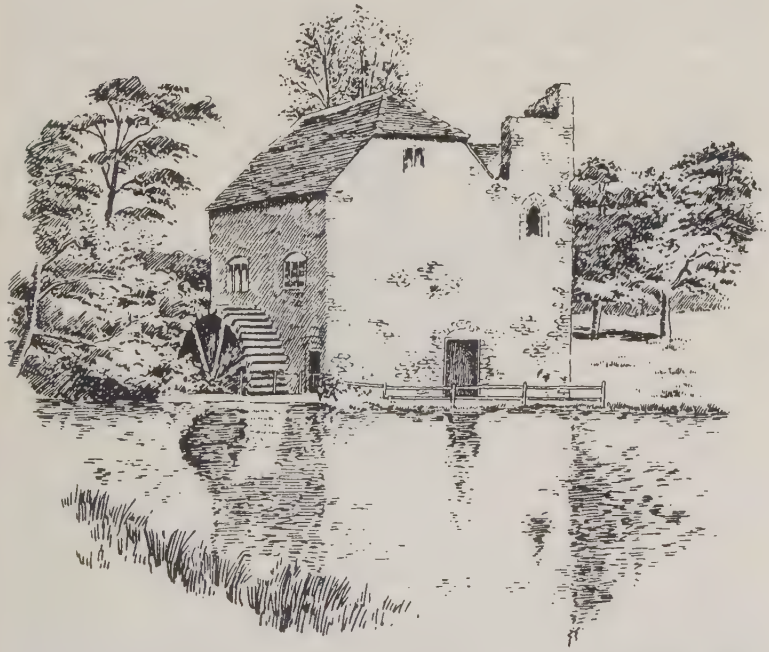
Shere possesses a remarkable old inn, "THE WHITE HORSE," opposite to two ancient elms. A room on the left has a fine open fireplace, with cosy ingle-nooks and a shining array of old brass ware on its mantelshelf. The worthy landlord is the fortunate owner of a number of sketches and paintings presented to him by appreciative artist lodgers.

One of the most extensive and, until very recently, the wildest of the wastes so characteristic of Surrey, is to be found in the parish of Shere. This is the Hurtwood, which not a few lovers of the county consider has claims to be the most beautiful of all the many beautiful spots in Surrey. The views over the Weald, or—as Dr. Arnold once termed them—"the surging hills of Surrey," are in every respect unique. It is probably, as the crow flies, not twenty-five miles from St. Paul's; but Viscount Middleton records that the late Mr. Sumner, of Hatchlands, who knew it well, used to say that he had made a bag of seven kinds of game there in a single morning's walk—pheasants, partridges, snipe, woodcock, black-game, hares, and rabbits.

A mile to the east of Shere, along a road sometimes accounted the most delightful in Surrey, is the busy little hamlet of Gomshall, a village which would be prized more highly, perhaps, if it were not for the proximity of Shere. An old MILL, now partly in ruins, is conspicuous on the right in coming from Shere. In spring the marshy meadows adjoining it are a carpet of golden kingcups.

Passing under the railway in half a mile more we reach Abinger Hammer, whose name reminds us that it was once the scene of iron working, now extinct over Surrey and Sussex. There are further references to the industry in later pages. A little beyond, to the left of the high road, is Abinger Hall, the

seat of Lord Farrer (in the grounds of which a Roman villa was found in 1877), and once the residence of the Countess of Donegal, Swift's "glory of the Granard race." The Roman villa was the hunting-box, perhaps, of an official from London. Its remains have now nearly disappeared, but not without fame in



A MILL BY GOMSHALL.

their decay. It was here that the late Charles Darwin scientifically observed, and recorded, the ravages of the earth-worms upon the exposed and once-admired tesseræ of the atrium. A lane passing beside and behind the Hall leads to a strip of wild common called "Evershed's Rough," on the north edge of which a granite CROSS marks the exact spot where, amid this beautiful

scenery, Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, lost his life on a beautiful summer day. His horse put its foot in a rabbit hole and threw him. The monolith bears the simple inscription, "S. W. July 19. 1873", with a pastoral staff passing through the initial letters.

Standing back on the right of the main road, a little past Abinger Hall, is Wotton House, the ancient home of John Evelyn, to whose descendants it still belongs. The family of

THE WILBERFORCE MEMORIAL.

Evelyn is known to have resided at Tower Castle, in Shropshire. From there it removed in succession to Harrow-on-the-Hill, Kingston-upon-Thames and Long Ditton, and thence to Wotton. The first of the family that resided here was George Evelyn, formerly of Long Ditton. From him, by his first wife, is descended the present head of the family; and from his second wife was descended the famous John Evelyn, best known by his "Sylva, or Discourse on Forest Trees"; his admirable biography of Mrs. Godolphin; and his delightful gossiping Ephemeris or

"Diary," a work which shows far more insight into men and things than that of Pepys, and displays at least as much liveliness. It contains a record of events during his life from 1620 to 1706, but is not, of course, an actual diary, nor even apparently written strictly contemporaneously with the events for a considerable part of that time. It is, however, a delightful book, and there are few more estimable names among our British worthies than that of its vivacious author. He was to Southey the "perfect model of an English gentleman." Throughout the troublous times of the seventeenth century he was a *persona grata* at court, and he was a good man at a time when virtue was not much in fashion there. He married a daughter of Sir Richard Browne, Charles I.'s ambassador at Paris.

The house is an irregular brick building, originally Elizabethan, but added to at various times. The diarist himself describes it as "large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with delicious streams and venerable woods as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance." It is still "sweetly environed with delicious streams and venerable woods," but the latter have suffered more than once from hurricanes. Of one in November of 1703 Evelyn says in "Sylva" that he had more than 2,000 trees blown down, and that the place was no more "Wotton (wood-town), stripped and naked, and almost ashamed to own its nature."

"I will say nothing," he writes again in his "Diary," "of the ayre, because the præeminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy; but I should speak much of the gardens, fountaines, and groves that adorne it, were they not as generally knowne to be amongst the most natural and (till this

later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in rich expenses) the most magnificent that England afforded, and which indeede gave one of the first examples to that elegancy since so much in vogue, and follow'd in the managing of their waters, and other ornaments of that nature." The gardens are formed in terraces at the back of the house. There are many fine beeches on the estate, but it is most remarkable for the number and magnificence of the tree the author of "Sylva" loved —the pine. He declared that its bark would heal ulcers, and that the "distilled water of the green cones takes away the wrinkles of the face." It is extraordinary what he found in trees, besides wood. An oil extracted from the ash is good for the toothache and for "rot of the bones." The fruit of the service tree "corroborates the stomach"; the lime tree is "of admirable effect against the epilepsy"; wine made from the birch tree cures "consumptions." At the same time the lord of Wotton repudiates any suggestion of "quacking;" he gives his experiences not as a medical authority but "as a plain husbandman and a simple forester." Whether he be right or not as to the beneficial properties of trees—and some people are sure to have their doubts —there can be no question as to the value of his advice to plant and cultivate them, and at the present time there are no finer or more valuable woods in the county than those at Wotton.

His grandson, Sir John, built the present library, which contains Evelyn's large and curious collection of books. Many of the bindings display his graceful device of intertwisted palm, olive, and oak branches, with the apt motto, "Omnia explorate, melior retinete." Here are also the complete manuscript of his celebrated "Diary," together with note-books, and a Bible filled with his marginal notes; and locks of dark brown hair from the head, and auburn hair from the beard, of Charles I. In Don Saltero's Tavern Museum, which figured so much in the social history of the eighteenth century, there was exhibited King

WOTTON CHURCH.

Charles II.'s "Beard which he wore in disguise," but no doubt the authenticity of the Wotton relics could be more easily demonstrated.

Among the other treasures of the house are the prayer-book used by Charles I. on the scaffold; Sir Godfrey Kneller's very fine half-length portrait of John Evelyn; portraits of Sir Richard Browne and Mrs. Godolphin, Evelyn's "deare friend" whose life he "consecrated to posterity"; Evelyn's own "drawings with a black-lead pen," made during his continental tours; a portrait of him by Nanteuil, engraved in 1640; and drawings of himself, his wife, and father-in-law, also by Nanteuil, and of "extraordinary curiosity."

Deeply interesting, after seeing the house, is a visit to WOTTON CHURCH, a little further along our road. It is a small but picturesque building standing on the brow of a slight eminence, in a bower of chestnut trees and venerable oaks. The tower is its oldest part. Opinions differ as to its age, but it appears to be of Early Norman, or possibly late Saxon, character. The outside of the doorway from the porch to the tower is of later date than the tower itself. Of its three small bells, two are of the fourteenth century; the third bears the date 1502.

John Evelyn's tomb is the one shaped like a coffin, standing under the east windows in the mortuary chapel. In his last will he desired to sleep "under the shade of melancholy boughs" at Wotton. "I would rather be deposited and laid," he says, "in a plaine vault of brick (with my dear wife if she thought fit) under the oval circle of the laurel grove planted by me at Wotton, with a plain marble stone, and on it a pedestal of black marble bearing an urn of white marble, which would be no great expense; otherwise, let my grave be in the corner of the dormitory of my ancestors, near to that of my father and pious mother." The inscription sets forth that he was the second son of Richard Evelyn, and that he fell asleep in 1705, in the eighty-

sixth year of his age. "Living in an age of extraordinary Events and Resolutions, he learnt (as himself asserted) this Truth, which pursuant to his intention is here declared: that all is Vanity which is not Honest, and that there is no solid Wisdom but in real Piety." A few paces distant a similar coffin-shaped memorial preserves the memory of his wife: "The best Daughter, Wife, and Mother, the most accomplished of Women." Both coffins, according to Aubrey, are "above ground, in the tombs, which are made hollow."

There is not much in the "Diary" about the church, but he tells us that when he had arrived at the mature age of four years he was instructed in the porch in the rudiments of learning by one Frier by name, "a pedant that keeps a school i' the church," as Maria says in "Twelfth Night." The porch, if of its present unusual length, may easily have served as the village school, as was the custom then. But it has been considerably altered since Evelyn's time, and may now be said to be modern. He speaks of several funerals of members of his family who were buried here, obsequies which must have been very imposing. They took place mostly at night, in consonance with a custom which was and continued common. George II. was buried at Westminster Abbey by torchlight, and so were the poet Cowley, John Addison, Thomas Betterton, and Samuel Foote. Aldermen of London—to mention but another instance—who had filled the mayoralty were, by ancient custom, usually interred in a similar way. When Evelyn's brother Richard died in 1698 he was buried with extraordinary solemnity, rather as a nobleman than a private gentleman. There were over 2,000 persons present, all the magnates of the county paying him the last honours.

The earliest in date of the Evelyn memorials is a mural monument to George Evelyn—the purchaser of Wotton, who died there in 1603—with a Latin inscription by Dr. Comber, Dean of

Carlisle. The figures represent the deceased, Joan his second wife, and his sixteen sons and eight daughters. Against the north wall is an alabaster monument with figures of Richard Evelyn (1640), Ellen his wife, and their five children. Richard was the son of George Evelyn, and father of the diarist. Of Ellen, John Evelyn's mother, another memorial records that she was "a rare example of piety, loyalty, providence, and charity."

> Of her great worth to know, who seeketh more
> Must mount to Heaven, where she is gone before.

A similar monument presents, within a niche, a bust of Elizabeth Darcie, a sister of John Evelyn, and underneath a figure of her only child.

> Here sleeps my Babe in silence : Heaven's her rest,
> For God takes soonest those he loveth best.

Among other memorials to the Evelyns is Westmacott's monument in memory of George Evelyn (died 1829), with a striking epitaph by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He was a captain in the 2nd Battalion of the 3rd Foot Guards, and served in the Peninsular War under the Duke of Wellington, and at Waterloo, where he was severely wounded. He left six sons, one the present owner of Wotton, Mr. W. J. Evelyn, who has had a distinguished Parliamentary career, and is the third member of his family to act as High Sheriff of Surrey.

In the churchyard, on the north side, there is on a square pedestal a beautiful marble urn which is of much interest locally, as it is the scene year by year of a curious ceremony. It is to the memory of William Glanville, who left estates for the purpose of paying five poor boys of the parish, under sixteen years of age, forty shillings each, on condition that they should attend on the second day of each February, on the anniversary of his death, and, with their hands laid upon his gravestone, repeat aloud by heart the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the

Ten Commandments ; read the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, and write legibly two verses from the same chapter. The anniversary is called "forty-shilling day." Mr. Glanville appears to have been somewhat eccentric, as he left orders that he was to be buried "six yards underground." His father, who married a younger sister of John Evelyn, had the odd wish that his body should be "wrapp'd in lead, and carried down to Greenwich, put on board a ship, and buried between Dover and Calais, about the Goodwin Sands, which was done." Evelyn adds in his "Diary" that "this occasioned much discourse, he having no relation at all to the sea." One can well imagine it. Instances of heart burial, as at Sandon Hospital and Waverley Abbey, and of head burial, as at West Horsley, are common enough. At Boxhill a Major Labelliere, is said to be buried head downwards, because he thought the world was turned "topsy-turvy," and at the last day he would thus come up right ; and there are innumerable instances of burials in erect postures. Intra-mural interments are not infrequent ; and bodies have been placed half within and half without a church's wall. Still, Mr. Glanville's eccentricity is curious among the many curious whims that are met with in connection with burials.

Evelyn says that in his time there were "pits of jeate, in the skirts of the parish of Wotton, near Sussex." In Camden's time there were pits by Okewood, nearer Sussex, but no traces of "jeate" (jet) are now apparent. At Wotton were erected the first mills in England for casting, hammering, and wiring brass. "First," says Evelyn, "they drew the wire by men sitting harnessed in certain swings, taking hold of the brass thongs fitted to the holes with pincers fastened to a girdle which went about them, and then with stretching forth their feet against a stump they shot their bodies from it, closing with the plate again ; but afterwards this was quite left off, and the effect performed by an *ingenio* brought out of Sweden."

From the church the ground descends to the rectory, and beyond lies the Deer-leap, a beech wood, in which is a large sand-barrow, encompassed by a double ditch. It is the best of its kind in the county, though this is not saying much, as Surrey has but few such prehistoric remains, and those that do exist are small and have long ago been rifled of any contents. There is another on the Upper Greensand north of Oxted ; and there are, or were, several barrows on Wimbledon Common.

From Wotton it is three miles further into Dorking, an ancient town on the site of the primitive Saxon "mark" or settlement of the Deorcingas. Irregularities of size and style make the houses of its spacious High Street extremely picturesque, and many of them retain their original seventeenth and eighteenth century fronts. Its old church of St. Martin—in which was buried Abraham Tucker (died 1774), author of the "Light of Nature Pursued," and Jeremiah Markland (died 1776), a learned critic and editor of Euripides—was replaced by a tasteless building that in 1876 gave way to a stately modern church, above which towers a lofty spire in memory of Bishop Wilberforce. Hoole, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, is buried in the disused churchyard in which are also the tombs of Tucker and Markland.

The Roman Stone Street from London to Chichester is generally said (on the authority of Camden) to have crossed the north-west angle of the burial ground. Camden, however, is wrong. It came from Chichester and entered Surrey near Okewood Hill. Thence, more or less clearly traceable, it comes to Dorking, leaving the church on its right, and heading straight for the gap where the Mole goes through the chalk range under Box Hill. Both the preservation and the disuse of this road are remarkable. It is not forgotten altogether, nor abandoned for better lines. Long stretches were, and are, used in some places, short stretches in others. But between these parts

lanes, certainly not modern, cross it, run beside it, do anything but follow it. The old streets of Dorking have nothing to do with it. It looks as if all desire for through communication were lost; and if the road led to the next farm it was used, if not it was left, no one in the Weald of Surrey dreaming of going to London or Chichester, and no communication between these places existing. Ockley is the only village upon it in Surrey south of Dorking, and north of Dorking there is none upon it till we come to Ewell. If beyond Epsom racecourse it kept to the downs, there is no town or village upon it before Croydon. In 1750 the people of Horsham petitioned Parliament for a passable carriage-road to London, that by Coldharbour and Dorking, which has superseded the excellent Roman road, being accessible only on horseback. If they wanted to drive to London they gravely declared that they had to go down to the coast and round by Canterbury! In the early years of the past century bearers could not walk abreast carrying a coffin down the high road from Coldharbour to Dorking, because the two sides sloped together at such a sharp angle. The Horsham petition produced, in George II.'s time, a Turnpike Act for making the present road through Capel to Dorking, but, Mr. Malden points out, it is significant that on this road there were tolls for carriages drawn by six or more horses.

In its earlier days there must have been considerable traffic through the town, if one may judge from the number of its inns. The "WHITE HORSE" and the "Red Lion" still exist. The former used to be known as the Cross House, owing to its sign bearing the cross of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, from whom it was rented. The sketch given shows the back of the famous inn, and was made from the stables. The "Chequers," the "Great Bell," and the "Old King's Head" also exist, but are occupied as shops; and the "Queen's Head" survives, but under the name "Bell Inn." The "Marquis of Granby," kept by Mr.

Samuel Weller, senior, must be searched for in vain, but it is generally understood that Dickens in writing of it in the "Pickwick Papers," had in his mind the "Old King's Head," on the site of the present Post Office, where some portions of it still remain at the back. Formerly there was in Dorking a coachman named Weller, who drove the coach, and afterwards the omnibus to the station, for many years. It was at the "Marquis of Granby" that

THE "WHITE HORSE" AT DORKING.

Mr. Weller, junior, visited his stepmother and Mr. Stiggins, "the prim-faced, red-nosed man, with a long, thin countenance, and a semi-rattlesnake sort of eye"; and here he gave the elder Samuel practical advice as to disposing of the red-nosed sanctimonious humbug. "I wouldn't be too hard on him at first," said Sam, "I'd drop him in the water-butt, and put the lid on; and if I found he was insensible to kindness I'd try the other persvasion." "The other persvasion" was to "pison his

rum and water." The visit was paid during the two days' interval before the departure of the Pickwickians to Dingley Dell, when Sam, with Mr. Pickwick's permission, "planted himself on the top of the Arundel coach, and journeyed on to Dorking." The "Marquis of Granby" in Mrs. Weller's time was quite a model of the road-side public-house of the better class—just large enough to be convenient, and small enough to be snug. "On the opposite side of the road was a large signboard on a high post, representing the head and shoulders of a gentleman with an apoplectic countenance, in a red coat with deep blue facings, and a touch of the same blue over his three-cornered hat, for a sky. Over that again were a pair of flags; beneath the last button of his coat were a couple of cannon; and the whole formed an expressive and undoubted likeness of the Marquis of Granby of glorious memory."

No doubt its old inns owed something to the many Dutch merchants who at one time used to come from London to Dorking "to eat water souchy of perch, made in great perfection here." Something of its modern fame it owes to Colonel Chesney's "Battle of Dorking," an event which cannot yet be chronicled in the history of actual happenings. An imaginary German army drove the Volunteers off the slopes below Denbies, but that was in 1871, before Box Hill was crowned by a fort armed with heavy guns. It is celebrated also for its breed of poultry, said to have been introduced by the Romans. We are assured that the famous fowls are characterized by their five claws, and that there are three varieties—the "coloured," "cuckoo," and "white or rose-combed," of which the two former are specially noted for their qualities as table birds. "Dorking is celebrated for fowls," says quaint old Aubrey, and then he is daring enough to add that "The kine hereabout are of a sandy colour; the women, especially those about the hill, have no roses in their cheeks"! At Dorking the tolling of the "pancake bell" was

BRIDGE AT BOX HILL.

kept up every Shrove Tuesday until as late as 1862, if not more recently. On that day the streets were perambulated by the football retinue, composed of grotesquely-dressed persons, and the afternoon was devoted to kicking footballs up and down the chief streets. Of three colours, like the fowls (only in this case the hues are red, white, and blue), are the footballs which are still kicked about the main street on Shrove Tuesdays, to the offence of the staider citizens and to the irritation of the police authorities; but there is little doubt that, as at Kingston, this boisterous survival will soon be relegated to the category of customs which exist but as memories. In Surrey cricket Dorking has played a better part. In 1844 the county club was started, and next year it played its first match on Kennington Oval. At first its strength was drawn largely from rural Surrey. The Dorking men, who played on Cotmandene, furnished many of its leading players. Caffyn, who first taught the Australians to play cricket, was a Dorking player.

The town is most beautifully surrounded with wooded heights and picturesque commons, and there are many most interesting mansions in its vicinity. Box Hill will of course be climbed, and many a pleasant hour can be spent in its neighbourhood, so full of literary associations. At the well-known "Hare and Hounds Inn," at Burford Bridge, Keats wrote the latter part of his "Endymion"; Hazlitt and Mrs. Barbauld were among its guests; and Lord Nelson spent there his last night on English soil. The next day he sailed from Portsmouth for Trafalgar—and a glorious death. At Burford Bridge lives Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. Grant Allen was his neighbour. Matthew Arnold used to come over from Cobham, and it is said he agreed with Mr. Herman Merivale as to this being "the most enchanting country in England." From Denmark Hill came Mr. Elder Smith to Box Hill, where he acquired some land and developed a lively interest in farming. He was the father of the late

George Smith, the Napoleonic projector of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Half a mile north is West Humble, where is "Camilla Lacy," the cottage—since much enlarged and improved—where Madame d'Arblay lived after leaving Bookham. In 1796 she had published the novel "Camilla" by subscription, and Macaulay gives a rumour that she cleared 3,000 guineas by the sale. The book was a literary failure, like all her works after "Cecilia," but it brought in profit enough to enable her to build this cottage, whither she removed in 1797. Here she buried all disquietudes, convinced, as she wrote, that "the serenity of a life like this smooths the whole internal surface of the mind." With her husband she left Camilla Lacy for France in 1802. General d'Arblay was one of the colony of French refugees who after the Revolution came to Juniper Hall, just near. It was Madame de Staël, another of the refugees there, who said she would not open her window to see the Bay of Naples, so presumably the lovely country round her Surrey refuge had no charms for her. Talleyrand, Greville notes, "has gone to live at Juniper Hall with Madame de Staël." There, also, lived Madame de Broglie, the Duc de Montmorency, M. Sicard, and several more for whom the hospitable gates of adjacent Norbury were always open. Like Dr. Johnson's friend, who never went into church, but always took off his hat in passing one, we can only, as it were, salute in our rapid progress these homes so memorable for their interesting associations.

Polesden Lacy, to the west, was once the residence of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Fredley Farm was for many years the "cottage-home" of Richard Sharp, the "Conversation" Sharp of the best society of the early part of the nineteenth century, and here he was visited by Grattan, Sir James Mackintosh, Romilly, Leonard Horner, Samuel Rogers, the elder Mill, and other celebrities. James Mill, the historian of British India, and

his more illustrious son, John Stuart, the political economist, lived for some time at Mickleham. Later, Fredley Farm was occupied by Dr. Charles Mackay, the popular poet, stepfather of the still more famous novelist, Marie Corelli. Birch Grove, on Mickleham Down, was the seat of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. At Brockham Lodge, Morris, the society song-writer of the Regency, ended his days, still honoured by the *bon-vivants*, for there, says tradition, the Duke of York and the Prince Regent were numbered among his guests. Daniel Defoe, who was also associated with Tooting, lived at Dorking. It has been said that the author of "Robinson Crusoe" is our first novelist in the modern acceptation of the term, for in all his books he pretends to recount something that actually happened. In his little-known "Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain" he recounts an amusing local happening. In October, 1676, a flood so swelled the Mole that it overflowed the private fish-ponds it fed, and carried off the fish. Sir Adam Browne then lived at Betchworth, and his son and others dammed the water that had inundated a five-acre meadow "shaped like a dripping-pan," so that it could not return to the river. In two nights and a day it subsided, and, to the great joy of the ingenious youths, left a rich haul, "for the like quantity of fish, great and small, I believe was never taken at once in this kingdom out of so small a river." "Deepdene," east of the town, was bought at the beginning of the present century by Thomas Hope, the author of that once famous Oriental romance, "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek" —a work which Sidney Smith declared, in the "Edinburgh Review," contained descriptions which would not disgrace the pen of Tacitus, and displayed a depth of feeling and vigour of imagination which Lord Byron could not excel. He filled the house with art treasures, notably sculpture. Here Lord Beaconsfield, as he sets forth in his dedication, conceived the idea, and wrote the greater portion of "Coningsby," taking from Dorking

and its neighbourhood many of the scenes described in the romance. The grounds are of surpassing interest, and the whole place is not only the most famous seat about Dorking, but it has a European reputation for its statuary and pictures. Betchworth Park, which is part of the same domain, has one of the finest lime avenues in the world, leading to the shapeless ruins of Betchworth Castle, which was originally fortified and embattled in 1449 by Sir Thomas Browne. It subsequently became the property of Abraham Tucker, who wrote his metaphysical "Light of Nature Pursued," and died, here. The last volumes of this scholarly work were written, after he had become blind, with the aid of a machine which he invented to guide his hand and enable him to write legibly. His daughter, like Milton's, showed the most self-sacrificing filial devotion. Not only did she transcribe her father's voluminous notes, but she perfected herself in Greek so as to enable him to keep in touch with his favourite authors. He was buried, as already noted, in St. Martin's Church. Half a century earlier the castle was inhabited by the poet, Sir William Browne, whose "Britannia's Pastorals" and other poems are now read only by the curious. "Anastasius" Hope dismantled the house, and united the park with that of "Deepdene." Jeremiah Markland, who was also interred in St. Martin's, died in 1776 at Milton Court, a red-brick Elizabethan mansion with a fine staircase, still standing, though altered and enlarged, to the west of the town. Markland, who was educated at Christ's Hospital and Cambridge, so impressed the "Quarterly Review" by his "modesty, candour, literary honesty, and courteousness to other scholars" that it held him up as a model "for the imitation of every critic." Less than two miles farther is "The Rookery," the birthplace in 1766 of Malthus, the political economist. It is set in deep woods and in lovely gardens which in early summer are ablaze with rhododendron, a favourite plant in Surrey. Once it was the property of Abraham Tucker,

THE MOLE, NEAR DORKING.

who sold it to David Malthus, the father of "Population Malthus," and the translator of Goethe's "Sorrows of Werter" and St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia." Leith Hill (965 feet) —which is not only the highest point of Surrey, but of south-eastern England—is also usually visited from Dorking. It commands one of the most beautiful, varied, and extensive views in the kingdom.

Of the delightful walks from Dorking by rural footpaths there is a charming variety. There is more than one which gives such a view ON THE MOLE as that illustrated; and there is many a picturesque spot such as CASTLE MILL, just beyond the present limit of the more modern part of the town, set among the meadows through which the river placidly takes its serpentine course.

> The lingering waters of the brimming stream
> Sweep round the wooded bank, so soft
> The gentle current that it scarcely rocks
> The floating water lily.

The name of the Mole is popularly connected with the "swallows," or holes in the porous calcareous soil in which in dry seasons its waters disappear. Spenser, when he wrote in the "Faery Queen" of the—

> Mole, that like a *mouseling mole* doth make
> His way still underground, till Thames he overtake—

and Milton and Pope, who speak of it as the "sullen" Mole, seem to have had in mind, as the origin of its name, this burrowing habit. On occasions it dives out of sight for three miles of its course from Burford Bridge to near Leatherhead, the explanation being that at such dry times the water is not more than sufficient to fill the fissures and channels in the chalk rock below the river bed. In winter these subterranean "swallows" speedily become filled, and the Mole again pursues its course "under the open skies." But the alternative name which it

bears, the Emlyn stream, suggests a derivative from the Celtic *melin*, a mill, itself a certain derivative from the Latin *molina*, and it probably means "the mill-stream." It certainly is a mill-stream, and Castle Mill is but one of the very many picturesque "bits" that owe their existence to the patient kindliness of the Mole.

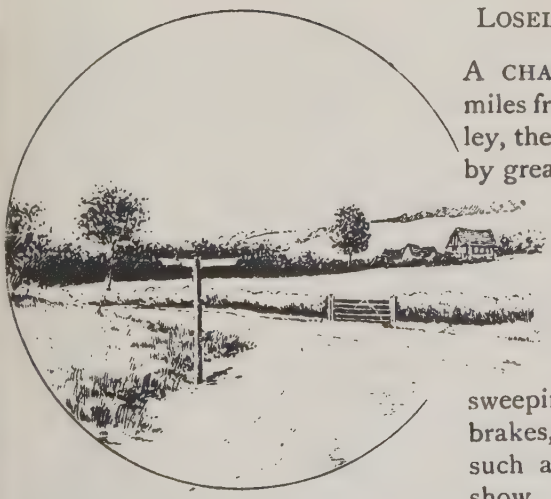
CASTLE MILL, NEAR DORKING.

SECTION V.

GUILDFORD TO COMPTON.

I love the song of lark among
The gilded morning clouds;
The quiet heath that sleeps beneath
The morning's misty shrouds.
I love the dreams that burnished beams
Of waking sunlight bring,
When all aglow the hill-tops show
The radiance of the King.

A. GLANVILLE.



LOSELEY AND COMPTON.

A CHARMING walk of two miles from Guildford to Loseley, the whole way shadowed by great elms and oaks, and opening up beautiful views of distant park and forest country, leads to Loseley, one of those stately ancestral parks, full of sweeping lawns, whitethorn brakes, and venerable trees, such as England alone can show. One magnificent glade, half avenue, half forest ride, sweeps away south from the manor house, which stands gray and solemn at the head, in the midst of its unprofaned, old-world quietude.

So far back as Domesday time the manor belonged to the potent Roger Montgomery, Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury, but it was forfeited by his son in the time of Henry I. After-

wards it was the property of the Earl of Gloucester, until in 1575 part of it was bought by Sir Christopher More, whose family had previously been settled in Derbyshire. Among the wonderful muniments preserved at Loseley is Henry VIII.'s licence—granted thirty-eight years later, by which time Sir Christopher had acquired the whole of the estate—to fence round 200 acres of land at his manor, free-warren in it being included. Sir Christopher was twice sheriff of Surrey and Sussex, and on the first occasion was knighted. At his death in 1549 he held the office of King's Remembrancer of the Exchequer. There is an inscription to him in the Loseley Chapel at St. Nicholas's in Guildford.

William More, his eldest surviving son and successor, sat in Parliament several times during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and in Queen Bess's reign he was chosen knight of the shire for Surrey. He also twice held the office of sheriff for Surrey and Sussex, and was appointed vice-admiral of the latter county. In 1576 knighthood was conferred upon him by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in the Earl of Lincoln's garden at Pyrford, near Woking, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, who graciously assured him that he "well deserved the honour." Sir William may be considered as the founder of Loseley House, for he had begun in 1562 to build the central part of an earlier mansion, some vestiges of which have been placed in the great hall of the present building. He died in 1600, and is commemorated by the magnificent monument in St. Nicholas's already referred to. Several times he was visited at Loseley by Elizabeth; and as a firm supporter of Protestantism he was entrusted with the safe keeping of Henry Wriothesley, the second Earl of Southampton, who, while a suspected Papist, spent at Loseley nearly three years as a prisoner-guest. There were in those days many recusants in Surrey who regularly made money payments in lieu of going to church, and probably

many more who went solely to avoid prosecution. But the zealous Deputy-Lieutenant could never induce his charge to attend the family prayers at Loseley.

George, the only son and heir of Sir William, was educated at Exeter College, Oxford; was made sheriff of Surrey and Sussex, and duly knighted. Like his father, he was a favourite of Elizabeth, who augmented his estate by a grant of the hundred and lordship of Godalming. In the beginning of the next reign he was appointed treasurer to Henry, Prince of Wales. In 1603 he royally entertained both King James and his queen at Loseley, and three years later he was again honoured by a visit from his majesty. In 1610 the king promoted him to the Chancellorship of the Order of the Garter, and five years later, with a "full confidence in his honesty," appointed him Lieutenant of the Tower, in succession to Sir Gervase Elwes, who was removed for having been implicated in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. In 1617 Sir George entertained at Loseley the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. He sat in Parliament, as member for Guildford, repeatedly during the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and also represented the county of Surrey in several Parliaments of those reigns and that of Charles I. He died in 1632. Ann, one of his five daughters, was privately married thirty-two years before to John Donne, afterwards celebrated as a poet and a divine, on whom King James conferred the deanery of St. Paul's, but who at the time of his marriage was secretary to Lord Chancellor Egerton. The love romance of this young couple, and the early struggles and privations of the divine poet—or rather the poet-divine—are told in his life by Isaac Walton. Something, too, of the troubled incident is to be gleaned from a remarkable series of letters preserved among the Loseley manuscripts. Donne's letter to the outraged father, dated "2° Februa', 1601," "from my lodginge by ye Savoy," is a model of dignified humility. "At her lyeng in town this last Parliam^t," he

confesses, "I found meanes to see her twice or thrice. We both knew the obligac'ons that lay upon us, and we adventured equally, and about three weeks before Xmas we married. . . . S^r I acknowledge my fault to be great, as I dare scarse offer any other prayer to yo^u in mine own behalf than this, to beleeve this truthe, that I neyth^r . . . had dishonest end nor means. But for her whom I tender much more than my fortunes or lyfe . . . I hereby beg of yo^u that she may not to her danger feele the terror of yo^r sodaine anger." But at that time obscure literary men could not with impunity make secret marriages with well-connected young ladies of sixteen, and Donne found himself in the Fleet Prison. It appeared, however, that the marriage was canonically valid, so Sir George made the best of a bad job, ultimately received Donne as his son-in-law, and settled £800 upon his daughter. Another point of interest in connection with Sir George and his father is this. In 1595 Sir William conveyed to James Burbage, for the building of the Blackfriars Theatre, the old offices of Sir Thomas Carwarden of Bletchingley, who was Master of the Revels. Sir George More in 1601 conveyed a messuage adjoining to Cuthbert and Richard, sons of James Burbage. Richard was the great actor, Shakespeare's friend.

It would be too long to follow in detail the story of the succeeding members of the family. Mores came and went; were made sheriffs of the county, knighted, represented Guildford or Haslemere in Parliament. Then, about 1691, Margaret, the only surviving representative of the Mores, married Sir Thomas Molyneux, of Sefton, in Lancashire, a member of the ancient family from which the present Earl of Sefton is descended. Sir William More Molyneux, their eldest and only surviving son, succeeded to the Loseley property in 1719; and when his son, Sir Thomas, died unmarried in 1776, the male issue of the family became extinct. William More Molyneux, Esq., the present representative of "that branch of the family which became, by

LOSELEY HOUSE.

intermarriage with the female inheritrix of More, the possessors of Loseley," derives his title to the property by virtue of his descent from Sir Thomas More Molyneux.

LOSELEY no doubt had, from an early period, its manse or capital dwelling-house fortified by a moat, according to the custom of the feudal ages ; but although some vestiges of this defence still remain, the early dwelling itself has long since been demolished. The present mansion—the Knole or Penshurst of Surrey—is a most interesting example of the Elizabethan age, and was erected between the years 1562 and 1568 by Sir William More as the central part of a structure intended to form three sides of a quadrangle, if not a complete square. The original design was never executed to its full extent, although a western wing, which included a long gallery and a chapel, designed by the celebrated John Thorpe, was added by Sir George More, the son of the founder. This additional portion, however, became ruinous and was taken down about 1826, and the building reduced to its former dimensions. More recently the late and present owners have carried out much important work, in excellent taste, with a view of restoring the mansion to its original state. It is constructed of gray-coloured stone, which imparts a somewhat sombre aspect to the exterior. A general uniformity, though by no means a strict one, is observed in all its architectural features. All the windows are square-headed, but they differ much in size, and those belonging to the principal apartments are of great extent and are separated by mullions and transoms into different lights.

Among the emblazonments in the oriel window of the great hall are the arms of the Mores painted on glass, with the date, 1568. There was formerly an extensive collection of military weapons in this apartment, but these have long since been removed ; and it now contains only a few calivers and cross-bows (which recall the fatal weapon with which Archbishop

Abbot "rang his heavy knell") for deer-shooting, with an interesting collection of pictures. Among these are whole-length portraits, by Myttens, of James I. and Anne of Denmark, his queen, which were originally placed at Loseley on the occasion of their visit to Sir George More. Here also is a portrait of Edward VI., by Holbein, and a very large painting, by Somers, of Sir William More Molyneux, his wife, and children. As well as other family portraits, there is an original one of Anne Boleyn, and another of her equally unfortunate chancellor, Sir Thomas More—a namesake, but not of the family of Loseley Mores. The oak panelling was probably brought here from Nonsuch Palace near Cheam, an ancient royal residence of Henry VIII., which was pulled down by Charles II.'s Lady Castlemaine, Duchess of Cleveland. The very valuable manuscripts in the muniment room date from the eleventh to the seventeenth centuries, and the enormous collection includes royal warrants with autograph signatures, as well as a number of letters from eminent statesmen, chiefly of the Tudor and Stuart periods.

Many of the apartments in this historic mansion are most interesting; and all the reception rooms, in addition to several bedrooms, have wainscoted walls. Some of the bedrooms have beautiful hangings and finely-executed ceilings. That, however, which most deserves attention is the drawing-room—a splendid example of the decorative style of the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It exhibits an enriched cornice bearing the rebus of the More family—a mulberry tree—intersecting the motto, "Morus tarde moriens—Morum cito moriturum" (the mulberry tree dies slowly, though its fruit dies soon). The wainscoting is panelled, and the ceiling ornamented with pendent drops and moulded Gothic tracery, within the involved forms of which the figure of a cockatrice is frequently repeated. The carved chalk mantelpiece, of most elaborate design and in

an excellent state of preservation, is rich with florid entablature and grotesque caryatides, and in the panelling the heraldic bearings of the Mores and their allied families are displayed. Emblazoned shields of arms also appear in the glazing of the mullioned windows in this magnificent room, an excellent representation of which is given in Nash's "Mansions of England in the Olden Time" (1839). The cushions of two low gilt chairs here are believed to be the work of Queen Elizabeth's own fair hands.

From Loseley it is about half an hour's stroll to Compton, on the southern side of the chalk ridge of the Hog's Back. From Loseley Park for the last half mile we traverse Compton Common, and arrive by a gently ascending road at the outskirts of the hamlet. There, almost at the bottom of the straggling street, is on our left a notable house. It is a beautiful building wrought of timber and plaster, and is said to have been formerly an inn named "The White Horse." Not much is known of its history, but it is so near the churchyard that it inevitably recalls the "Church-ale," in many of our old country parishes once an important festival, which, though originally instituted in honour of the church saint, was, in after years, frequently kept up for the purpose of raising contributions towards the repairs of the church. On such an occasion it was the business of the churchwardens to have brewed a considerable quantity of strong ale—a custom which, it is said, led the rich not only to pay for the ale, but to contribute handsomely to the church fund.

> The churches much owe, as we all do know,
> For when they be drooping and ready to fall,
> By a Whitsun or Church-ale up again they shall go,
> And owe their repairing to a pot of good ale.

In the porch of Chalk Church, Kent, are still preserved some grotesque figures illustrating the festive scenes witnessed at a church ale. Fortunately these festivities became mere drunken revellings, and rang their own death-knell.

Compton village is as quiet and picturesque a place as one could well wish to see—a few old cottages, a bit of village green, and here and there a house of the "quality." The church is less prominent and almost escapes notice in its richly-timbered graveyard, though at a little distance its oak-shingled spire is a prominent feature in the landscape. Yet it is this unobtrusive building, embowered among trees as is its neighbour at Puttenham, that brings pilgrims to Compton. It is of the highest interest. Some of its arrangements are perhaps unique; in many respects it is certainly the most remarkable church in Surrey. Outside it is commonplace enough, with a lovingly-kept churchyard and a shingled broach-spire; inside it presents the archæologist with points of difficulty the discussion of which would alone fill this volume. The Domesday Survey mentions a church here, but the existing one is chiefly late Norman, and its almost unique characteristic—a feature to be seen nowhere else in England but at Darenth, in Kent—is the possession of a two-storied sanctuary, or, more correctly, of a chantry (?), erected immediately over the communion table, and open, to the west, to the church. The sanctuary is thus darkened by a low-pitched vault of early character. The west side of this chantry is guarded by a screen of very rude workmanship, which is probably the oldest piece of woodwork now remaining in the country. Mr. J. Lewis André, in fact, does not hesitate to assign it to the second half of the twelfth century. In sharp contrast with this rough and worm-eaten relic of antiquity are the ornate and exceedingly beautiful pulpit and chancel-screen, apparently of Jacobean date—the latter now banished to the tower arch. Some of the details in the south-west corner of the chancel are more than commonly puzzling. Such, for instance, is the very curious excavated cross—now blocked—which once perhaps did duty for a "squint," near which is another undoubted "squint"—also blocked—cut through the thickness of the chancel arch. On the north of the

chancel is a recessed altar-tomb, decorated with quatrefoils, which has almost certainly been intended to serve as an Easter sepulchre. It is without inscription.

Passing into the nave one notices the uncommon forms of the Transition capitals, especially of those on the southern side. The piers themselves are placed on square bases of extraordinary solidity. In the wall of the north aisle are two recesses under Decorated canopies. Presumably they originally guarded tombs, but nothing positive is known of their history except that they are supposed to have been brought here from other parts of the edifice. At the east end of the south aisle is a blocked "low-side" window in a very unusual position.

Those who have followed artist and author in their perambulation will note with interest that the church was held in 1640 by a Mr. Wayfarer. He may not have been a great man; apparently he was not even a good parson. But across the centuries one extends a hand to him as an enthusiastic fisherman. He was brother (of the angle) and boon companion to Dr. Nicholas Andrews, the vicar of St. Nicholas at Guildford and of Godalming, but he was more fortunate in just escaping sequestration.

Compton Church has been so well illustrated that it need not be figured here. In a comprehensive little book on "Godalming and its Surroundings" that may be bought for sixpence, there is a good photograph of its interior, and a clever accompanying sketch by Mr. Gordon Home gives an excellent idea of its famous screen. In a larger work—published by Mr. Lasham, at Guildford—there is a detailed and most interesting account of the church by the Rev. H. R. Ware, M.A.; and, it may be mentioned, the same volume contains papers on St. Mary's, Guildford; St. Martha's and St. Catherine's chapels; and the Pilgrims' Way.

A remarkable old cottage at Compton that has also attracted many an artist and photographer is illustrated here. It has a

conspicuous timbered projecting upper storey, and is locally, and appropriately, known as "NOAH'S ARK."

Compton is the home of Mr. G. F. Watts, the well-known Royal Academician. In the grounds of the little shady cemetery is a red building absolutely unlike any other in the British Isles —the mystic mortuary chapel executed in brick and terra-cotta from the designs of Mrs. Watts. The modelling was carried out exclusively in the grounds of her house, "Limnerslease," by a village class which Mrs. Watts superintended. The whole of the design and ornament of the chapel is based on various symbols. In plan, there will be noticed the circle representing eternity and perfection, surmounted by the cross. The interlaced work of the Book of Kells was probably the inspiration for most of the details of the ornament. The chapel was described at length and beautifully illustrated in the "Studio" for December, 1898, and by permission one of its illustrations, showing the details of the porch, is given in the little book on Godalming just mentioned.

At Limnerslease the Pilgrims' Way crosses the Hog's Back, about half a mile from Compton Church; and on pillars of the church the pilgrims journeying to Becket's shrine at Canterbury have left their marks.

NOAH'S ARK AT COMPTON.

SECTION VI.

GUILDFORD TO CHIDDINGFOLD.

Yesternoon, in Babel's highway
Harshly trod by hurrying feet;
Now a mossy lane his by-way,
And this greenwood for a street;
While the sweet lips of the south
Kiss the dust from eyes and mouth.

REV. S. J. STONE.

ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL: GODALMING: WITLEY: CHIDDINGFOLD.

ONE of the quaintest and most picturesque views of a town anywhere obtainable in England is that which may be seen by following up the left bank of the Wey along the lane known as Mill Mead. Somewhere near, in a garden running down to the deepest part of the stream, stood the old cucking-stool, which, according to Brayley, was last used about 1710. The latest recorded use of a ducking chair anywhere in England, it may be interesting to note, was at Cambridge seventy years later.

Following up the towpath from Mill Mead, we reach the ruins of ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL, picturesquely perched on a steep sandstone knoll, called in old documents Drake Hill, and rising abruptly above the Wey. The name signifies a Dracontium, or serpent temple—an altar devoted to the worship of the sun—*Draig*, a British word, meaning at the same time a Dragon and the Supreme God. There is a Dragon Hill near Thursley. Backward, towards Guildford, there is a remarkable view which

alone would repay the very slight trouble of paying the place a visit. One can understand that it should have furnished a study for one of the best plates in Turner's "Liber Studiorum." The dedication of the chapel to St. Catherine is interesting as being yet another example of the numerous hill-top shrines in honour of the saint scattered up and down the country.

ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL.

The explanation lies probably in the tradition of the translation of the martyred virgin's head by angel hands to the top of Mount Sinai. It is certain that a chapel existed on this site as early as 1230, but the present building was apparently erected by Richard de Wauncey, "parson" of St. Nicholas, Guildford, in or just prior to 1317. It is uncertain at what time it fell into its present ruined condition. Although the tracery of the windows has disappeared, the early Decorated

character of the building is apparent. It lay upon the Pilgrims' Way, and as it possessed treasured relics it must have been greatly visited by troops of pilgrims going to Canterbury.

An amusing piece of folk-lore records that two sisters, Catherine and Martha, with their own hands built the two chapels which still bear their names. These ladies were of the old giant race, and the only working tool they used was an enormous hammer, which they threw from one hill to another as it was wanted. As the opposite wooded hill on which St. Martha's stands is two miles away, the sisters must be credited with a record throw. It easily beats that of the two sisters who built the churches of Putney and Fulham. There the arrangement was to work and rest alternately for an hour. When the Putney worker wanted the tool she called out lustily, "Put it high," and it was promptly heaved across the river. The Fulham sister's watchword was "Heave it full home." Of the mere building of churches by sisters there are legends throughout England.

When Richard de Wauncey purchased the site of St. Catherine's he obtained a charter for an annual fair of five days at the time of the Feast of St. Matthew. This was confirmed by Henry VII., and the fair is still held on the chapel hill on October 2nd of each year. It is not, nowadays, a particularly elevating function, but it has been one source of interesting speculation as to the inspiration of the famous "Pilgrim's Progress." On September 19th, 1560, Mr. William More, of Loseley, received a warrant from Elizabeth's Council to arrest David Orch, and other leaders of the Sectaries, who proposed to hold a conventicle at the shortly-ensuing fair on St. Catherine's Hill. "This fair," says Mr. Malden, "is said to have given to Bunyan a model for his Vanity Fair. Did he know that Christian and Faithful had ever been there arrested?" John Bunyan, who was born in 1628 and died in 1688, became at the Restoration subject to the legal pains and penalties imposed on all Nonconformists. A travelling tinker

by trade, of the sect of the Baptists, and self-taught, he spread his peculiar opinions far and wide among the rustic population by open-air preaching, becoming, in consequence, a personal object of persecution. It is said that he frequently selected the hilly districts of South Surrey as his hiding-place, two houses, one on Quarry Hill, Guildford, and the other, an old farmhouse known as Horn Hatch, on Shalford Common, being pointed out as among those he occupied. The latter was pulled down within the past thirty years. As is well known, he was at last arrested and imprisoned at Bedford, and while in gaol there he wrote that beautiful allegory which is familiar to everyone in the land. General Renouard James suggests that the struggles of the pedestrian through the Shalford swamp might have given Bunyan the original idea of the Slough of Despond; the Surrey hills he loved so well might be called the Delectable Mountains; St. Martha's Hill would answer perfectly his description of the Hill Difficulty; the Vale of Albury, amid the picturesque scenery of which he passed so many days of true humiliation, might be considered the Valley of Humiliation. The name Doubting Castle actually exists to this day a mile and a half north of the Pilgrims' Way. On the Ordnance Survey map it is marked "Dowding Castle," and will be found at a point on Banstead Heath, near Walton-on-the-Hill. But in conclusion General James suggests that Bunyan's description of Vanity Fair referred actually to that held at Shalford, and that his account of the persecution and sufferings of the pilgrims Christian and Faithful is almost an unexaggerated description of the indignities inflicted upon Bunyan himself at Shalford.

Four miles south of Guildford we reach Godalming. "Everybody that has been," says Cobbett, "knows that there is hardly such a pretty four miles in all England.... Nothing wild and bold, to be sure, but exceedingly pretty." Godalming is a narrow-streeted, straggling town shut in and secluded by abrupt

HIGH STREET, GODALMING.

and richly-draped hills, a strangely picturesque cluster of warm, red-tiled roofs looking over the water meadows of the Wey. Two fine old houses dated 1663 on the west of its HIGH STREET are very curious specimens of the ornamental brickwork of the seventeenth century, when Godalming was occasionally frequented by Charles II. and his court as a hunting station; and the ancient "White Hart Inn" is an excellent example of the half-timbered dwelling. The "Angel," though its street front has been modernized, contains some genuine old work. Another inn, the "King's Arms," in 1698 lodged Peter the Great and his suite, and their bills of fare for breakfast and dinner are preserved in the Bodleian Library. The twenty-one visitors took for breakfast half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, sixty-nine quarts of mulled wine, and seven dozen eggs, "with salad in proportion"! The Allied Sovereigns and their suites were entertained at the same house when travelling to Portsmouth in 1814 to celebrate the overthrow of Napoleon. The title of the inn is reminiscent of Charles II.'s visits to his hunting lodge, said to have been a timbered house, now pulled down, which stood in Bridge Street. The quaint town hall and market house, also in the High Street, dates only from the same year, but it is as picturesque, and not unlike, the market houses at Watlington, in Oxfordshire, and Amersham, in Bucks. Among other portraits it contains one of Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Balchin, a native of Godalming, once Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and honoured by a monument in Westminster Abbey. He was drowned in 1744, off Alderney, with a crew of 1,200 men. A woolpack as the sign of a rebuilt inn on the west side of the High Street, and the woolpack in the borough arms, recall the fact that cloth-making was the principal ancient industry of the place.

Westbrook House, now a "Home of Comfort" for epileptic women, was originally the old manor house, long the property of

the Oglethorpes, who settled here from Yorkshire in the seventeenth century. Here was born, in 1698, "a very remarkable man," according to Lecky, "whose long life of ninety-six years was crowded with picturesque incidents and with the most varied and active benevolence." He entered Parliament as member for Haslemere in 1722, and was one of our earliest prison reformers. Like Berkeley, his imagination was directed to the West, and he conceived the idea of founding a colony in which poor debtors on attaining their freedom might find a refuge. The colony he founded was Georgia, the last of the original thirteen United States to be formed. Oglethorpe was for many years its governor, and his activity earned for him Pope's panegyric:

> One driven by strong benevolence of soul,
> Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

In its charter he inserted a most memorable clause absolutely prohibiting the introduction of slaves, though it may be that this was on the ground of military expediency rather than humanity. He was one of the first men to recognize the genius of Johnson, and in his old age he was the intimate friend of Johnson (who wished to write his biography), Goldsmith, and Burke. He was commemorated by Boswell, and "recollected" by Samuel Rogers. In early life he served under Prince Eugene, whom he accompanied to the siege of Belgrade as secretary and aide-de-camp. One day at dinner a German prince, in taking up a glass of wine, contrived to dash Oglethorpe's face with some of it. It would have been contrary to etiquette to challenge so distinguished an offender, and he dare not pass over so public an insult. He therefore appeared to treat it as a jest, saying, "That is a good joke, but we do it better in England," and at the same time he flung a whole glassful of wine in the prince's face. He used to make the most interesting boast that he had shot woodcocks where now is Regent Street. There is a tradition that Charles

Edward Stuart was once concealed at Westbrook, and that one of the sons of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe (father of the general) was the famous "warming-pan" infant said to have been smuggled into Whitehall on the occasion of the birth of the so-called James III. The general himself lay under the suspicion of Jacobite tendencies, and being thought to exhibit a questionable slackness in the pursuit of Charles Edward's forces on the retreat from Derby, was tried by court-martial. He was acquitted, but not afterwards employed. His vitality was marvellous. Describing him when he was eighty-seven, Horace Walpole said his eyes, ears, articulation, limbs and memory would suit a boy "if a boy could recollect a century backwards. His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom. Two years and a half ago he challenged a neighbouring gentleman for trespassing on his manor." The manor, however, was not Westbrook, but Cranham, in Essex, which was one of his wife's estates.

Just as this "grand old man" of the eighteenth century is Godalming's most illustrious native, so Mary Tofts is certainly its most notorious, and as they were contemporary we may perhaps be pardoned for so closely associating them. This lady, whose story produced a vast amount of controversy at the time, was the wife of a journeyman clothworker of the town, and could neither read nor write. She professed that, having been startled by a rabbit while weeding in a field, she subsequently brought into the world some hundreds of rabbits. Mrs. Tofts succeeded in deceiving some eminent physicians, and some less eminent divines, and ladies were afraid to eat rabbits. The woman was taken to Guildford, and there Dr. St. André, George I.'s surgeon and anatomist, examined her and some of her miraculous progeny. Not only did he believe in her story, but he set forth his reasons in print, the first of a stream of tracts which were published about this fraud. Finally Queen Caroline ordered

Dr. Cheselden to make investigations, and they resulted in the removal of the preposterous Tofts, and of her medical backer—Mr. John Hunter, of Guildford—to Bridewell Prison. Hogarth's print—"Cuniculariі, or The Wise Men of Godlyman in Consultation"—was published during the controversy; and the remarkable imposture is also commemorated in his "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism," which Walpole thought "the most *sublime* of all his works"! In a tract preserved in the British Museum Tofts is supposed to make her own defence, and she indignantly repudiates the fact that she could neither "rite" nor "rede." In a general but unconvincing disavowal she asserts that "All as has bin sad, except what I have here written, is a damd kunfounded ly. Merry Tuft." In 1740 she seems to have devised a more commonplace fraud, and was committed to Guildford Gaol for receiving stolen goods. She lived, however, twenty-four years longer, and died at Godalming.

Godalming Church is fortunate in having been made the subject of a scholarly monograph by Mr. S. Welman, an architect long resident in the town. His investigations warrant the belief that the building succeeds a Saxon church, no visible details of which remain. Ranulph Flambard, the "Burning Torch," afterwards Bishop of Durham and Chief Justiciary to William Rufus, was the first Norman rector of Godalming. We know that he was a mighty builder, and he has left us as monuments the great nave of Christ Church and the "Norham Castle" of Scott's "Marmion." We have already mentioned also that he may have been concerned in the building of Guildford Castle. It is probable he remodelled the rude Saxon church, raising a new Norman tower on the actual walls of the old Saxon chancel, and adding a new chancel to the east. North and south transepts were afterwards added, at a slightly later period, by Flambard or one of his successors, and the Norman church was complete. Richard de Chiddingfold was appointed vicar in the beginning of the

thirteenth century, and it was probably during his time that the work of converting the church from a purely Norman structure to one of an Early English character was carried out. Chantries were added, the nave enlarged by the addition of aisles, and the tower raised a storey and crowned by a "broach" spire, like those still in existence at Compton, Cobham, and Shere. Damage by lightning caused the substitution for this, in the fourteenth century, of the present spire of timber covered with ornamental lead-work, one without parallel in Surrey, with the exception, perhaps, of that at Chobham. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries witnessed the extension of the nave and its arches by a single bay to the west, and the enlargement and remodelling of windows. Two "restorations" has the church suffered—in 1840 and 1879, and in carrying out the latter the old Saxon arch that had done duty between eight and nine hundred years at the eastern end of the nave was removed, and the new Early English arch now to be seen was inserted. In the chancel are sedilia and a piscina.

Godalming has had some famous vicars, among them the Rev. Antony Wharton (died 1715), grandfather of the historian of English poetry; and the Rev. Owen Manning (died 1801), the Saxon scholar and historian of Surrey, both of whom are commemorated in mural tablets in the church. Manning was also canon of Lincoln, and rector of Peperharow and Chiddingfold. It is told of him that when a graduate at Cambridge he had the smallpox, and was laid out for dead. His father in a hopeless way went in to look at him. He then raised him, saying, "I will give my dear boy another chance," and was astonished to see returning signs of life. Like Abraham Tucker, he became blind from his studies. For less obvious merits an inscription perpetuates the memory of one Nathaniel Godbold (1799), the inventor of a "Vegetable Balsam for the Cure of Consumption and Asthmas"! In St. Saviour's, Southwark, there is a memorial

to a similar quack, Lockyer, whose pills were advertised as being extracted from the rays of the sun, and warranted to increase beauty and make old age comely. Another vicar was Samuel Speed, grandson of the famous chronicler and map-maker, who was appointed to the living by the Dean of Salisbury in 1663. His contemporary, Aubrey, styles him "the famous and valiant Sea Chaplain and Sailor." He was chaplain to the Earl of Ossory, and was present with him at the naval action fought with the Dutch on June 2nd, 1665. No doubt he is the "muscular Christian" of the ballad made by Sir John Birkenhead in his sea-fight with the Dutch, wherein is described how

> His chaplayne he plyed his wonted work,
> He prayed like a Christian and fought like a Turk,
> Crying now for the King and the Duke of York,
> With a thump, a thump, a thump.

While vicar of Godalming he was more than once imprisoned for debt, and he died in gaol.

The antiquity of Godalming is proved by the fact that it was one of the manors bequeathed by Alfred to his nephew Ethelhelm, on whose death it reverted to the Crown until granted by Henry II. to the Bishops of Salisbury, who possessed it until Henry VIII. gave them other lands in exchange. A memorial of their possession exists in Bishop's Bridge on the London Road. Elizabeth sold the manor to the Mores of Loseley Hall. Among the manuscripts there is the complaint of the parishioners against Dr. Nicholas Andrews, in which they charge him with such neglect of his pastoral duties that "they do live in a most disconsolate state, like unto those that have almost lost their religion." The result of their plaintive outcry has previously been referred to.

Godalming was long the residence of Mr. Inskipp and a favourite haunt of Mr. Creswick, R.A., and pictures by both artists, as well as those of Birket Foster and Hook, show the characteristics of the surrounding scenery—picturesque lanes, old timbered

farmhouses, trees of great age and beauty, and low wooded hills giving glimpses of the Weald beyond. UNSTEAD FARM is a

UNSTEAD FARM.

charming, but quite characteristic, illustration of one of these timbered and latticed farmsteads in the neighbourhood. Another sketch shows an equally typical example of the smaller bridges over THE WEY—not, perhaps, the safest of crossings for

steam road rollers, traction engines, and other such wild fowl, but simple delights to an artistic eye.

About a mile north-west of Godalming is the famous Charterhouse School, which was removed from London in 1872. It is, of course, of the highest interest, but space forbids adequate description of it here. The archway, carved with the names of old pupils, was brought from London, where the original building is now occupied by the Merchant Taylors' School. The Chapel,

ON THE WEY, NEAR GODALMING.

with an east window given by our late Queen, should certainly be seen; and the Museum is a delightful attraction. It houses, among other things, very fine collections of Surrey antiquities and British birds. Addison, Steele, and Blackstone are all represented by autographs, John Wesley by letters, and there are numerous relics of John Leech, another Carthusian. Among these last are his first water-colour, made at the age of six, which hangs beside his last sketch, an unfinished one done on his deathbed and intended for a "Punch" woodcut. This

side of the museum also includes a magnificent collection of Thackerayana. Scores of drawings made by Thackeray while at the school, and his Greek lexicon, full of pencillings and scribblings, are fittingly comprised in it, as well as the manuscript of a "Holyday Song" which he wrote as a boy. Another manuscript is of Sapphics done by him at Charterhouse. A label attached to it explains that "As the verses are addressed to a certain 'Clara,' believed to be the sister of his schoolfellow Joseph Carne—the 'Star of Harrow' of the 'Holyday Song'—they were probably *not* to be shown up to Dr. Russell, but were a private effort of inspiration." The gem of the collection, however, is the original manuscript of "The Newcomes," that great novel which has made Charterhouse known the wide world over. Of late the museum has received some important additions relating to old boys in the form of drawings by "B.-P.," the hero of Mafeking, who is also associated with an exhibit of a very different kind. This consists of a typewritten despatch from that town by Reuter's special correspondent at the time it was besieged. It bears several stains, which are accounted for by the fact that it was concealed in the soles of a native runner's boots—a mode of conveyance that cost its sender £10. A reference to Baden-Powell on p. iv gives it a connection with Charterhouse quite apart from its intrinsic merit. We must journey on to Witley, the subject of the next two sketches, rather more than three miles from Godalming.

Its CHURCH stands amidst pleasant surroundings on high ground near the central part of the village street. The fine old building is of stone, and has eight bells in its low, square tower, which is capped by a shingled spire. It has been more than once restored, the last time at the sole expense of Mr. J. H. Foster, who gave the handsome stained-glass east window, a beautiful alabaster reredos, and the fine oak roof of the nave. The church is chiefly Early English in style, but shows in the chancel a good

Decorated east window with some delicate tracery. The Norman doorway, with cushion capitals, remains within the Early English arch. In the south wall of the Witley manor chapel is a small piscina, and the church also contains a sedile and an aumbry, an Early English octagonal font, and some fine fifteenth-century heraldic glass. A handsome Perpendicular screen divides the chancel from the nave. An imperfect brass in the north wall of

WITLEY CHURCH.

the chancel, with the date 1468, mentions "Georgii Ducis Clarence & Dns. de Wytle, ac fratri Edouardi quarti, regis Anglie & Franc"; and was doubtless placed there when the Duke of Clarence—he who was drowned in the butt of Malmsey—held possession of the manor. Under an arch in the wall between the chancel and the chapel is the brass, dated 1525, of Thomas Jonys, Jane his wife, and their six children, "which Thom's was one of the sewers of the chamber to oure souverayne lorde Kynge Henry VIII." A brass in the north wall of the

OLD HOUSES AT WITLEY.

manorial chapel bears the date 1634, and commemorates Henry Bell, who is said to have been "Clarke Controwler of the Household to our late Soveraigne Lord King James of Blessed Memorie." There are several others of more recent date, besides a number of marble memorial tablets of good design. A mural painting, somewhat indistinct in outline, is displayed on the south wall of the nave.

Just outside the churchyard are the QUAINT HOUSES sketched.

Once there was a "lewd and naughtie" curate of Witley who got into such trouble in 1544 that the Lords of the Council seized upon him, and finally remitted him to Sir Christopher More for examination, but whether he was a heretic or a denier of the royal supremacy, or what was his exact offence, is not recorded. Whatever his fault, he made submission for it, but it is noted that thereby "appered his malitious and naughtie stomacke."

The picturesque rural character of the village, and the singular beauty of its wooded neighbourhood, have attracted many prominent artists and notable writers to Witley in modern times. Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., who now lives at "Silverbeck," Churt, was the first to arrive, in 1857. He afterwards built "Pinewood," which, with extensions, is now the country seat of Lord Knutsford. Mr. Birket Foster painted many of his beautiful landscapes at the residence he built by the summit of Wormley Hill, just near. Mrs. Allingham—to whom, with the late Miss Kate Greenaway, Ruskin devoted one of his famous lectures on the Art of England—was a resident here; and Witley Heights, above the station, once occupied by George Lewes, is more identified with the memory of George Eliot than her other occasional Surrey residences. Her last novel, "Daniel Deronda," was written there about 1876, just after they had bought the house. "O may I join the choir invisible" had always been regarded, says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "as a religious embodiment of the Positivist hope of subjective immortality." He urged

George Eliot to produce other pieces in prose or in verse with the same devotional feeling. In the summer of 1877 he drove over from Sutton Place to Witley, and there had long talks with her on the same subject as they strolled about the heather and the pine woods on those Surrey heights. The summer of 1878 was partly occupied by George Eliot in writing "Theophrastus Such" —perhaps the only one of her books which was not a success. She was in very poor health at the time, and George Lewes was stricken with his last illness. They liked their new home at Witley and talked of living there permanently, but the death of George Lewes in November, 1878, altered arrangements. In May, 1880, George Eliot married Mr. W. J. Cross, the New York banker. They spent their honeymoon on the Continent, and on their return to England resided a few months at Witley, coming to stay at Chelsea in the early part of December. Unfortunately for both their union was but a brief one, as Mrs. Cross caught a chill at a concert and died in the year of her marriage, three days before Christmas Day, in the sixty-first year of her brilliant career. She had taken her place beside Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë as one of a triumvirate of novelists who rank with the highest of their art in all lands. Mrs. Humphry Ward, a granddaughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, also lived for some years at Witley, and much of the surrounding scenery has been described by her eloquent pen. Witley, in short, was the resort of artistic and literary people before Hindhead was "discovered."

The termination of our route in this direction is CHIDDINGFOLD, on the Petworth road, a quiet, out-of-the world village built round a village green, and in the midst of fruitful fields and orchards. The discovery of a Roman villa here testifies to its long history. We are in the "Fold Country," where so many of the hamlets are "folds," because they occupy clearings in what was once a dense forest, in this case mainly of oaks. The "ing" in the middle of place names is supposed to indicate an

CHIDDINGFOLD VILLAGE.

old Saxon "mark," and thus we assume that here once lived a long-vanished family of Chiddingas. "Hurst," another terminal to the names of several villages in the neighbourhood, points also to their position among woods, and still the remaining copses supply a manufacture of walking-sticks at Chiddingfold. Once it was a place of very considerable industrial note, and it has the distinction of being the first recorded place in which glass-making was carried on. In 1225 Simon de Stocha granted land here to Laurentio Vitrario, *i.e.*, the glass-maker. It supplied glass for St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster as early as 1350. In the Surrey Archæological Society's museum at Guildford there may be seen specimens of vitreous fragments which have from time to time been picked up in the neighbourhood, evidences of the manufacture which, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, was a busy trade of the place. On the now restful village green there were eleven "glass-houses" or glass-works. But the inhabitants petitioned against them as a nuisance, alleging that there were others at Thursley, not far off, and by royal command their operations were stopped. In the seventeenth century iron-smelting was carried on in the southern parts of the parish, and memorials of the work of the furnaces are still to be found in outlying farmhouses in the shape of quaintly-ornamented andirons and firebacks of Chiddingfold make.

The church, such a prominent and picturesque feature in the sketch of the village, was restored some twenty years ago, when the north aisle was added and the tower heightened. But it still has some interesting features, including a piscina and an aumbry. The chancel is Early English, but it has had inserted a Decorated east window. The windows of the north aisle are Perpendicular. In the churchyard is buried the mother of Dr. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts."

To the left of the picture is shown "THE CROWN INN," one of the quaintest hostelries in the county, with an old-world

interior quite in keeping with its general appearance. It was established as far back as the thirteenth century. A separate sketch shows it in clearer detail. With George Eliot in mind, the inn recalls a word-picture by her of travelling in the early years of the past century, before the glory had departed from the old coach-roads: "The great roadside inns were still brilliant with well-polished tankards," she writes in "Felix Holt," "the smiling glances of pretty barmaids, and the repartees of jocose ostlers; the mail still announced itself by the merry notes of the

"THE CROWN INN," CHIDDINGFOLD.

horn; the hedge-cutter or the rick-thatcher might still know the exact hour by the unfailing yet otherwise meteoric apparition of the pea-green Tally-ho or the yellow Independent; and elderly gentlemen in pony-chaises, quartering nervously to make way for the rolling swinging swiftness, had not ceased to remark that times were finely changed since they used to see the pack-horses and hear the tinkling of their bells on this very highway. . . . Non omnia grandior ætas quæ fugiamus habet, says the wise goddess: You have not the best of it in all things, O youngsters! the elderly man has his enviable memories, and not the least of

these is the memory of a long journey in mid-spring or autumn on the outside of a stage-coach. Posterity may be shot, like a bullet through a tube, by atmospheric pressure from Winchester to Newcastle : that is a fine result to have among our hopes ; but the slow old-fashioned way of getting from one end of our country to the other is the better thing to have in the memory. The tube-journey can never lend much to picture and narrative ; it is as barren as an exclamatory O ! Whereas the happy outside passenger seated on the box from the dawn to the gloaming gathered enough stories of English life, enough of English labours in town and country, enough aspects of earth and sky, to make episodes for a modern Odyssey."

SECTION VII.

GODALMING TO HINDHEAD.

A SURREY FARM.

Yet dear to Fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, vale and sparkling brook between;
Yet sweet to Fancy's ear the warbled song
That soars on morning's wings, your vales among.
COLERIDGE.

EASHING: ELSTEAD: THURSLEY: HINDHEAD: HASLEMERE: BLACKDOWN.

A MILE from Godalming is the village of EASHING, with a bridge over the Wey that is in perfect harmony with its beautiful surroundings. Enthusiastic antiquaries have dated it back to the reign of King John, and though one need not share their enthusiasm to the full, it is safe to translate it in general terms and to give the picturesque structure credit for considerable antiquity. Certainly the district itself is ancient enough. Its name

shows it to have been the home of a people, or tribe, the Sons of the Ash. Alfred mentions it in his will, and Domesday mentions the hidage in proportion to which Surrey had to find men to garrison at "Eschingum" and Southwark the burhs, or palisaded mounds, by which Edward, Alfred's son, fortified the land against the Danes. But in those days Eashing lay out of the way among heaths and woods, some miles from the lines of communication across the country, and it has been conjectured that the burh referred to was that at Guildford, to which the territory of the Sons of the Ash may have extended. When one looks at the old bridge from the village street, the broad and placid sheet of water before it, the beds of pink-blossomed rushes and the clumps of willows, and the half-timbered houses with their background of green foliage, it is with a feeling of silent gratitude to "The National Trust" for the preservation of such delights—for having acquired the bridge, so that it may never be replaced by some iron monstrosity. The little hamlet is just one of those sweet villages—there are many such in Surrey—which set the wanderer a-dreaming :

> Tax not my sloth that I
> Fold my arms beside the brook ;
> Each cloud that floated in the sky
> Writes a letter in my book.

Elstead, some four miles west of Eashing, lies on the edge of the heaths that stretch away to Hindhead. It has its broad green and a picturesque BRIDGE over the Wey, and just near is a water-mill, with tiled walls and a delightful bell-turret, that it is difficult for an artist to pass. A little off the south corner of the green is its little CHURCH, and the pelican from the arms of Bishop Fox, which can be seen in a window of West Molesey Church, marks Perpendicular work about it. Perhaps its most curious feature is the belfry stair—a solid slab of oak out of which the steps have been cut.

EASHING BRIDGE.

ELSTEAD BRIDGE.

From Elstead it is a walk of two miles across wild Thursley Common to THURSLEY, a village set in the most romantic region of the beautiful county of Surrey. It is almost, but not quite, on the great high road from London to Portsmouth—the road we could have come by from Godalming. The great highway, or at any rate that part near Thursley, must be reckoned among the "wonders of the county." From a point near Godalming

ELSTEAD CHURCH.

to a point beyond Hindhead it traverses a succession of almost continuous commons—desolate stretches of veritable moorland whose surface is broken only by patches of pine-wood or gleaming water. Yet across these commons, remote from habitation, and as straight as though it were Roman, runs the line of this wonderfully well-kept road.

At Thursley the church, with or without good cause, has fallen several times into the hands of the restorer, but he has not abolished the primitive shingled spire or substituted clock

for sundial. It is a plain Early English building with some Norman remains.

In the "Broom Squire" Mr. Baring Gould gives us a Surrey

IN THURSLEY CHURCHYARD.

picture which is easily recognized. Its scene centres in picturesque Thursley. Here came Matabel with her dying baby, when every other door was closed to her; hence she was driven out by the sexton, and here is the solitary tomb of her father.

IN THURSLEY VILLAGE.

However much else of the novel is legend, the TOMBSTONE is visible, standing apart to the north-west of the church. No wonder the artistic Iver used to laugh at its crude attempt at sculpture. Not even the name of the murdered man beneath has been discovered—his monument records him only as a "generous though unfortunate sailor." The murder, the most romantic association of the Hindhead district, was committed on September 24th, 1786, by "three villains, after he had liberally treated them and promised them his further assistance on the road to Portsmouth." His body they rolled into the hollow of the "Punch Bowl." It was found by some labouring men, and the murderers—also sailors on their way to Portsmouth —were taken the same day while selling their victim's clothes. They were hanged in chains on Hindhead Heath, near the scene of the murder, where a stone with an inscription was placed to mark the spot by James Stilwell, Esq., then of Cosford. "Cursed be the man who injureth or removeth this stone," it says, but this does not seem to have prevented the Ordnance Surveyors forty years later bringing themselves doubly under the ban. They both carved their broad arrow upon the stone, and, as told hereafter, moved it.

Looking northward from Thursley towards the Hog's Back we have a succession of desolate moorlands. Westward is Kettlebury Hill, shutting out the "Devil's Jumps." A good deal of very pleasant rambling may be done in both directions. On Thursley Common is Pudmoor Pond, near which Matabel rapped on "Thor's Stone," whilst the great bird swung like a pendulum over the surface of the pool. Not very far away stood the silk mill where Matabel applied in vain for work. It is still marked on the one-inch Ordnance map. Of the "hammer ponds" located there on the same map, one apparently remains, though the boggy site of others, rich in marsh plants, may still be made out by the curious. The "hammer ponds" were con-

structed for working the local iron-stone—a business which formerly extended over a very large portion of the Weald, and only finally disappeared at the beginning of the last century. Curious examples of this ancient industry still exist in the shape of iron tombstones, of which there is a collection of about thirty in the church at Wadhurst. The blast-furnaces were blown by two pairs of bellows, which were worked alternately by a water-wheel, so that one was being compressed while the other was being opened for a new blast. A similar arrangement, alternately lifted and let fall a heavy hammer in the forge. Water-power was always apparently employed for works of any size, and many streams were dammed to form mill-heads for the purpose. But few of these ponds remain in Surrey now.

Mr. Kemble, in his "Saxons in England," finds in these "Hammer Ponds" an allusion to the famous hammer of "Thor," overlooking the simple explanation that they are relics of an ancient forge. With more reason he sees in the name of Thursley, and in Thunder Hill, not far from it, records of the old Saxon god "Thunor," the Thor of the Norseman. Less questionable traces of ancient heathenism are to be found in the names of the "Devil's Jumps" and the "Devil's Punchbowl." His majesty has been furnished with sundry punchbowls in different parts of the world; but since "punch" was apparently unknown to the heathen Northmen or to their Saxon cousins, Mr. Kemble suggests that at some early period the valley was known as "Thunres-Cup."

From Thursley the explorer has a choice of roads to Hindhead and the "Devil's Punchbowl"—the great highway already referred to, or a rustic lane from near the church. Certainly he should choose the latter. Was it by this road that Matabel journeyed home with the Broom Squire on the evening of that disastrous wedding day? Presently we emerge on to open moorland, and work down on the right to Hatcham Bottom.

As we advance the Bottom merges into the "Devil's Punchbowl," the deep hollow in the sand into which the murderers rolled their victim's body. The sandy knolls across the heath westward are the "Devil's Jumps." The old Portsmouth road passed round the extreme edge of the hollow of the "Punchbowl" and was far from safe. In 1826, when the present road was constructed some sixty feet lower, the stone meant to mark the spot where the murder was committed was moved to this lower road. It was by the old road that Nicholas Nickleby and poor Smike trudged from London to seek for work. To Godalming they came at last, and in the morning they were again afoot with enough of hope and spirit to bear them cheerily on. "They walked upon the rim of the Devil's Punch Bowl; and Smike listened with greedy interest as Nicholas read the inscription upon the stone which, reared upon that wild spot, tells of a foul and treacherous murder committed there by night. The grass on which they stood had once been dyed with gore; and the blood of the murdered man had run down, drop by drop, into the hollow which gives the place its name. 'The Devil's Bowl,' thought Nicholas, as he looked into the void, 'never held fitter liquor than that!'"

As we draw towards the sky-line we pass in succession the new and old roads, and at last stand by the Cornish-granite cross—erected in 1851 by Sir William Earle—which marks the culminating summit of the HINDHEAD,[1] with the exception of Leith Hill, the highest elevation in Surrey. The cross—with its "In luce spes," "Post tenebras lux," and other inappropriate recollections of schoolboy Latinity—marks also the spot where the three murderers were hanged in chains, and the hill on which it stands is known as Gibbet Hill. At the base of the cross itself is a relic which is far more interesting—a fragment of stone clamped with iron, once, perhaps, part of the actual gibbet

[1] See Frontispiece.

on which the murderers suffered. In his "Natural History of Selborne," Gilbert White records that in the storm of December 23, 1791, part of the gibbet "was beaten down." Selborne itself, where the gentle eighteenth-century naturalist lived out his placid and uneventful life, lies only some dozen miles away to the south-west, over the Hampshire border.

Even within living memory Hindhead was the centre of a very lawless district. In the early part of the past century it formed the nucleus of a smuggling community, and the wells in some of the adjacent villages are built bell-shaped for the better concealment of contraband goods. Later on the Hutmen, squatters in the Punch Bowl and the surrounding district, were the terror of the neighbourhood. Their well-known leader, one Chuter, ended his days in the county gaol after many terms of imprisonment. Their exploits rivalled those of the famous "Shere gang," to whose daring and activity the neighbouring preserves, hen-roosts, and sheep-folds bore ample testimony. The knell of the Hindhead ruffians was not finally rung until the County Police Force was established, early in the fifties, but the Shere malefactors disappeared at a much earlier date.

The track on the top leads on above the road, which, turning westward round the hollow, soon reaches the crossways at the "Royal Huts Hotel," an old wayside hostelry now, though enlarged, dwarfed by the new "Hindhead Beacon Hotel." Round about has sprung up a new residential district, which is rapidly altering the character of this once wild and desolate moor. Foremost among the pioneers was the late Professor Tyndall, who here found a substitute for the air of the Bel-Alp. While "Hindhead House" was being built he and Mrs. Tyndall lived some of the happiest days of their wedded life in a temporary iron structure, containing only two rooms, erected in the grounds. They were without servants, which must have contributed to their domestic bliss. The terrible circumstances of the Professor's

death in 1893, at "Hindhead House," are still a painful memory.

Here also came Charles Grant Blairfindie Allen, who wrote as "Cecil Power" and "Olive Pratt Rayner," but is hardly recognizable by any other name than that of "Grant Allen," under which he became, and is, widely known. He wrote nothing that was not readable, though he wrote much, and with his busy pen touched science, journalism, poetry, art, topography. It was fiction, however, that brought him fame and some fortune. His earlier life was as full of variety. In Canada he was born (1848), but at thirteen his wanderings commenced. He lived in the United States and in France, was educated at Birmingham and at Oxford, and afterwards resided in Brighton, Cheltenham, Reading, and Jamaica. In 1881 he settled at Dorking, and nearly every year was compelled to winter in the south of France. But at Hindhead he found he could endure the severity of an English winter amid surroundings wilder than at Dorking, and in 1892 he bought a plot of land almost on the summit of the height, and built himself a charming cottage which he called "The Croft." It bears the inscription "G. and N. A. Sibi et amicis, 1893."

In his "Moorland Idylls" he gives attractive glimpses of surroundings that should draw many a nature lover to Hindhead. "We have been sitting this afternoon"—he writes in one idyll—"in the big drawing-room, enjoying the view from its extensive windows. It is a spacious apartment for so small a house—about three acres large, with windows that open all round over miles of moorland. The carpet has a ground-work of fallen pine-needles and green grass and bracken, irregularly threaded with a tiny pattern of brocaded flowers—yellow tormentil, white bed-straw, golden stonecrop, red sheep-sorrel; while by way of roof the room is covered by a fretted ceiling of interlacing fir-branches, though which one can catch at frequent intervals deep

glimpses of a high and bright blue dome that overarches with its vast curve the entire big drawing-room. No finer throne-hall has any earthly king. . . . But as we leaned back in our easy-chairs—spring seats of brake, backed with a bole of red pine-bark—we gazed upward overhead through the gaps in the boughs, and saw our winged house-fellows, the black-and-white martins, sweeping round in long curves after flies in the sunshine. . . . The house-martins abide under the same roof with ourselves; literally under the same roof, for their tiny mud nests cling close beneath the eaves of our two spare bed-rooms, familiarly known as the Maiden's Bower [the room of his daughter, Elsie] and the Prophet's Chamber—the last because it is most often inhabited by our friend the Curate. . . . The sand-martins, again, the engineers of their race, have excavated their long tunnelled nests in the crumbling yellow cliff that flanks the cutting on the high road opposite."

In another idyll, on "A Flight of Quails" he writes: "It is one of the wonders and delights of the moorland that here alone nature pays the first call, instead of demurely waiting to be called upon. Near great towns she is coy; and even in the fields that abut on villages, she shows but a few familiar aspects; while aloof on the open heath she reveals herself unreservedly, like a beautiful woman to her chosen lover. She exhibits all her moods and bares all her secrets. This afternoon late, we were lounging on the low window-seat by the lattice that gives upon the purple spur of hillside, when suddenly, a strange din as of half-human voices aroused our attention. The vision was a marvellous and a lovely one. From the lonely pine-tree that tops the long spur above the Golden Glen, a ceaseless stream of brown birds seemed to flow and disengage itself. It was a living cataract. By dozens and hundreds they poured down from their crowded perch; and the more of them poured down, the more there were left of them. What a miracle of packing! They

must have hustled and jostled one another as thick on the boughs as swarming bees that cling in a cluster round their virgin queen; while as for the ground beneath, it seethed and swelled like an ant-heap. For several minutes the pack rose from its camp, and fluttered and flowed down the steep side of the moor toward Wednesday Bottom, flying low in a serried mass, yet never seeming to be finished. . . . 'Lonely,' people say! 'No life on the hilltop!' Why, here was more life at a single glance than you can see in a whole long week in Piccadilly; an army on the march, making the heather vocal with the 'wet-my-feet, wet-my-feet' of ten thousand voices! But you must live in the uplands to enjoy these episodes. Nature won't bring them home to you in the populous valleys. A modest maid, she is chary of her charms; you must woo her to see them. She seldom comes half-way to meet you. But if you dwell by choice for her sake in her chosen haunts, your devotion touches her: she will show you life enough—rare life little dreamt of by those who tramp the dead flags of cities, where no beast moves save the draggled cab-horse. For you, the curlew will stalk the boggy hollows; for you, the banded badger will creep stealthily from his earth and disport himself at dusk among his frolicsome cublets; for you, the dappled adder will sun his zigzag spots, and dart his tremulous tongue, all shivering and quivering; for you, the turbulent quail will darken the ground in spring, or spread cloud-like over the sky on cloudless summer evenings."

These are, indeed, idyllic pictures, exquisitely painted. Surely from those condemned for the best of their days to "tramp the dead flags of cities," they force the cry of Thoreau:

> O Nature . . .
> Some still work give me to do—
> Only—be it near to you!

Early in 1899 the writer of the moorland idylls was seized

at "The Croft" with a mysterious illness, the nature of which was not discovered until after death; and there, after months of suffering, he died in October of that year. His body was cremated at Woking.

At "Undershaw" lives Dr. Conan Doyle. His house stands at the corner of the road, on the edge of a hollow, but is almost buried from view by a great tangled mass of wild-growing trees, climbing brambles, and undergrowth. It overlooks a wide valley, where the novelist, with his experiences of the South African campaign vividly fresh in mind, has established a shooting range. Straight as the bullet from his rifle, or the ball from his cricket bat, come the words from his pen. All that he writes is simple, natural, and to the point, never prosy or long-winded, first and before all the work of a man and a sportsman. He loves a good fighter, yet he can write a tender domestic idyll like "The Duet." In his versatility and his wanderings he compares with Grant Allen. He has written poetry, history, plays, novels of various periods and of various climes, detective stories, sea stories, ringing ballads, and for all he has delighted readers. He has sailed the Arctic as doctor of a Scotch whaler, broiled on the malarial coast of West Africa, served with a field hospital in South Africa. He has given us Hordle John, Micah Clarke, Sir Nigel Loring, Decimus Saxon, Brigadier Gerard, Rodney Stone, Cullingworth, the world-famed Sherlock Holmes, and many another creation that lives in the memory and comes unbidden to mind. What days of pleasure he has provided us since, twenty-three years ago, when a medical student in Edinburgh (where he was born in 1859), he first appeared as an author in "The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley." How many of the few who read it dreamt he would become one of the most popular authors not only in England, but wherever the English language is spoken? And perhaps the rarest feature of his success is that criticism and the popular voice are in accord. Which is really his best book is a

question that may not be decided by his contemporaries. In his genial way he himself assures us that the best thing he ever wrote was "The Narrative of John Smith." The manuscript was lost in the post, and has never since been heard of. "But I must in all honesty confess," adds its author, "that my shock at its disappearance would be as nothing to my horror if it were suddenly to appear again—in print." It is safe to say that there are many who wish for nothing better than "Micah Clarke" or "The White Company."

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne—poet, critic, journalist—is yet another of the literary colony who have given Hindhead a close and lasting association with the great world of letters. His house is "Moorcroft." Nor, before leaving the bracing, sunny height, must one forget to remind its intended explorers of the charming descriptions of this borderland country in Mrs. Oliphant's "Cuckoo in the Nest." Nor, again, should be unnoticed its appearance in a sister art. Turner painted it, and in the "Liber Studiorum" there is an engraving of it, dated 1811, in which is seen the complete gibbet, though part of it at least must have disappeared twenty years earlier.

Cobbett, on the whole so appreciative of English scenery, was of opinion that Hindhead was "certainly the most villainous spot that God ever made," but no doubt that was because in his day the roads were execrable and the soil not suitable for turnips. What would he have said of the mushroom crop of new red-brick villas, shops, boarding houses, and hotels that have followed so rapidly on the trail of the earliest settlers in the "hill-top" colony? It would be exhilarating to hear the rasping diatribe of the outspoken radical. But, after all, the immigration has desecrated only the slopes of the upland which drops from the "Royal Huts Hotel" towards Shottermill and the "Seven Thorns Inn." "The remainder of the Hindhead," says Mr. J. E. Morris, "—the summit itself, with its melancholy cross and its ghastly

fragment of ruined gibbet, the deep and lonely horror of the Devil's Punchbowl and Hatcham Bottom, where in summer the boggy ground is starred and radiant with patches of bog asphodel and exquisite blossoms of buck bean—these spots still remain unspoilt and uninvaded, and will still so remain, as every true lover of Surrey must hope, for many generations yet to come." Fervently we echo this pious aspiration, and in the meantime there are still by Hindhead many a mile of sunny heath where one can breathe an atmosphere of singular dryness and purity; many a wilderness of bracken, gorse, and turf, broken by hollows, ponds, and pine-crested ridges; many a green lane and rural common and timbered cottage picturesque with age.

It is not our mission to accompany the rambler beyond Hindhead. But there still remain for him some delightful peregrinations in this beautiful and interesting corner of Surrey. No one will visit it without seeing Waggoners' Wells, a chain of lakelets among dark woods, pronounced by George Eliot an ideal scene for a murder—in fiction. It was here Tennyson wrote "Flower in the crannied wall." Nor will they miss Grayshott, where the poet first lived, nor Shottermill, the border village where—at Brookbank, a gabled and latticed windowed cottage near the church—George Eliot and Mr. Lewes spent some three months of comparative retirement. "Ever since the 1st of May [1871] we have been living," she writes, "in this queer cottage, which belongs to Mrs. Gilchrist, wife of *the* Gilchrist, who wrote the life of William Blake, the artist. We have a ravishing country round us, and pure air and water—in short, all the conditions of health, if the east wind were away. We have old prints for our dumb companions—charming children of Sir Joshua's, and large-hatted ladies of his and Romney's." In July of the same year George Eliot was obliged to leave the "queer cottage," but she secured, on the other side of the road, a house wherein she remained until the end of August. She worked there at "Middlemarch"—

characterized by the "Quarterly Review" as "the most remarkable work of the ablest of living novelists, and, considered as a study of character, unique." "Imagine me," she writes, "seated near a window, opening under a verandah, with flower beds and lawn and pretty hills in sight, my feet on a warm bottle, and my writing on my knees. In that attitude my mornings are passed. We dine at two, and at four, when the tea comes in, I begin to read aloud. About six or half-past we walk on the common and see the great sky over our head. At eight we are usually in the house again, and fill our evenings with physics, chemistry, or other wisdom if our heads are at par; if not, we take to folly, in the shape of Alfred de Musset's poems, or something akin to them." "If there is a chance that 'Middlemarch' will be good for anything," she wrote to Mr. John Blackwood, "I don't want to break down and die without finishing it. And whatever the 'tow on my distaff' may be, my strength to unwind it has not been abundant lately." And again: "George is gloriously well, and studying, writing, walking, eating and sleeping with equal vigour. He is enjoying the life here immensely. Our country could hardly be surpassed in its particular kind of beauty—perpetual undulation of heath and copse, and clear views of hurrying water, with here and there a grand pine wood, steep wood-clothed promontories and gleaming pools." Then there is Haslemere, in the valley between the heathery heights of Hindhead and Blackdown, still picturesque, though the builder is vulgarizing it with his grotesque bungalows and red villas. In East Street is Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson's famous Museum and Library. The Weaving House, established by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King, of Witley—where are produced, from the designs of Mr. Godfrey Blount, a Haslemere artist, artistic hand-woven fabrics for domestic use and dress materials—should also be seen. The home of the veteran artist, Mr. J. W. Whymper, is in the High Street—a large square-built house with a fine old bay tree in the

front garden. For forty years it has been his home, and here he still paints. Once it belonged to General Oglethorpe, who for thirty years was one of Haslemere's Parliamentary representatives, long before Reform had robbed the borough of its privilege. Mr. Whymper's son, Mr. Charles Whymper, artist and author, lives at "Uptons," Haslemere. "Shian" is the home of Mr. J. Archer, R.S.A., the retired portrait painter.

Mrs. Humphry Ward came and built herself a house here shortly after "Robert Elsmere" was published in 1888; and here she partly wrote the still more striking "History of David Grieve." Conan Doyle was a resident, and a useful member of the cricket club, while his house was being built on Hindhead. Lord Wolseley occupied the Manor House for nearly a year. For many summers in succession the quiet figure of Mrs. Allingham might have been seen painting in the High Street, or in a quiet corner by the chapel, from which she could depict one of the Surrey cottages she loves so well. Joseph Joachim, the great violinist, was often to be seen here during the lifetime of his brother Henry, and he witnessed the interment of that brother in Haslemere churchyard. Dr. George Macdonald divides his time between his house at St. George's Wood and the Casa Coraggio at Bordighera. Mr. Meredith Townsend, of the "Spectator," was at one time another of the literary community of Haslemere. In the church has been placed a memorial window to Lord Tennyson, taken from Burne-Jones's "Holy Grail."

Blackdown, overlooking—

> Yon great plain,
> That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
> And crowded farms and lessening towers,
> To mingle with the bounding main—

is a little higher than Hindhead, and not less picturesque; and the vandal with his bricks has as yet done less to spoil it. Aldworth House, which Tennyson built, in which he lived so

long, and where, in 1892, he died, is about a mile below the crest of the hill, on the most solitary part of the moor, and the literary pilgrim will not leave this wild slope until he has paused with reverence at the house with the large oriel windows and massive chimney stacks, and can say with the great laureate that he has

> . . . Look'd and loved the view
> Long known and loved by me,
> Green Sussex fading into blue,
> With one gray glimpse of sea.

In the newer burial ground Professor Tyndall's last resting-place may be recognized, though it bears neither stone nor inscription, by the tangled mass of gorse and heather which covers it, and which was planted in accordance with his expressed wish.

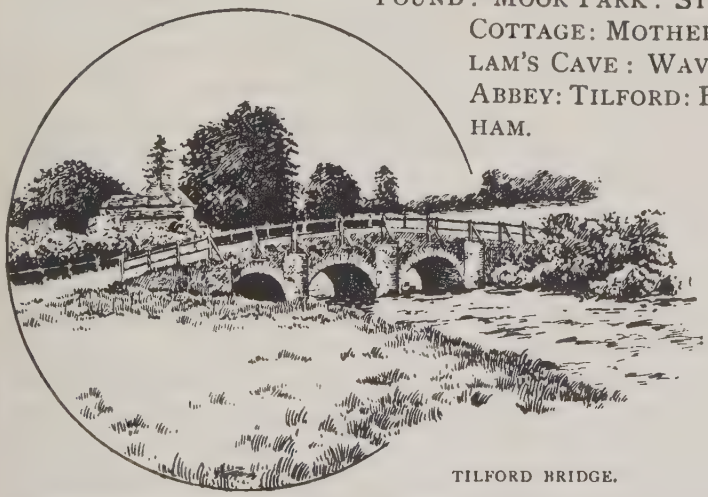
SECTION VIII.

FARNHAM.

Learn what the throstle's note may mean,
Die not with eyes that have not seen
This pleasant land.

LADY TROUBRIDGE.

THE CASTLE: THE CHURCH: WEYDON MILL: WRECCLESHAM: VERNON HOUSE: THE BUSH HOTEL: HOLT POUND: MOOR PARK: STELLA'S COTTAGE: MOTHER LUDLAM'S CAVE: WAVERLEY ABBEY: TILFORD: FRENSHAM.



TILFORD BRIDGE.

TO a charming little sixpenny book on "Farnham and its Surroundings," written by Mr. Gordon Home, there is an introduction by "Edna Lyall," in which she writes: "I often think of a saying . . . 'Surrey is like a plain shawl with a beautiful border,' and surely the most exquisite part of the border is in the neighbourhood of Farnham. Merely to repeat the names of the villages and hills is to recall a vision of typical English loveli-

ness: Tilford, with its giant oak; Churt and Hindhead; Moor Park; with its memories of Swift and Stella; Waverley, with its ruined abbey; Crooksbury, with its pine-clad heights; the Hog's Back with its glorious views on either side; and that grand stretch of sandy heather-clad country with little fir hills springing up here and there, which is unsurpassed in any other district. To come back from scenery like this to the peaceful green meadows, and the winding river, and the quiet little town with its picturesque streets is, to my mind, much more delightful than a hasty and wearisome tour in a foreign land; and sweeter far than any foreign carillon are the well-known Farnham chimes."

It is from the wide stretches of ferny heaths in the neighbourhood that Farnham is said to take its name. The manor has since 860 belonged to the Bishops of Winchester, on whom it was bestowed by Ethelbald, King of the West Saxons. Farnham played its part in the story of the gradual wresting of southern and south-western England out of the hands of the Danes by Alfred, the brother of Ethelred. In 886 he was master of Surrey. But in 893 the enemy, under a new leader, Hastings, built themselves two fortresses, one at Milton, the other at Appledore: and once, when the force from Appledore had eluded Alfred's vigilance and passed into Surrey, he overtook them by a forced march and defeated them severely at Farnham. The chief feature of the town is still the moated castle of the old bishops, dating from the days when they knew how to handle the sword as well as the missal—"a most imposing building," says Edna Lyall in "To Right the Wrong." It would be difficult to find a similar place more picturesquely situated, and it has associations which certainly do not lack interest. The great mound on which stands the keep was built in the days of Alfred as a defence against marauding Danes. The erection of the original fortress was commenced by King Stephen's brother, Henry de Blois, a fighting bishop of Winchester. The insurgent

barons of John's reign, headed by Louis, the Dauphin of France, captured it on the same day on which, as already narrated, they had taken possession of Guildford Castle. A few months later it was restored, but in 1218 was again taken by the enemy. After Louis had returned to France, the English barons, to demonstrate their complete change of attitude, again captured it, as well as Marlborough, Winchester, Chichester, and other fortresses. All these they razed to the ground, so that they might not again be taken by the enemy. Peter de Roche, or De Rupibus, was bishop at the time, and it is probable he rebuilt Farnham Castle in part. He died here in 1238, and his heart was buried at Waverley Abbey. Other bishops followed, among them William de Edyngdon, who, at Edward III.'s command, was appointed prelate of the newly-established Order of the Garter—an honour ever since held by his successors. A later prelate, Bishop Fox—the founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford—built the large entrance tower and the brickwork of the outer portion of the keep. The fireplaces still bear his initials, R. W. During the latter part of his life at Farnham Bishop Fox was totally blind, but he stoutly refused to accede to Wolsey's suggestion that he should resign the bishopric, retorting that it behoved the Cardinal to take care to guard against being so blinded with ambition as not to foresee his own end. So Wolsey had to wait five more years before Fox's death, in 1528, enabled him to add the bishopric of Winchester to his many preferments.

Queen Elizabeth visited the castle several times during her royal progresses. On one occasion she had invited the Duke of Norfolk to dine with her, and having suspicions that he was plotting to marry Mary, Queen of Scots, she "pleasantly advised him," so Camden says, "to be careful on which pillow he laid his head." Norfolk disregarded the warning, and two years later was executed on Tower Hill for endeavouring to raise a rebellion in favour of Mary. For fifteen months Leslie, Bishop of Ross,

another of Mary's friends, was kept a prisoner in the castle. James I. visited the castle in particular and the town in general so frequently that Bishop Bilson ventured to ask His Majesty if he looked upon Farnham as an inn!

When the great Civil War broke out with the raising the royal standard at Nottingham in August, 1642, the minor incidents of the campaign began at once in Surrey. In October George Wither, the poet, who resided in Hampshire, not far from the borders of Surrey, and who had been put in command of forces raised for the Parliament in Surrey, was given a commission from the two Houses as Governor of the Castle. The Bishop's palace was then a solid building, standing high, and the old keep on the mound, encircled by the remains of its Norman wall, formed a sort of citadel. Wither, according to his own accounts, began actively to put the place in repair, to fortify it as best he could, to collect stores and to dig a well. The townsmen, all tenants or dependents of the Bishop, were desperate malignants, and the neighbourhood was unfriendly. Wither had no artillery, only two newly-raised squadrons but half-armed, a few irresolute volunteers whom he could not depend upon, about sixty muskets, some powder, matches, and balls. The Royalists were in the neighbourhood, an attack appeared imminent, and he probably rightly judged that he could not resist it. He went to London with a troop of horse, leaving an officer in charge at Farnham. Parliament, however, refused him further means of defence, and told him that the fortress must be evacuated. Then he distinguished himself by an act of daring. Alone, on a swift horse, he rode down to his own house, risking an encounter with Rupert's plunderers. There he impressed all the carts and horses he could find at once, took them to Farnham through the park, avoiding the Royalist town, and conveyed away safely all the men and what supplies there were in the castle.

On its being evacuated the Royalists took possession. Curi-

ously enough, another poet was put in command. Sir John Denham had been pricked as High Sheriff of Surrey in 1642; he resided at Egham, and he was now made Governor for the King. Denham distinguished himself even less than Wither, though he only succumbed to an actual attack, not merely to the fear of one. Sir William Waller shortly appeared before the castle. Denham had only about a hundred men, but his assailant had no artillery with him, and some sort of defence might have been possible. Waller, however, in December blew in the gate with a petard, a sort of iron extinguisher which was filled with powder and screwed on to a gate or wall which was to be destroyed. Denham surrendered, and was sent a prisoner to London, but was soon released and sent to Oxford. The laurels of "Cooper's Hill" were fresh upon his head. That fine poem came out in 1642. He wrote more, though never again so well, and he served the king in other capacities, but he defended no more fortresses. Neither poet was quite successful as commander of a garrison. From Farnham Waller advanced to Winchester. He then secured West Sussex, taking Arundel and Chichester. On the day of the taking of the latter, December 29th, he is said to have ordered the blowing up of part of the wall of the keep at Farnham. It remained, however, a garrisoned post in Parliamentary hands, the Royalists having no foothold left in Surrey or the neighbourhood.

The year 1643 marked the height of the success of the King. Five hundred dragoons had been raised in Surrey, in addition to the train-bands, early in the year, and an association for the defence of Parliament had been formed of Surrey, Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, and Waller had been put at the head of their combined forces. His headquarters were at Farnham, and in November he advanced thence to attack Basing House in Hampshire. But the issue was disheartening, and Waller fell back on the defensive at Farnham. The Royalist outposts and

foraging parties appeared in the park, and a few shots were exchanged with the garrison of the castle, where Waller was erecting new defences. Waller, however, did not remain idle. He fell upon a detached force at Alton, under Lord Crawford, and entirely defeated it. Then he took Arundel, and the last days of December and the beginning of January, 1644, saw the Royalists again driven back from the borders of Surrey and Sussex. But for all his victories it still seemed as if Farnham was to be the limit of Waller's permanent conquests. Again and again he had to fall back upon it ; and on September 2nd, he described himself as having only 1,400 men there, and only three weeks' pay for these. He left it on September 16th finally, and went to Dorsetshire, returning to take part in the second battle of Newbury. The fear of invasion of Surrey was considered past, and the garrison was withdrawn from Farnham Castle and the works dismantled. The King's armies were overmatched, and no real danger was incurred by the abandonment of the bulwark of Surrey.

Upon the restoration of Charles II. Bishop Duppa or De Uphaugh, made a portion of the dilapidated buildings habitable ; and two years after Bishop Morley commenced the renovation which extended over his tenure of the see for the twenty years prior to 1684, and is said to have cost £11,000. The structure as it stands now is practically his work, judiciously restored by the late Bishop Thorold. Isaac Walton had his own room at Farnham, and there he wrote his lives of Herbert and Donne, which he dedicated to his friend, Bishop Morley.

George III. and his Queen often visited the castle in the time of Bishop John Thomas, who had been the king's tutor. In 1857 our late Queen, with the Prince Consort and other members of the royal family, visited Bishop Sumner there, and Her Majesty looked with much interest at the Bible on which she had taken her coronation oath.

FARNHAM CASTLE: STEPS TO THE KEEP.

Bishop Hoadley, afraid that the decaying walls of the keep might fall down, had them demolished as far as the first floor,

and the débris was allowed to fill up the interior of the keep to that height. Bishop Mew, successor to Morley, planted this elevated ground with fruit-trees, and it continued as an orchard until the time of Sumner, who converted it into the existing flower garden, and built the outside FLIGHT OF STEPS by which it is now reached. "The way up to the castle by the steps has always seemed to me," says Edna Lyall, "one of the most quaint and picturesque bits of the little town; to us it suggested that part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' where Christian looking up saw a lion on each side of the way: 'The lions were chained, but (like so many of us) he saw not the chains.'" From the garden also a fine stone staircase leads to the inhabited portion of the castle. The servants' hall was formerly the castle chapel, and within it you may see the old transitional Norman columns supporting pointed arches and a solid roof. This is the very oldest portion of the building, and it is conjectured that it was built by Henry de Blois, the founder of the castle.

The stately banqueting hall is a vision of rich black-oak galleries and panelling, standing out against plastered walls which, on one side, are those of the original Norman building. They are so massive that a gallery of no mean width runs through them a few feet above the windows. The chapel is rich with panels carved in festoons of fruit and flowers, generally ascribed to Grinling Gibbons, but most likely by one of his pupils. Other features of the historic building are full of interest, and all who may be permitted to see them and their treasures will thank Bishop Thorold for preserving them. When he came to Farnham Castle in 1890, he found it damp, dismal, and decaying. Everything was overhauled and repaired, and some idea of the cost entailed in making it habitable may be gathered from one little detail—the fourteen staircases necessitated a total length of nearly three miles of carpet to cover them.

The delightful Park, three miles in circumference, is a fit

setting for the castle. "In it," says Edna Lyall, "there were hawthorn trees to be climbed—one memorable one very near the castle was large enough to accommodate the whole cousinhood, five Brightonians and seven Farnham cousins. Then there was the great elm avenue, with its long, stately, cathedral-like aisle, and beyond one could generally catch glimpses of the Bishop's deer with their branching antlers." Farnham is justly proud of this splendid elm avenue, nearly a mile long.

THE CHURCH lies on the other side of the High Street. It was restored in 1865, the tower then being for the first time completed, and it has been more recently enlarged. Inside hang ten bells, and the chimes which, as Edna Lyall says, "every three hours have for generations cheerfully rung out the air :

> Life let us cherish
> While yet the taper glows,
> And the fresh flow'ret
> Pluck ere it close.
> Away with every toil and care,
> And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
> With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
> Till Death sounds the retreat."

Not long ago there was a possibility of the inspiriting tune no longer floating over the old town, but Edna Lyall had the chimes put in order at her own expense. In the white-towered church the first idea of "To Right the Wrong" occurred to her, "and as a girl," she writes, "I well remember being haunted during dull sermons by the scene in which Joscelyn Heyworth is brought a prisoner into the church and forced to give up his sword. Dozens of times, sitting in the south transept gallery, I have in imagination watched the whole performance." In 1335 there was an actual tumult in the church. While Bishop Adam de Orleton was preaching for the success of the Holy War, on the day appointed by the Pope, a rebellious archdeacon, William

Inge, sacrilegiously rushed in with many attendants, and with armed force resisted those who were sent to eject him. Then, when the bishop, after the service, was passing through the churchyard and praying for the souls of such as lay interred there, the archdeacon assailed him with unclerical language, and with a folded paper containing—according to Orleton's report to the archbishop—"many abusive words and falsities written therein," struck the bishop on the face, crying, "This is the way in which I despise you and all your friends." For this delirious outburst Inge was excommunicated.

The east end of the nave seems to be the oldest portion, perhaps Norman. The chancel is Perpendicular, with Early English windows and columns. In the vestry there is a picture of "The Last Supper" by Elmer, a native of Farnham, who is said to have been an "ingenious painter . . . famous for his beautiful and correct pictures of live and dead game and fish." The writer has somewhere seen abroad a treatment of the same subject conspicuous for the fine Westphalian ham that adorns the table. Elmer's qualifications would suggest a somewhat similar direction of his ingenuity to fare rather than figures. There is a nice story attached to the east window, Edna Lyall writes. "It was put up by the late Mr. John Paine—Kingsley's friend—as a thanksgiving for the wonderful escape which the town had in 1849. The cholera was raging all round, hop-picking was going on, but mercifully the disease left Farnham untouched."

Memorials are very numerous in the church, but the most prominent are of the Early Victorian mausoleum type. The only one of special merit is that by Westmacott to the memory of Sir Nelson Rycroft (1827), of Callow, in Yorkshire, representing an aged pilgrim resting, with his head on his "fardel." There are a few sixteenth-century brasses also which are worthy of notice, among them one with the curt inscription:

FARNHAM CHURCH FROM THE MEADOWS.

Who lies here?
Here lies Benedict Jay and his wife.

Jay (1586) was on the list of freeholders of the town, and lived at Waverley Abbey. He was a sergeant of the wood yard to Queen Elizabeth. Another brass mentions, as the second husband of Sibilla Bird, Francis Jay, evidently one of the sons of Benedict who are so quaintly depicted kneeling beside the father. Francis was rather a wild bird, as it is recorded that he was fined for drawing blood with his fist from Peter Hampden, Esq., contrary to the peace of their Lady the Queen and to the comfort of Peter. Later, no doubt, the exuberance of his spirits was somewhat chastened, as he not only married, but married a widow. In a recess in the wall of the south aisle is the marble tablet erected to Cobbett's memory by John Fielden, his colleague in Parliament. Carved in relief upon it is an admirable likeness of the reformer. His tomb, erected by his son, stands just outside the porch, and bears an inscription recording that he was born at Farnham in 1762; that he enlisted in the 54th regiment of Foot, became sergeant-major, and in 1785 obtained his discharge; became a political writer; in 1832 was returned to Parliament for Oldham and represented it till his death, which took place at Normandy Farm, in the adjoining parish of Ash, in 1835. On another side were carved these two verses:

For Britons honour Cobbett's name,
Though rashly oft he spoke,
And none can scorn and few will blame
The low laid heart of oak.

Dead oak, thou livest; thy smitten hands,
The thunder of thy brow,
Speak with strong tongues in many lands,
And tyrants hear thee NOW.

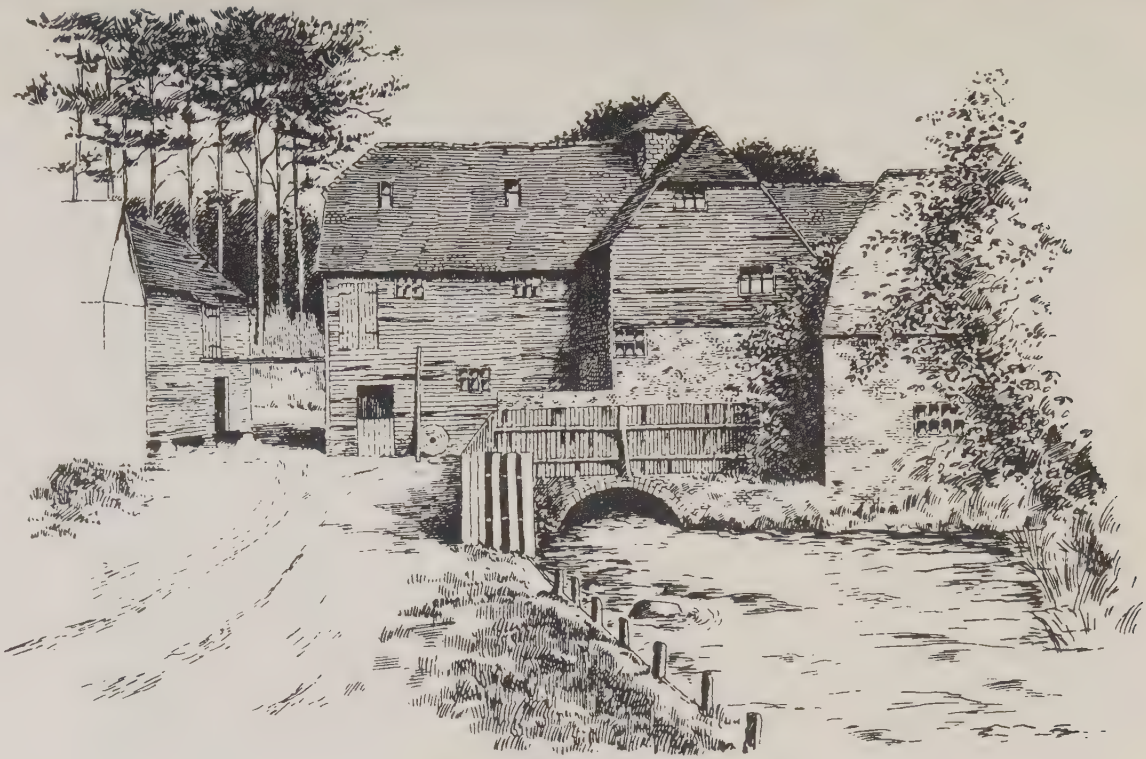
Two quaint epitaphs said to be in the churchyard are worth transcribing. One is for Henry Allen, an auctioneer, who died in 1783:

Fair Virtue's up, Old Time's the Auctioneer,
A lot so lovely can't be bought too dear.
Her ways are pleasant, and her paths are even,
A sure conductress to the joys of Heaven.
Be hence advised, advance ere it's too late,
Time will not dwell, the hammer will not wait.

The other for Francis Ellis, a ringer, is dated 1796:

Skilled in the mystery of the pleasing peel,
Which few can know, and fewer still reveal,
Whether with little bells or bell sublime,
To split a moment to the truth of time.
Time, often truly beat, at length o'ercame;
Yet shall this tribute long preserve his name.

If you pass through the churchyard, a passage way will take you out into the church meadows by the winding river. Across this rich pasture land runs a footpath, leading to WEYDON MILL, standing close up against a hill which rises with precipitous suddenness almost from the margin of the rushing stream. The watermill, overhung by pollard willows, makes with its surroundings a most charming picture. A lane runs between the river and the steep slope of the hill, and comes out into Abbey Street. An inn—"The Jolly Farmer," conspicuous for a big plastered gable end showing towards the road—faces a bridge over the Wey at this point. It was here Cobbett is generally said to have been born, though it is also asserted locally that he was brought into the world at a small farm belonging to his father outside the town, and that the inn was kept by Cobbett's grandfather, who sold the beer he himself brewed. William was the third of four boys. When he was born his father, he writes, was a farmer, learned for a man in his rank of life, but of parents too poor to have him well educated. He was honest, industrious, and frugal, with a wife also beloved and respected. With such parents young Cobbett had to work, and



WEYDON MILL.

there was no time in his life when he did not earn his own living. When hardly old enough to climb the gates and stiles at Farnham, he trudged afield to drive the small birds from the turnip-seed and the rooks from the peas. By slow promotion hoeing peas followed, "and hence I arrived at the honour of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team and holding the plough. We were all of us strong and laborious, and my father used to boast that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham."

On one occasion little William Cobbett's life was very nearly snuffed out, for while bathing in the Wey he got beyond his depth, and was hauled out by one of his feet. When he reached eleven years his employment was clipping box edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of Farnham Castle. Short visits to Kew, where he had work in the gardens for a week, and Portsmouth, where he tried to join the navy, filled him with the spirit of unrest which bore fruit in 1783, when his Farnham life practically came to an end. On the 6th of May, he says, like Don Quixote he sallied forth to seek adventures. "I was dressed in my holiday clothes in order to accompany two or three lasses to Guildford Fair. They were to assemble at a house two or three miles from my home, where I was to attend them; but unfortunately for me I had to cross the London turnpike road. The stage-coach had just turned the summit of a hill, and was rattling down towards me at a merry rate. The notion of going to London never entered my head till this very moment, yet the step was completely determined on before the coach came to the spot where I stood. Up I got, and was in London about nine o'clock in the evening." Cobbett should rather have written that it was fortunate for him that he had to cross the London turnpike road, for the characteristically impetuous decision was the turning point in his life. Had he

remained at Farnham he would never have achieved his fame as a writer and reformer. In 1821 he commenced his celebrated "Rural Rides," travelling the roads, like Arthur Young and Thomas Day, from village to village and town to town, getting into close touch with nature and man. He gives us in them a remarkable insight into the conditions of rural life at the beginning of the nineteenth century. As already noted, he died in 1835 at the good old age of seventy-three.

"Certain white clay" found in Farnham Park was "in great Eliza's days" much in request "for the making of grene potts usually drunk in by gentlemen of the Temple." At the little village of Wrecclesham, just a mile from Farnham, there are living to-day the great-niece and nephew of William Cobbett. Miss Cobbett, who has reached an advanced age, is still able to walk about without difficulty. Her brother, who bears a striking resemblance to the great man, is engaged in the Wrecclesham Pottery, where the beautiful green Farnham ware is still made as "in great Eliza's days." Everyone connected with this little industry is related to William Cobbett.

Vernon House—formerly known as Culver Hall—in West Street is interesting for its association with Charles I., who slept there for a night when a prisoner on his way from Hurst Castle to London. On the morrow he gave his host practically the only thing he possessed, the padded silk morning cap he had been wearing. The cherished relic is still possessed by Mr. John Knight, a descendant of the Vernon who was its original recipient. "Farnham as I first remember it in the sixties," says Edna Lyall, "had a fine old market place;" but the old Market Hall, with its red-tiled steep roof covered in places with moss and lichen, was ruthlessly destroyed not many years ago. Gone, also, are the stocks, the whipping-post, and the cage.

But there is a survivor of the "good old days" in "The Bush Hotel," in Castle Street, though it has no picturesque front to

the street. You have to wait until you are through the archway before any signs of antiquity are visible. In Edna Lyall's "We Two," Luke Raeburn and Erica visit "The Bush," called in the novel "The Shrub." "They made up their minds to stay that night at Firdale [Farnham], and were soon comfortably established in the most charming old inn, which in coaching days had been a place of note. . . . Firdale wound its long street of red-roofed houses along a sheltered valley, in between fir-crowned heights; beyond the town lay rich, fertile-looking meadows, and a winding river bordered by pollard willows. Looking across these meadows one could see the massive tower of the church, its white pinnacles standing out sharp and clear in the moonlight. As Raeburn and Erica crossed the bridge leading out of the town, the clock in the tower struck nine, and the old chimes began to play the tune which every three hours fell on the ears of the inhabitants of Firdale. 'Life let us cherish,' said Raeburn, with a smile. 'A good omen for us, little one!'" In "To Right the Wrong," too, there are numerous references to Farnham and "The Bush." In a record of the Corporation's income for 1604, dues are paid by "the 4 Inns," but they do not include "The Bush," so it was presumably built at a later date. "Item for wyne at the 'Bush' is mentioned in 1648, however. Moreover it has been celebrated by a more notable writer than even Edna Lyall. Thackeray himself mentions it in "The Virginians" as being over three hundred years old.

In the seventeenth century, when the Quakers were numerous in Surrey, George Fox had a costly experience at a Farnham inn. He was constantly travelling through the county on his missionary journeys, and in 1656, after the chief people of the town had been to dispute with him, they went away and "left all their Faggots and Beer, which they had called for into the room, for us to pay in the morning," he writes in his journal. "We showed the Innkeeper what an unworthy thing it was; but he

told us we must pay it, and pay it we did. But before we left the Town I writ a paper to the Magistrates and Head of the Town, and to the Priest [the Rev. John Stileman, ejected 1662, probably objected to the description], showing them, and him, how he had taught his people, and laying before them their rude and uncivil carriage to strangers who sought their good."

Surrey must be included with Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent, as one of the four counties in which scientific cricket originated, and Farnham must be especially dear to lovers of the game for the yeoman part it has played in the birth and development of the sport. Dr. W. G. Grace has found in the archives of Guildford a record of the boys of the Grammar School there playing cricket in the reign of Elizabeth, and though there are earlier notices of something called "crickett," a name which might have referred to any kind of amusement with a crooked bat, it may well be that, as "The Champion" claims, the record at Guildford is the first authenticated mention of the game as we know it. It was the numerous commons of Surrey and the south-eastern counties that developed cricket. In the earlier half of the eighteenth century, when great matches were always played for heavy money stakes, Holt Pound, near Farnham, not far from the Hampshire border, Mitcham Common, Kennington Common, and Moulsey Hurst, were the noted places for matches in Surrey. But the real history of modern cricket begins with the formation of the celebrated Hambledon Club in Hampshire in 1750. The Hambledon men, if not the club itself, often played on Holt Pound, which is a cricket ground still, while the old Hambledon grounds in Hants are cultivated. Of their most famous players William Beldham and John Wells were Farnham men, and Tom Walker was from Hindhead. Richard Francis and Stevens, the most famous bowler of 1770-80, were also Surrey men. Beldham, who scored 72 and 102 against England in 1794—when grounds were not the billiard tables they are now—only died, over ninety, in 1862.

Farnham rejoices in a curious triad of celebrated natives: Nicholas of Farnham, Henry III.'s favourite leech, and afterwards Bishop of Durham; the Rev. Augustus Toplady; and William Cobbett. Miss Ellen Bayly ("Edna Lyall") might also be added, for, "in a sense," she says, "I belong to the place, for my great-grandfather Newnham, a doctor, lived and died there, and his descendants still live in the town—indeed, till three years ago [1897], still lived in the same dear two-storied house in West Street, whose plain grey front told so little of the cosiness within, or of the delights of the long walled garden stretching down to the canal. . . . Down there in the old family house I well remember beginning one sunny August morning the first chapter of 'We Two.' It was at the time when England was plunged in the bitter controversy on the question of the Parliamentary Oath." Toplady, the author of that almost universally-known hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," was born at Farnham in 1740, so that he was a little lad of about twelve when Cobbett came into the world. He lived not only to write sweet and gentle hymns, but to wield a doughty metaphysical sword against no less a giant than John Wesley. It so happened that when his parents arrived at the town there was no available accommodation in the hotels, and Major Toplady and his wife were obliged to content themselves with a lodging in a humble house on the south side of West Street, and there Augustus was born. The cottage was demolished some ten years ago to make way for a very uninteresting building of red brick.

A word must be said about "Farnham hops," once more largely grown and more highly-prized than at present, though Farnham and Alton ales are still celebrated. Hops were first grown in Surrey in 1620, and, according to Aubrey, they were first introduced into Farnham, from Suffolk, some twenty-three years later. The soil consists of a strong rich loam upon a subsoil chiefly calcareous, and it seems peculiarly favourable to hops. Their picking in autumn is a sight worth seeing.

It was, according to the historian Rishanger, on a spot near the road between Farnham and Alton—where "was a woody height in a valley, rendering the passage circuitous, and adapted for the concealment of robbers"—that Prince Edward met the sturdy freebooter, Adam Gordon. An old ballad with a stirring lilt and swing tells in forty-three vigorous verses how—

Full many an hour in valiant fight
These chieftains both did close;
Full many an hour the hills and woods
Re-echoed with their blows.

Full many a warrior stood around
That marvellous fight to see,
While from their wounds the gushing blood
Ran like the fountain free.

Thrice they agreed, o'er spent with toil,
To cease their sturdy blows;
And thrice they stopp'd to quench their thirst,
And wipe their bloody brows.

Then the Prince, charmed with Gordon's courage, offers to be his "gentle bosom friend" if he will surrender—

Now, Adam, take thy lasting choice,
Thy prince awaits thy word:
Accept, brave man! my smile or frown—
My friendship or my sword.

Brave Adam, struck with wonder, gaz'd—
He sigh'd at every word:
Then, falling quick upon his knee,
He gave the prince his sword.

* * * * *

The prince then made that brave outlaw
On his own steed to ride,
With banners rich and trappings gay,
And he rode by his side.

And when with shouts to Guildford town
This noble train came on,
O'erjoy'd, our royal queen came forth,
To meet her warlike son.
* * * * *
And there the Gordon was caress'd,
With tilts and revelry ;
And none in all the tournaments,
Was found with him to vie.

Where'er the royal Edward fought
Brave Gordon aye would wend ;
And Edward like a noble prince
Was ever Gordon's friend.

Both on account of personal associations and its rich and varied scenery, Moor Park should be visited from Farnham. It lies within half an hour's walk of Farnham station, on the way to Waverley Abbey ; in fact, the pleasantest way to reach Waverley is through it. To Moor Park House Sir William Temple retired when, after the death of his son, he withdrew from public life, much broken down by grief, age, and infirmities. When he came here from Temple Grove he was fifty-eight. The noted diplomatist and statesman of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. was ambassador to the United Provinces, and brought about the Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden in 1668, as well as the marriage of William of Orange and Mary. Macaulay tells how in his retirement at Moor Park, then very secluded, Sir William passed the later years of his life. "The grounds were laid out with the angular regularity which Sir William had admired in the flower beds of Haarlem and the Hague. A beautiful rivulet flowing from the hills of Surrey bounded the domain. But a straight canal, which, bordered by a terrace, intersected the garden, was probably more admired by the lovers of the picturesque in that age. The house was small, but neat and well-furnished ; the neighbourhood very

thinly peopled. Temple had no visitors, except a few friends who were willing to travel twenty or thirty miles in order to see him, and now and then a foreigner whom curiosity brought to have a look at the author of the Triple Alliance." It was to the old house among the giant trees that Sir William brought as his bride the sweet-tempered Dorothy Osborn, whose letters, so happily preserved, span the years that have passed since the seventeenth century, and bring familiarly before us to-day her thoughts, feelings, and sympathies.

The house was vastly different then to the present stuccoed mansion of three storeys; and the formal Dutch gardens which Sir William laid out, and which used to be the delight of Cobbett in his boyhood, were remodelled in the earlier part of last century. Part of the canal still remains, and a hedge of wych elms bordering it is perhaps of Temple's time. Possibly, too, the brick walls dividing the gardens are those on which the ex-ambassador delighted "to count his apricots a-ripening." "The stately, well-mannered periods of Temple's prose," says Mr. Malden, "remind us of the well-ordered Dutch gardens of his house, which a later taste unfortunately altered." Probably the broken-down man of letters and diplomatist only left the retirement of his gardens on one occasion, when it was thought there might be fighting between William's and James's troops near Farnham, and the fear of it drove him from his seclusion. But he soon found it safe to return to Moor Park. William III. used to visit him there, to renew their old acquaintance of the Hague, and to listen gravely to political platitudes, and to eat the philosophic politician's asparagus. "King William," said Swift, "always used to eat the stalks as well as the heads."

Lady Temple died at Moor Park in 1694, but Lady Giffard, her sister-in-law, still continued to live with Sir William. There were, however, other inmates to whom a far higher interest belongs. "An eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman,

who had narrowly escaped plucking at Dublin, attended Sir William as an amanuensis for board and twenty pounds a year, dined at the second table, wrote bad verses in praise of his employer, and made love to a pretty dark-eyed girl who waited on Lady Giffard. Little did Temple imagine that the coarse exterior of his dependant concealed a genius equally suited to politics and to letters—a genius destined to shake great kingdoms, to stir the laughter and the rage of millions, and to leave to posterity memorials which can perish only with the English language. Little did he think that the flirtation in his servants' hall, which, perhaps, he scarcely deigned to make the subject of a jest, was the beginning of a long unprosperous love which was to be as widely famed as the passion of Petrarch or of Abelard. Sir William's secretary was Jonathan Swift—Lady Giffard's waiting-maid was poor Stella."

Long after, when Swift "stood in the Court of Requests with a circle of gartered peers round him, or punned and rhymed with Cabinet Ministers," he looked back with deep and sore feelings to his life at Moor Park, though there he wrote his admirable "Battle of the Books" and at least a part of the "Tale of a Tub." "'Faith,' he wrote to Stella with bitter levity, 'Sir William spoiled a fine gentleman.' Yet in justice to Temple," continues Macaulay, "we must say there is no reason to think that Swift was more unhappy at Moor Park than he would have been in a similar situation under any roof in England."

A footpath past the house leads through an avenue out to the road at that very delightful corner by the entrance to Waverley Abbey. Turning to the right, just outside the lodge gates of the park, you may see a modest house bearing traces of considerable antiquity. This little red-tiled, dormer-windowed building goes by the name of Stella's Cottage, and was once the home of Sir William's steward, Johnson, whose wife was a confidential servant to Lady Giffard, and here lived their daughter

Esther—Swift's "Stella." Over the door of the lower room is the quotation from Horace inscribed there by Swift:

> Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
> Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
> Cœnæ, sine aulæis et ostro,
> Sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Sir William died at Moor Park in 1699, and in the gardens close to the east end of the house is a sundial under which, at his own request, his heart was buried in a silver box, "where he used to contemplate and admire the works of nature with his beloved sister, the lady Giffard." His body was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Within the park, a few yards from the lodge at the Waverley Gate entrance, there is a large natural cave in the sandstone, said to have been frequently the scene of Swift's meditations. Its mouth is now neatly built up with stone-work, and entrance is barred by a formidable iron railing. It in no way, however, prevents the passer-by looking into the shadowy recesses of the cavern. Here, in the less enlightened ages, dwelt Mother Ludlam, "a white witch," as Grose calls her, who seems up to a certain point to have been a well-disposed creature. If a neighbour went to the cave at midnight, turned thrice round, and thrice repeated aloud the name of any article required, adding a promise to return it within two days, the next morning there was the thing wanted, ready at the entrance to the cave. Anything could be demanded, from a yoke of oxen to a knitting needle. The supply never ran out until a shiftless borrower failed to return within the stipulated time a large cauldron, and since that occasion the white witch has been invoked in vain. The identical cauldron, hammered out of one piece of copper, was carried to Waverley Abbey, and thence, after the dissolution of that house, to Frensham. There it may still be seen in the tower of the church, so that one must be a hardened sceptic to

doubt the legend. Aubrey assigns it to the "small people" of Borough Hill, under Hindhead, where "is a great stone lying along, of the length of about six feet," at which the borrowers knocked. The place, he asserts, was still looked upon as uncanny, though the borrowing had long ceased. A spring of clear water runs along the bottom of Mother Ludlam's cave, and it doubtless supplied Waverley Abbey in the middle ages. Its ancient name, Ludwell, is said by Aubrey to have been due to Lud, King of the South Saxons, who, after the heat of a fight, "retired hither to cool and dress his wounds." Cobbett, writing in 1825, laments that Mother Ludlam's cave is not the enchanting place it was when he first knew it. It seems to have been left to take care of itself, and the stream that once ran down through a clean paved channel had become "a dirty gutter."

Above the cave is Waverley Abbey, within the confines of Waverley Park. The wide stretch of level turf surrounding the ruins is overshadowed here and there by big elms and oaks, and the river Wey, rippling on its winding course, almost incloses the grassy space. Just beyond the river rise low hills entirely clothed with firs, their deep bluish-green foliage forming a background for the elms below. But when the monks first came, and for long afterwards, the neighbourhood was a wild and desolate country, lying off the main lines of communication. In the eighteenth century the wild red-deer from Woolmer Forest still roamed into the heaths; and here Cobbett, an observer not likely to be mistaken, said he saw a lingering individual of the race of the true British wild-cat, perhaps the last recorded instance in Surrey.

Though Chertsey was the oldest of the Surrey monastic houses, Waverley was in one respect the most notable as the first Cistercian establishment in England. It was founded in 1128 by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, who brought over from the Abbey of L'Aumône, in Normandy, twelve monks and their

abbot, and built for them on his own estates a church and the usual conventual buildings. The monks gradually increased in numbers and estate, and in 1187 there were seventy of them, and one hundred and twenty lay brethren. Though not on the main roads, Waverley was not inaccessible from Farnham and the Pilgrims' Way, and to this it perhaps owed the equivocal honour of entertaining King John and his court in 1208. Unlike Chertsey, the abbey did not make its own wine, and the king had the prudence to bring with him about 500 gallons for a few days' consumption. The visit made so favourable an impression upon him that he restored some of the property of the abbey which he had seized after the interdict, and so enabled the work of building a new church to be continued. It had been begun in 1203 by Nicholas, "parson" of Broadwater, in Sussex, a benefactor of the abbey, who did not live to see its completion. In 1245 Simon de Montfort and his wife, the Lady Eleanor, sister to the king, visited the abbey and gave large gifts. At last, in 1278, the new church was finished, and dedicated by Nicholas of Ely, Bishop of Winchester. Unlike Tintern, another Cistercian establishment, the church stood to the north of the abbey buildings, so as not to exclude the sun from the living rooms. The occasion of the dedication illustrates how large a space a great ecclesiastical establishment filled in the life of a neighbourhood. The bishop nobly entertained the whole multitude (according to the "Worcester Annals," 7,066 persons on one day), not only with meat and drink, but with the promise of one year's remission of purgatory, adding, moreover, forty days' pardon to all who should frequent the place on the anniversary of the dedication. The feasting lasted for nine days.

In 1238 Bishop Peter de Rupibus, the great counsellor of Henry III., died at his castle at Farnham, and directed his heart to be deposited in the new church at Waverley, and nearly five centuries after a leaden vessel was found containing a human

heart which may have been that of the long-dead Peter. The body of Bishop Nicholas of Ely was also buried here, within a year of his dedicating the new church, but his heart was placed in Winchester Cathedral.

Very much overgrown by masses of ivy and intermingled with ashes and thorns are the ruined walls of the south aisle of the great church. With the exception of this portion of the building and the corner-stone of the chancel or tower scarcely anything of the church portion remained visible until the Surrey Archæological Society commenced to dig out the foundations in 1898. Their task has been especially difficult owing to the many and unexpected walls and footings found of the Norman abbey mixed up with, and sometimes made use of, in the later buildings. This has brought to light the lower portions of walls, parts of floors of finely-designed coloured tiles, and the bases of clustered pillars where doorways were placed. A VAULTED CRYPT, which, according to an old print published about 1736, formed the under storey to the dormitory, is the most perfect remaining portion of the ruins. It was built in the Early English period of Gothic architecture, and from its sheltered position has remained in an excellent state of preservation. It has a good groined roof borne on three central columns of Sussex marble, an attached shaft at the north end, and a corbel at the south. Close at hand stands the eastern wall of what was probably the refectory. It is pierced with three lancet windows, and forms the most picturesque outline to the abbey as it exists to-day. Between these three isolated portions the grass is cut up into rectangular spaces, revealing the foundations of many of the monastic apartments.

In 1890 Mr. Brakspear discovered the presbytery of the Norman church in and forming part of the south transept of the later magnificent church planned by William de Bradewater. The long narrow Norman nave has now been traced below the

THE CRYPT OF WAVERLEY ABBEY.

cloister. The original cloister was at some time considerably enlarged, and carried across the cellarium as well as the nave of the first church. The arrangement of the frater and its pulpit

is interesting, as it shows the former to be of two dates at least. The plan of the infirmary hall and kitchen are now clear, and it has become evident that there was no building between this portion of the abbey and the river. Some interesting features, too, have come to light in the direction of the monks' dormitory. Much of the Norman work here remains, with the south wall on a line with that of the frater ; later the dormitory was extended southwards at a higher level, almost to the river-bank. At the north end the doorway leading from the cloister and the fine broad steps ascending to the dormitory have been exposed, and close by a winding staircase, which probably formed the approach to the treasury. The plan of Bradewater's church also is now nearly complete. There is still a good deal to be done west of the cellarium, where the guest-houses, the infirmary of the conversi, and possibly a gateway, may be looked for. This is of almost greater importance than the work already done, since these buildings of the outer court have never been worked out properly anywhere. At Fountains and Furness—both Cistercian, though Furness was founded as a Benedictine house four years before Waverley was established, but did not accept Cistercian rule until at least seventeen years after Waverley was founded—the remains of them are anything but complete, and at the former it is known there were a number of buildings of which no trace could be found.

A quaint tradition of concealed wealth lingers about these monastic ruins, just as traditions of fear and terror are connected with the strongholds of the feudal barons. Somewhere among the ruins are said to be concealed figures of the twelve apostles in massive silver, but so far the researches of the Surrey Archæological Society have not brought them to light.

The gardens of the abbey were destroyed by Sir Robert Rich, who is said also to have mutilated the historic ruins and to have used some of their stones in the wings of Waverley House. He

was not the only despoiler. Aubrey saw considerable remains of past splendour at Waverley, but from his time onwards the prosaic eighteenth century used the abbey as a quarry of ready-prepared hewn stone, and stripped the walls of the whole of the ashlar blocks, leaving only the core of rubble to moulder rapidly away. That there were any carved or hewn stones for the Surrey Archæological Society to discover is due to the rise of the level of the ground, from the deposit left by floods and from other natural causes, before the era of the deliberate stripping of the walls began. Cobbett, in his "English Gardens," mentions the old kitchen garden of the monks as the spot where he first began to eat fine fruit in a garden; "and though I have now seen and observed upon as many fine gardens as any man in England, I have never seen a garden equal to that of Waverley," he says. But even to-day, in spite of time, tempest, and Sir Robert Rich, the ruins are impressive, and something of the spirit of the place has been caught in these lines of an old writer:

In sooth, it seems right awful and sublime
To gaze by moonlight on the shattered pile
Of this old Abbey, struggling still with time,
The grey owl hooting from its rents the while.
* * * * *
We gaze on wrecks of ornamental stones,
* * * * *
And rank weeds battening over human bones,
Till even one's shadow seems to feel a fear.

The famous chronicles of Waverley Abbey cover the years from 1066 to 1291 with a minuteness characteristic of records such as were kept in every abbey of any importance. There is no doubt those of Waverley have the additional interest of having suggested to Sir Walter Scott a title for his great romance. These "Annales Waverlienses" are a mine of information. As a single illustration may be mentioned the record under the year

1240 of the monks' energetic defence of the right of sanctuary claimed for the abbey and its precincts. In 1240 the convent shoemaker was arrested there under a royal warrant on a charge of homicide. Divine services in the abbey were suspended, and the abbot hurried off to submit his case to Henry III. The result was that the shoemaker was promptly released, the services were continued, and the officers (including a knight) who had executed the warrant were made to ask pardon of God and the monks at the abbey gates, and were afterwards whipped in public, perhaps by the dean of the house and the vicar of Farnham, or at any rate under their superintendence. It is an instance which well illustrates the importance of sanctuary for others besides ecclesiastics. Nor was this the only privilege of the abbey. Another was its freedom, under a charter of King John's granting, from all the ordinary incidence of service and of taxation.

When monasteries were suppressed, Waverley was granted to Sir W. Fitzwilliam, Henry VIII.'s treasurer, and after a succession of different owners—including Rich, the despoiler of the ruins—the estate was sold in 1796 to W. Thomson, Esq., whose son, C. E. Poulett Thomson, afterwards Lord Sydenham, was born in Waverley House.

From Waverley it is a pleasant half-hour's walk past Waverley Mill by cart track, wood-path, and road, to Tilford. There, in Edna Lyall's "We Two," come Raeburn and his daughter. "They were set down at a compact-looking white house known as 'Under the Oak.' . . . The little white house had been built close to the grand old oak which was the pride of Milford [Tilford]. It was indeed a giant of its kind; there was something wonderfully fine about its vigorous spread of branches and its enormous girth. Close by was a peaceful-looking river, flowing between green banks fringed with willow and marestail and pink river-herb. The house itself had a nice little garden,

gay with geraniums and gladiolas, and bounded by a hedge of sunflowers which would have gladdened the heart of an æsthete. All was pure, fresh, cleanly, and perfectly quiet. From the windows nothing was to be seen except the village green with its flocks of geese and its tall sign-post; the river describing a sort of horseshoe curve round it, and spanned by two picturesque bridges. In the distance was a small church and a cluster of houses, the village being completed by a blacksmith's forge and a post-office. . . . Erica learnt to love every inch of that lovely neighbourhood, from the hill of Rooksbury [Crooksbury Hill], with its fir-clad heights, to Trensham [Frensham] lake, nestled down among the surrounding heath hills. . . . There was no hurrying here, and the recollection of it afterwards was a perpetual happiness. The quiet river where they had one day seen an otter—a marked event in their uneventful days; the farm with its red gables and its crowd of gobbling turkeys; the sweet-smelling fir groves with their sandy paths; and their own particular wood where beeches, oaks and silvery birch trees were intermingled, with here and there a tall pine, sometimes stately and great, sometimes blown aslant by the wind. Here the winding paths were bordered with golden moss, and sheltered by a tangled growth of bracken and bramble with now and then a little clump of heather, or a patch of blue harebells."

The age of the "grand old oak" standing at the side of the broad triangular green is variously computed. Cobbett, writing in 1822, said he showed to his son this monarch, which, "when I was a little boy, was but a very little tree, comparatively, and which is now, take it altogether, by far the finest tree that I ever saw in my life." He must have been mistaken as to the size of it when he was a boy, but few will differ from his later opinion of it. It is undoubtedly one of the finest oaks in the kingdom, albeit the veteran now begins to show signs of decay. Some of the principal branches would themselves make large

trees. Its girth at five feet from the ground is 24½ feet, almost exactly the same as the famous yew at Selborne. It is still known as the King's Oak, by which name ("Kynghoc") it is mentioned in the charter given in 1150 by Henry de Blois, the founder of Farnham Castle, to the monks of Waverley. Brownlow North, Bishop of Winchester, many years ago gave orders to have the tree cut down, but, according to Manning, the people of the tything, hearing of his intention, "drove in a great number of spikes and large nails to prevent its being cut."

The "peaceful-looking river," the Wey, is here joined by its Selborne branch, locally the Till. The windings of the water nearly embrace the village green and necessitate two bridges. They are exactly alike, both being built of odd-sized stones and having very narrow round arches. The tops of the piers and the margin of the roadway are overgrown with grass and flowering weeds, and there is about both these picturesque structures eloquent evidence that here, of all places in a busy world, there is "no hurrying." Just beyond the bridge that spans the Till is Tilford House, which at one time belonged to the family of Independents with whom Dr. Watts spent almost half his life. He is said to have preached here frequently in the small private chapel in the courtyard, and to have composed his hymns in the summer-house behind the building.

"The small church" contains a reredos in memory of Charlotte Smith, who also once resided at Tilford House, and died there in 1806, after a life of unusual suffering. Her father, Nicholas Turner, was lord of the manor of Stoke-next-Guildford, and she is commemorated in the church there by a mural monument by Bacon. As the writer of the "Old Manor House" and other novels, and as a poetess, she enjoyed considerable celebrity in her day. In a sonnet "To the Moon," considered to be one of her gems, she apostrophizes that "orb" as a refuge for the sufferers of the earth, and concludes with the hope—

> Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
> Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!

According to a contemporary this sonnet has "never been surpassed," a dictum estimable for its chivalry.

The fine outline of Crooksbury Hill, with its sombre clothing of pines, might well have frequently called forth the admiration of Sir William Temple in his exile at Moor Park. It overlooks a most varied prospect of heath and open commons, park, and pasture—

> A most living landscape, and the wave
> Of wood and cornfields, and the abodes of men
> Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
> Arising from such rustic roofs.

Though it reaches only 534 feet, "as high as Crooksbury" is still the measure of the district, as in the days of Cobbett, who, after his return from America, recalled with delight how he used, when a boy, to take the nests of jays and magpies from its firs.

Frensham is but a short walk south of Tilford, among the great heaths which stretch away from Waverley to the bases of Hindhead. Here are Frensham Great Pond, over a hundred acres in extent, looking almost like an arm of the sea; and the Little Pond, half its size, where once the monks of Waverley preserved their fish. And Frensham Church has a Norman arcade, an Early English chancel arch, a fine open roof, an old stone coffin, a piscina, and a stoup. And here is the famous cauldron of the "White Witch," though, "I do believe," says wicked Aubrey, "that this great kettle was an ancient utensil belonging to their church-house for the use of love-feasts or revels." Who knows! Salmon, in his "Antiquities of Surrey" (1736), is really most disrespectful, and he declares the cauldron was no more brought to Frensham from Waverley than, "as report goes, by the Fairies. It need not raise any man's wonder for what use it was, there having been many in England till very

lately to be seen, as well as very large Spits which were given for entertainment of the Parish, at the Wedding of Poor Maids. So was in some places a Sum of Money charged upon Lands for them; and a House for them to dwell in for a year after Marriage."

SECTION IX.

REIGATE TO LINGFIELD.

O'er thee profusely Nature showers
Her gifts; with liveliest verdure decks thy soil,
With every mingled charm of hill and dale.

SOUTHEY.

VILLAGE CAGE, NEAR LINGFIELD.

REIGATE CASTLE: THE CHURCH: THE PRIORY: GATTON: NUTFIELD: BLETCHINGLEY: BREWER STREET: GODSTONE: TANDRIDGE: BARROW GREEN: OXTED: LIMPSFIELD: CROWHURST: LINGFIELD: PLAISTOW STREET.

REIGATE, which stands at the head of the long

. . . Vale of Holmsdall
Never wonne, ne never shall,

owes its name and much of its early history to its position as an ancient ridge "gate," or road, either a branch of the Roman Stone Street, or the adjacent Pilgrims' Way. From Domesday times to the reign of John it was known as Cherchefeld, that is, Church-field, probably, Mr. Salmon suggests in his "Antiquities of Surrey," from an important church erected in the vale soon after the conversion of the South Saxons to Christianity. In more modern times Fanny Burney, on her way to Brighton in 1779 with the Thrales, has only to remark that "it is a very old,

half-ruined borough"—but, though generally vivacious, she was never comprehensively accurate.

The chief object of interest at Reigate is the mound of the Castle, with its curious vaults. Farnham and Guildford Castles have already been mentioned. Reigate and Bletchingley completed the line of defence across the county or in front of the line of the North Downs. Reigate, again, may be an example of an early fortification elaborated at a later period, but there is no artificial mound as at Farnham and Guildford. A natural hill of sandstone has been escarped and made nearly rectangular, and perhaps heightened a little by the earth dug out of the ditches made round it. Owing to the absence of early mention, and the almost complete demolition of the castle, it is impossible, says Mr. Malden, to speak with confidence about its architectural features, but the natural foundation would have borne the weight of a solid keep. Who built it, and when, is not known for certain, but it may date from the grant of Reigate to the De Warennes by William Rufus.

William, Earl of Warenne and of Surrey, had a castle there in the reign of King John. The existing vaults under it may, by their architecture, belong to his time. In the time of John, Reigate, like the other Surrey castles, passed into the hands of the party of the French Prince Louis.

In 1398, after the Earl of Arundel, one of the heirs of the De Warennes, had been executed by Richard II. at the time when that king made his famous stroke for absolute power, the castle was forfeited to the Crown. It was restored to the Arundel family, with their other possessions, by the Lancastrians, and passed through heiresses, after the failure of the male line of the Arundels, to various families, till in the time of the Civil Wars it was in the possession of Lord Monson by purchase. The castle was described in James I.'s reign as decayed, but in 1648, when a Royalist movement was threatened or begun in the southern

counties, the Parliament gave orders for its complete dilapidation, lest it should serve as a rallying point for their enemies. Hence dates probably its complete ruin. The site was granted to James, Duke of York, after the Restoration, and when he, as James II., lost his throne, it again became private property, being granted by William III. to Lord Somers. Lady Henry Somerset, the daughter and heiress of the third Lord Somers, is the present owner of the demesne and lady of the manor.

All that now remains of the stronghold is the oblong mound which shows where the keep was, rising above the general level of the town. The site of the castle, having been leased to the corporation by Lord Somers, has been laid out as a pleasure ground. Under the turf of the mound are the curious caves, which have to be explored with lights, as to whose origin there has been much speculation. Ancient tradition calls the long gallery with the semicircular end "The Barons' Cave," and asserts that secret consultations were held in it by the barons before their meeting with King John at Runnymede, and Mr. Martin Tupper, in his "Stephan Langton," has fully availed himself of this appropriate scene for conspiracy. But the tradition overlooks the fact that the Earl of Warenne, to whom the castle then belonged, was on the royal side, and the line of the recorded march of the baronial army brought them nowhere near Reigate. De Warenne was one of the envoys named by the king to treat with the barons, and the result of the negotiation was the greatest event which ever took place on the soil of Surrey, the signing of the Great Charter. One approach to the mound is by a path which leads up the embankment of the fosse and passes under the arched GATEWAY illustrated. This was erected in 1777 at a point where in all probability the ancient drawbridge spanned the fosse.

Of the "Swan Inn" in the High Street there are extant records dating back to 1452. The ancient market place was at the west

end of the town, where Nutley Lane joins the High Street, and beneath the site there is a vault or crypt ribbed with firestone. About the time of the Reformation the market was removed to

REIGATE CASTLE GATEWAY.

its present position on the opposite side of the town, and a chapel, which had been dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and was frequented by pilgrims travelling by the adjacent road over the downs, was then used as a market house, and for the holding

of the assizes, at that time held in the borough. The present Market House and Town Hall were built about 1708, and nearly a century later, in removing an old structure at the east side, the original foundation of the chapel was found and removed.

A short distance southward from the "White Hart Hotel" in Bell Street stood a chapel, dedicated to St. Lawrence, the walls and roof of which were entire in 1804, though used for a dwelling house, a portion of which still remains. On the north side of High Street, towards the west, was a third chapel, dedicated to the Holy Cross.

The parish church, built of the native firestone, is mainly Perpendicular, but the pillars of the nave, with simple foliage capitals, are late Norman. Several times has the church been restored, on the last occasion, in 1874-78, by the late Sir G. Gilbert Scott. On the south side of the sanctuary are three sedilia, and adjoining them is a piscina, another being in the south chancel. A room over the vestry houses a most interesting library, kept formerly in the picturesque tower, which includes 1,700 volumes, some MSS., and specimens of early printing. The collection was founded in 1701 by the then vicar, the Rev. Andrew Cranston, with the assistance of John Evelyn, Mr. Speaker Onslow, and others.

There are many monuments worth notice, but the most interesting associations surround the memory of Charles, Lord Howard of Effingham, who, after his glorious defeat of the "Invincible" Armada, was created Earl of Nottingham. He died at Haling House, a mile south of Croydon, in 1624, at the age of eighty-seven ; but was buried, with others of his family, in the Howard vault on the south side of the chancel, the manor and Reigate Priory having been granted to this branch of the Howards by Edward VI. In 1888, the tercentenary of the defeat of the Armada, a brass was erected to his memory in the chancel. The lead coffin beneath bears an inscription recording the date

and place of the death of this great "Lorde High Admyrall of Englande, Generall of Queene Elizabethe's Navy Royall att Sea agaynst the Spanyard's invinsable Navy, in the year of our Lord 1588."

In the north chancel is a preposterous allegorical monument to Richard Ladbroke, of Frenches, who died in 1730. It shows that "zealous member of the Church of England" habited in Roman costume, and attended by Justice and Truth, angels, trumpets, suns, and palm-branches—regardless of cost. At the east end a memorial with a pillared canopy contains recumbent figures in white marble of Sir Thomas Bludder and his wife, who died within a week of each other in 1618. Flanchford Place, their ancient seat—and at a more remote period the home of Hugh de Flenesford, the earliest recorded proprietor of the manor of Reigate—is on the way to Leigh, south-west of the town. The effigies of Richard Elyot (1609) and his son (1612), who lived at the Lodge, are also in the north chancel; and a kneeling figure of Katherine (1623), the daughter, occupies a niche in the south chancel. A brass for Elizabeth Thurland, sister and co-heiress of Richard Elyot, is in the centre of the chancel floor.

In the churchyard is an obelisk for Baron Maseres (1824), who lived at the Barons. He was the editor of some valuable tracts relating to the period of Elizabeth and Charles I.

Reigate Priory, south of the town, was founded in the early part of the thirteenth century by William de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, for a prior and a few regular canons of the order of St. Augustine. The first prior of whom mention is made was installed about 1298, and was appropriately named Adam; the last of his sixteen successors, John Lymden, was elected in 1530. After he had held office for five years, the establishment was suppressed under the statute which granted to Henry VIII. all religious houses whose annual revenues did not exceed £200. Prior

Lymden was allowed a yearly pension of £10, and it is recorded that he continued to receive it in 1553. The site of the priory was granted in 1541 to Lord William Howard, afterwards Lord Howard of Effingham, father of the great admiral of Armada fame, in exchange for the Middlesex rectory of Tottenham. Charles, third Earl of Peterborough, who succeeded to the ownership in 1675, sold the priory estate soon after to Sir John Parsons, Lord Mayor of London ; and the executors of Humphrey Parsons, his son and successor, disposed of the property in 1766 to Richard Ireland. The present mansion, called Reigate Priory, which occupies a portion of the old site and precincts, was built by Mr. Ireland in 1779, when an earlier house, erected by Lord William Howard, was to a large extent demolished. The most notable internal feature of the house is a richly-carved oak chimney-piece in the hall, part of which, according to Manning, was brought from Henry VIII.'s palace at Nonsuch when the older Priory House was built by Lord William Howard. Evelyn, however, says it was brought from the king's manor house at Bletchingley. It seems uncertain whether it was here, or in the castle, that Foxe, the martyrologist, spent some of the earlier years of his life in the family of the Duchess of Richmond, to whose care the children of her brother, the attainted Earl of Surrey, had been entrusted. It was, however, from her house at Reigate that he escaped after incurring the suspicion of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. James II., when Duke of York, certainly resided at the Priory, and in 1656 the renowned Archbishop Usher died there. About the beginning of the nineteenth century this pleasant seat came, by purchase, into the possession of the family of Lord Somers ; and Lady Henry Somerset, daughter of the late earl, is its present owner.

Reigate Park in 1622 is spoken of as being "well stored with timber trees, and well replenished with deer." Thirteen years later it was disparked by Lord Monson, who then held possession

of the manor, and the trees were cut down. But the attraction of this remarkable elevation of the Hastings sands lies not in its history, but in the magnificent prospects it affords. One of the most beautiful views in Surrey, especially at sunset, is that beyond the town and the distant church tower, away over the rich masses of foliage filling up the valley under the slopes of the chalk downs. The North Downs lie at a greater distance from the town than the park, and the view commanded from them is even more entrancing. From Reigate Hill the eye may range over a stretch of glorious country such as can be seen nowhere out of England. Along the very summit of the ridge runs the ancient Pilgrims' Way, from which in mediæval times the stream of travellers journeying to Canterbury were wont to descend to enter the town by Nutley Lane and worship at the chapel of St. Thomas which then stood on the site of the present Town Hall.

On the way to the Downs one can visit Gatton Park, an estate which was purchased by the fifth Lord Monson, for the sum of £100,000, when it carried with it the privilege of returning two members of Parliament—a right which it had enjoyed since the reign of Henry VI. That king granted to John Tymperley, for his good and faithful services and in return for forty shillings, licence to impark his manor of Gatton, a right of free-warren, and various exemptions from juries and the like. Two years later, in 1451, two burgesses were returned by Gatton to the House of Commons, though there was no town there worthy of representation, nor was Tymperley a leader of a party. That it kept its privileges may be owing to the fact that at some unknown date between 1449 and 1540 the manor became the property of the Crown. It then passed to the family of Copley. The entire number of burgesses in the constituency rarely exceeded twenty, and in the time of Henry VIII. (1541), Sir Roger Copley, then the one burgess and absolutely the only inhabitant, freely elected

and chose its two honourable and independent representatives in Parliament. The story of Sir Thomas Copley, of Leigh Place, near Reigate, who sat for Gatton in the Parliaments of Mary's reign and in the first Parliament of Elizabeth's reign, is interesting for the illustration it affords of the fortunes of a recusant family. Sir Thomas died in exile in Flanders in 1584. His wife returned to England and lived on his estates, but she was almost immediately arrested, with her daughter, on the charge of harbouring a priest; and as a recusant the nomination of representatives of Gatton was taken out of her hands. William Copley, the eldest son, also returned to England, was arrested and subsequently released; and after the death of Elizabeth he paid a composition of £2,000 for his estates, and settled down as a recognized recusant, paying the monthly fine of £20. Antony, another son, who wrote "A Figge for Fortune," was a turbulent fellow as well as a minor poet. He was accused of "shooting a gentleman and killing an ox with a musket," to say nothing of throwing a dagger in church at the vicar of Horsham; and in 1603 he was concerned in a plot in which the name of Arabella Stuart was mentioned as possible Queen, and which involved in ruin Sir Walter Raleigh among others. He was condemned to death, but was only required to leave the kingdom, and he died abroad. A third son, John, became a High Church parson in Kent, and died a beneficed clergyman at the age of eighty-five. But though it was a rotten borough from the beginning, Gatton sent one member, John Puckering, who was in 1586 good enough to be Speaker of the House of Commons. Unfortunately for Lord Monson, two years after he bought the estate the Reform Bill abolished the iniquitous privilege which had probably been the most attractive part of his bargain.

On the occasion of the sale the noted George Robins prefaced his remarks from the rostrum with an instruction to "throw wide the gates of Paradise and enter Gatton Park." Without, perhaps,

being paradisiacal the park does contain some most beautiful scenery, and its higher elevations command fine prospects over the richly-wooded valley eastward towards the uplands of Kent. The house—Gatton Hall—is a stately building in the Italian style, with grounds which were originally laid out by "Capability" Brown. Mr. Jeremiah Colman, the present owner, has perfected it on the lines of Lord Monson's unfulfilled designs. Its most striking feature is its hall, a magnificent apartment which in form and arrangement resembles the Corsini Chapel in Rome; "and it vies with this splendid mausoleum in the decorative effect of costly marbles," says Mr. Palgrave. It is to the effect of colour, not of structure, that the hall owes its peculiar charm. Every part of the surface not decorated by carving is enriched by colour derived either from the tones of foreign marble or from the artists' skill. The matchless pavement of antique marbles was designed for King Charles IV. of Spain, and purchased by Lord Monson at Rome for £10,000. The frescoes were executed by Severn.

In the vestibule of the hall is a series of fine terra-cotta reliefs, representing the "Labours of Hercules," discovered, with three similar designs, in a villa at Roma Vecchia. One of the remaining sets is in the Vatican. The library has a chimney-piece that formerly belonged to Eugene de Beauharnais, stepson of Napoleon I.; and over it is a glass with a frame exquisitely carved by Grinling Gibbons. These are but a few of the rich and costly treasures of Gatton Hall. The diminutive Town Hall of the ancient borough still stands under a group of trees in the Park, in close proximity to the Hall and Church.

The Church, to which there is a private entrance from the mansion, is probably unique in the variety and character of its contents. The interior was entirely renovated in 1834 by Lord Monson, and it suggests a richly-fitted college chapel. The canopies and wainscoting of the nave, dated 1515, were brought

from Aürschot Cathedral in Louvain; the stalls from a Benedictine monastery at Ghent, and the carved seats from Rouen. The panelling of the chancel came from Burgundy; the altar-rails from Tongres, in Flanders; and the communion table and pulpit —attributed to Albert Dürer, and of exquisite design and workmanship—from Nuremberg. The west-end screen came from some English church, and all the coloured glass, with the exception of a tower window and a modern one inserted by Mr. Colman, from Aürschot.

From Reigate our perambulation extends to Godstone, Limpsfield, Crowhurst, and Lingfield, a route so long that space prevents anything but the merest mention of places of interest which are not the subjects of illustrations. For nearly the whole distance to Godstone the road follows the crest of the greensand, running parallel with the Chalk Downs on the north, and affording every here and there the most picturesque views. In two miles we reach Nutfield, famous for its beds of fuller's earth. Its church, a little north of the village, has a nave and aisle of early fourteenth-century work, but the tower and north aisle are Perpendicular. On the south wall, near the porch, is a curt and depressing epitaph, with special application to bachelors, on Thomas Steer (1769)—

> He Liv'd alone, He Lyes alone,
> To Dust He's gone, both Flesh and Bone.

In the interior there is a finely-carved oak pulpit of the late Tudor period; and an elaborately decorated reredos, also of oak, with a groined projecting canopy, supported in front by detached and pinnacled buttresses, enriched with crocketed niches containing figures of the apostles. Among several brasses is a remarkable one (*circa* 1463) within the altar-rails to William Graffton, "quondam clericus hujus ecclesie." Though a priest, he is represented without the tonsure, in layman's costume, and

with his wife Joan by his side. Nutfield Court, adjoining the church, once belonged to the Evelyn family.

At a little over three miles our road becomes the High Street of Bletchingley, a broad way bordered by old houses. Though never more than a big village—the "vile, rotten borough," as Cobbett called it—it returned members of Parliament until the number of electors dwindled down to ten or twelve, when Lord Palmerston and Mr. Hyde Villiers were members for the constituency, previous to its disfranchisement by the Reform Bill of 1832. The church is quaint, with embattled stuccoed walls and a low massive tower, the lower part of which is late Norman. The top of the lofty tower and the spire were in 1606 destroyed by lightning and have never been replaced. The body of the church is Perpendicular, with Early English chancel and a modern north aisle. In the south wall is a door which lead by a stone stair to a rood loft, which no longer exists. Over the porch is a parvise chamber which was formerly entered from an external stone stairway. In 1643 an expenditure of sevenpence was incurred for an hourglass and stand, and Time has justified the outlay, as the stand still remains. Perhaps the congregation do not regret the loss of the glass, as the use of these appliances as checks on a garrulous preacher was not always satisfactory. There is one in the museum of Charterhouse School (from Wisborough, Sussex), as to which the curator notes that it is inaccurate. "The error," he explains, "is *against* the congregation."

Between the two chancels is an altar-tomb for Sir Thomas Carwarden (1559), who had been "bow-bender" to Henry VIII. Bletchingley, in the hands of the Crown since the attainder of the last Duke of Buckingham, had been granted to the ex-queen Anne of Cleves, and Sir Thomas Carwarden lived there as Bailiff and Keeper of the Forests. He had also bought the reversion of the property after the queen's death. He was evidently suspected as a possible accomplice of Wyatt, for before

the latter could advance, Lord William Howard, early in Mary's reign, issued orders for the seizure of arms at Sir Thomas's house. The Loseley manuscripts have a startling account of what a country gentleman could accumulate in the way of warlike stores. We have from them that the Lord High Admiral's men seized 102 corslets, 100 morys pikes, 100 morions, twenty shirts of mail, fifty black corslets, twenty-six white corslets, fifty-four Almain rivets (a sort of armour for the body), twenty-four demi-lances, eighty-six horsemen's staves, 100 pikes, 100 bows of the second-best kind, two handguns, many other pieces of armour and weapons, and sixteen great pieces of ordnance. Putting aside the train of artillery this meant armour for at least 110 horse and 350 foot. Sir Thomas, though he suffered arrest, could not be implicated in the rebellion, and complained bitterly that he never got half his arsenal back again. It had been carted to London. "It is doubtful if he could have wanted so much for any good purpose," says Mr. Malden. The same suspicion, however, could hardly have attached to his farm horses and waggons, which were also seized upon, possibly on account of the company they kept. The horses certainly returned, but somewhat the worse for their short indulgence in city life, as the poor "bow-bender" complained that "oon of the best the iii'd day after died. And the rest are in so evil plite and lyking, and were never since otherwise liable to serve in the carte," to his great hindrance and undoing. It was in a Loseley chest that the brass plate now on Carwarden's tomb was found. It seems to have been engraved for Sir William More, Carwarden's executor, to have been forgotten for three centuries, and then restored to Bletchingley on condition that it was set up in its proper place.

But the feature of the interior is the monument, which fills the south chancel, to Sir Robert Clayton (1707), of Marden Park, which—like the Brett memorial at Esher—was erected during the lifetime of its subject. Sir Robert is represented under a

canopy, with Lady Clayton, in his robes as Lord Mayor of London. It is only right to note that the inscription was not also prepared during the lifetime of "Gulielmus Clayton, Nepos et Hæres," for it asserts that "it is but just that the memory of so good and so great a man should be transmitted to after ages, since in all the private and public transactions of his life he has left so bright a pattern to imitate, but hardly to be outdone." As Dryden's "Ishban," he was the subject of the lines in "Absalom and Achitophel" which commence:

> 'Mongst those extorting Ishban first appears,
> Pursued by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
> Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation
> So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation.
> Ishban, of conscience suited to his trade,
> As good a saint as usurer ever made.

Dryden and the epitaph distinctly differ, but the latter is nearer the truth. As a lord mayor, Macaulay says, Sir Robert was only second to Gresham; he was a good patriot and legislator; and as a generous benefactor of St. Thomas's Hospital his statue may still be seen near the Medical School of that building. Near the altar is a brass, without inscription, for a priest. It had a curious adventure. A "gentleman," who had driven up in a carriage to the clerk's house for the church key, made an inspection of the building. When he had gone, so had the brass. Some time later another visitor saw the matrix, and declared he had at home the missing brass to fit it. He had bought the brass in Soho Square. He duly returned it, but the inscription has never been recovered. Another brass is for Thomas Warde (1541) and his wife; and in the chancel is a small one, which has also lost the inscription, with a figure of an unmarried lady which well illustrates the simple but graceful costume of the period. The gown is furnished with fur cuffs and fur round the

neck, and the hair hangs straight from the head to considerably below the waist.

Bletchingley was one of the Domesday manors of Richard de Tonbridge, and the castle, built at an unknown time, was the principal seat of the De Clares in Surrey. Nothing of it but earthworks and foundations now remains, but when Aubrey wrote, some two hundred years ago, there were remains of stone walls. There was a square Norman keep, apparently, within an enceinte of two ditches, a bank and a wall. During the Barons'

BREWER STREET FARM.

Wars in the thirteenth century, when it was held by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, it suffered at the hands of the Royalists, but was rebuilt. When it fell into utter ruin is unknown. The lines of the inner and outer moats can be traced in the grounds of Castle Hill.

On the road called Brewer Street, or Brewster Street, at a short distance from the rectory, is a fine half-timbered FARM-HOUSE, formerly the gatehouse of the old fifteenth-century manor house, of which the foundations may be traced in a meadow at the back. They convey the idea that the old

mansion was of considerable extent. Aubrey mentions it as standing in 1673, but seven years later it was demolished so entirely by Henry, Earl of Peterborough, that the old gatehouse is all that now remains standing.

Hence it is less than two miles to Godstone. Its CHURCH, a handsome stone building, which has some Early English portions, was last restored in 1872 by Sir Gilbert Scott, who added a south chancel aisle in the Decorated style. The west doorway, in Norman style, preserves a fragment of the original stone found during the restoration. The lower portion of the tower has been converted into a richly-decorated mortuary chapel, which contains a recumbent effigy in marble of Barbara St. Clair Macleary (1869), wife of the owner of Pendell Court, a mansion near Bletchingley which was built in 1624. But perhaps the most noteworthy detail in the church is the fine seventeenth-century altar-tomb in the north chancel chapel, of black and white marble, with effigies of Sir John Evelyn and his wife, Thomasin, whom he "espoused" in 1618. The knight is represented in plate armour, with a griffin at his feet, the dame in a loose robe, with a bird at her feet, and the figures are unusually fine. The monument is another instance of a *memento mori* erected during lifetime, and in this case the date of death was never inscribed. This Sir John Evelyn outlived his family and settled his estate on Mary Gittings, the lady of his affection, who sold it to the first Sir Robert Clayton of Marden. Adjoining the south side of the churchyard is a charming group of half-timbered almshouses, with a chapel erected in 1874 by the late Mrs. Hunt, of Wonham House, in memory of a daughter. Sir Gilbert Scott was the architect, and the chapel has some valuable interior decorations. A short distance to the north, and connected with the church by a field path, is Rook's Nest, at one time the residence of Sir Gilbert, and now that of the Hon. Pascoe Glyn.

GODSTONE CHURCH.

THE OLD "WHITE HART" (NOW "CLAYTON ARMS"), GODSTONE.

An avenue leads from the church, by a large embanked sheet of water known as Pond Bay, to the village, near the "CLAYTON ARMS HOTEL," an old coaching house reputed to have existed from the time of Richard II. Tradition also assigns a part of the building to that period, but Mr. C. R. B. Barrett, the author of "Highways, Byways, and Waterways" of Surrey—a work distinguished by much original observation—failed, after careful examination, to find any work later than the time of Elizabeth. He illustrates a section of the mural painting which was recently discovered behind some panelling of Queen Anne's date in one of the rooms, and a pair of fine andirons from the old kitchen, now a billiard room. The heavily-beamed and planked ceiling of the large room is the most interesting part of the house, but the whole place is a notable example of an ancient inn. The white hart couchant—the sign shown in the illustration—was the badge of Richard II., but the name was altered to "Clayton Arms" in deference to the wish of Sir Robert Clayton, of Marden Park. It is said that in 1815 the Regent, the Czar of Russia, and many royal visitors stayed at the inn on their way to Blindley Heath, about four miles from Godstone Green, to see a pugilistic encounter for the championship of England. Like Copthall Common and Crawley Down, the heath was a favourite ground for prize fights in the palmy days of the ring. The famous old inn is mentioned by Hook in "Jack Brag." The "Hare and Hounds," standing back from the road behind chestnuts, and the "Rose and Crown" and the "Bell," at the other end of the village, are all quaint and ancient buildings worthy of examination.

Godstone is a large, pleasant village, encircling an extensive green, pretty with some very fine old horse-chestnuts. It is old enough to have found its niche in Domesday Book, when it was held by Earl Eustace of Boulogne. In the usual perplexing way in which that ancient record jumbles up details, it notes

that "to this manor belongs fifteen mansions in Sudwerc and London, at six shillings, and 2,000 herrings." In 1589 it was acquired by George Evelyn, of Wotton, the father of Sir John. Subsequently it came into the possession of the Clayton family, which is at present represented by Sir William Clayton, of Marden Park. But there exist evidences of even greater antiquity. On the village green are vestiges of two small tumuli, and there are two more in the fields adjoining to the north. The remains of a fortification are visible, as previously noted, at Castle Hill, adjoining Leigh Place. An ancient Roman road, probably from Lewes and Pevensey, passed through the village, and may have gone on to London by Croydon or Woodcote. De Montfort marched by it in 1264, to fight at Lewes.

Pursuing our way eastwards from Godstone we are tempted to turn south from the high road opposite Rook's Nest to visit Tandridge Church, adjoining the park of Tandridge Court, where lived the Earl of Cottenham. It is so beautifully situated that it is worth a slight deviation. In its churchyard, hidden away among surrounding trees, is a magnificent yew, perhaps second to none in the county save that at Crowhurst. In fact, at three feet from the ground its girth is 30¼ feet, only six inches less than that at Crowhurst. Here, also, are the exquisitely carved alabaster monument to the wife (1872) of Sir Gilbert Scott, and the grave of Lord Chancellor Cottenham (1851). The church itself is an ancient stone building mainly in the Decorated style, with a north aisle designed by Sir Gilbert in 1874. Its curious feature is the Norman chancel, the eastern half of which is skewed internally but not externally. The wooden tower is said, but without convincing grounds, to be of even earlier date. The large west window also commemorates the Lord Chancellor's memory.

Turning north from the main road, and leaving Rook's Nest on our left, we can visit BARROW GREEN FARM, a picturesque

BARROW GREEN FARM.

old building which appears to date from the seventeenth century. It is built of brick and timber and plaster, partly faced with tiles, and its gable is decorated with a bargeboard of most uncommon character. It looks as if it should have a story to tell, but the writer has not been able to trace anything of its history. No doubt this district takes its name from the barrow on the Upper Greensand, called the Mount.

At a mile further we reach Oxted, with a church nearly that distance again beyond the straggling village. Many restorations have left this building an interesting study for the antiquary. It is mainly in the Decorated style, but has traces of Early English work. Not long ago the remains of a fresco round the chancel arch were brought to light; the rood steps, behind a pillar at the end of the south aisle, are still preserved; and in it there can still be seen on the south wall an indication of the gallery which formerly existed. From the chancel a curious slanting passage communicates with the north aisle, and here there are a piscina and the remains of an old arch. Some of the oldest stained glass in England has been worked into the upper east window. An external flight of steps leading to what is now the choir room will be noticed as unusual. They are not, and apparently never have been, protected by any sort of rail. In the vestry there is an ancient iron box—somewhat similar to the "treasure chests" to be seen in Knole House, in Kent—with a curious lock which entirely covers the lid and has thirteen bolts. In the south porch are the remains of a stoup, an uncommon relic in Surrey churches.

There are here many memorials of the Hoskins family, for long lords of the manor. On a large blue gravestone in the chancel is an inscription for Ann (1651), wife of Charles Hoskins, quaintly worded, "Let this patterne of piety, mapp of misery, mirrovr of patience, here rest." A brass plate, with the figures of two youths, within the altar-rails, is for sons of Sir Thomas

Hoskins, one of whom "deceased ye 10th day of Aprill Ao D'ni 1611, at ye age of five yeares, who aboute a quarter of an houre before his departure did of himself, without any instruction, speak thos wordes 'and leade us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evill,' beinge ye last wordes he spake." The brother, also "deceased" in 1611, "being halfe a year of age." On the north wall is a monument in much-faded colours representing the figures, under an arch, of a man in a gown and his dame praying before a faldstool. Beneath are their ten sons and seven daughters in similar posture. It is for John Aldersey (1616), haberdasher and merchant venturer of London, his wife Anna, and seventeen children.

The Hoskins family lived at Barrow Green—formerly the residence of George Grote, the historian—a Jacobean mansion altered in the time of George I., near the Barrow Green Farm just referred to.

In the churchyard there are several somewhat unconventional epitaphs. One is to the effect that—

> A lingering sickness gave the fatal blow,
> The stroke was mortal, but the effect came slow.

Another, the not uncommon one which bids a wife and children prepare to follow the deceased parent, recalls the couplet added by the departed one's widow and executrix, on a stone in Woolwich Churchyard:

> To follow you I'm not content,
> Unless I know which way you went.

But the most original is for another case in which surgical science would seem to have been murderous, for a long wooden "rail" bears reproachful witness that the victim below it "was cut and slayed like a lamb that was led to the slaughter."

Our next divergence from the high road is to visit Limpsfield, in a district whose "delicate, wholesome and sweet air" was much commended by old Aubrey. As we approach the church,

LIMPSFIELD CHURCH.

the last house on the right, a large white mansion with ivy-topped wall and red-tiled roof, is the Manor House, where once lived the widow of Philip Stanhope, who published the famous "Letters" which Lord Chesterfield addressed to his natural son, her husband. A narrow pathway between its grounds and the churchyard leads to "Hookwood," which was occupied by the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay, until his death in 1859. Outside THE CHURCH, against the west wall of the nave, is a monument to him; and within there is an altar-tomb with a recumbent effigy for his nephew, John, thirteenth Lord Elphinstone, Governor of Madras and Bombay, in his peer's robes. There is also a brass for George Elyott (1644), Groom of the Chamber to Queen Henrietta Maria; and in the windows is some excellent modern stained glass. The church, though restored in 1872, is one of the best worth visiting hereabouts. It is mainly Early English, and has—like Westerham Church, just over the Kentish border—a shingled spire over its Transition-Norman tower. The tower itself is in an unusual position—at the east end of the south aisle, and its ground floor must have been used as a chapel. There is still to be seen a late piscina, and a bracket which may have sustained a statue. The bells are old and of considerable interest. There is another piscina in a chantry chapel on the north side of the chancel; and in the walls of the chancel are a piscina, aumbry and sedilium, and other recesses as to whose uses opinions differ. Detilens House, opposite the "Bull Inn" in the village, has two fine chimney-pieces of chalk and some good panelling.

At Limpsfield we leave the Godstone-Maidstone road and journey due south to Crowhurst, a little village on rising ground with most pleasant views over the well-wooded Weald country all round. The church contains portions ranging from Early English to Perpendicular. An entry in the parish register, dated 1652, states that it had "lien in heaps a long time," and

was then "made plain and repaired." It was last restored in 1886, when an Early English hagioscope, of somewhat uncommon form and in a peculiar position, was discovered. The font is probably as old as the church. The early Decorated windows on the north were inserted in 1852, and the timber roof is of the same date. There are some fine fragments of stained glass, chiefly in the east window. On the floor of the nave there is a good brass to Richard Cholmley, cupbearer to Charles I.; and in the chancel there are two very fine fifteenth-century tombs, with effigies, for members of the Gaynesford family, of Crowhurst Place. Within the altar-rails, on the floor, is a curious cast-iron tomb slab, showing a rude figure in a shroud, with small kneeling figures of two sons and two daughters, and an inscription, some of the letters of which are reversed. It is for Anne Forster (1591), daughter and heir to Thomas Gaynesford. There are many repetitions of this slab in both Surrey and Sussex. In the kitchen of a farmhouse north of the church there is one used as a fire-back, and there is another at Baynards. Within the altar-rails, too, are black marble slabs for William Angell (1674), and John Angell (1670), who "bequeathed his soul to God, his body to the earth, his faith to the Carlists, and his example to his children." On the south wall is a black marble tablet for Justinian Angell, who married a daughter of John Scaldwell, of Brixton Causeway. The busy Angell Road, at Brixton, is named after her, and Crowhurst Road, just near it, was so called from her connection with the Surrey village. Like Bletchingley, Crowhurst may be congratulated on the restoration of a lost relic. In the small south aisle is a marble slab from which the brasses, with the exception of one half of a tablet, were missing. The other half was found quite recently at the mansion house previously mentioned. The tablet is to the memory of Anne, one of the six wives of Sir John Gaynesford, and daughter of Sir Thomas Fynes, Lord Dacre.

In the churchyard is the famous yew-tree, said to be the largest in Surrey, and fifteen hundred years old. If so, it may regard with paternal patronage its brother at the other Crowhurst, in Sussex, comparatively a youth of a yew, some three centuries younger. Under the Surrey veteran's branches there used to be held a fair on Palm Sundays, but this was abolished about 1850. Thirty years before the tree had been barbarously hollowed out to hold a table and a bench. In the centre was then found a cannon ball, which is preserved at the farm adjoining.

The farm, still called the Mansion House, south-east of the church, was the old manor house of the Angells, to whom there are several monuments in the church. It may date from the time of Henry VIII., but none of the large state-rooms are left. It has an enormous stack of chimneys and a picturesque yew porch, and the great kitchen fireplace, with its smoke-jack and capacious chimney-corners, still recalls the ancient glories of the place.

CROWHURST PLACE, another farmhouse, but once the stately seat of the Gaynesfords, is a mile further along our way to Lingfield. It is one of the most picturesque old moated buildings in the southern counties. Though the Gaynesfords only became lords of the manor in 1337, they must have resided hereabouts from a much earlier period. The house, which is of the time of Henry VII., or possibly somewhat before that, is partly timbered and partly of brick, with a tile and Horsham stone roof. Much of the surrounding wall remains, and the moat is still in perfect condition, no little of the beauty of the house being due to some of its walls rising directly out of the water. The great hall has been floored over about half way up, though about 1700, when Aubrey wrote, it was open to the roof; but the well-designed original roof remains. One of the windows at the top of the stairs from the "entrye" has still the three ostrich plumes of the Prince of Wales—possibly of the time of James I.—with

the words "Hic Dien" across the quills. Each quarry of the glazing shows the badge of the Gaynesfords—the grapnel with double flukes, attached to two ropes or tassels. The house contains some very ancient furniture; and the old settee—perhaps the original daïs seat—is still fixed to the wall, in accordance with the custom of those days. Henry VIII., says tradition, frequently visited Crowhurst Place on his way to Hever Castle, four miles distant, to court the unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

Some three miles further south is Lingfield, distinguished by a fine church, about which are several quaint timbered houses, and the old "Star Inn," which still retains much of its original character. The fifteenth-century houses north of the church, said to have been the monks' residence, were in 1897 restored by their owner to almost their original form when they were but one building. In the village is a remarkable butcher's shop, probably built for the purposes of trade, which may date from about 1520. Its timbers are filled in with bricks of various patterns, and some of its projecting beam ends rest on pillars which are picturesquely bowed with age.

The church—mainly Perpendicular, with a fine spire—is of considerable interest, having been made collegiate, and probably rebuilt in 1431, by Sir Reginald Cobham and his second wife, Anne Bardolf. The original foundation was for a provost, six chaplains, and "certain clerks of the Carthusian order." The college, which stood to the west of the church, was taken down in the reign of George I., and a farmhouse built on its site. Seven handsome pointed arches separate the nave of the church from the north aisle, and a wooden screen divides it from the chancel. The large east window has some remains of stained glass, with a woman in a sitting posture holding a cithern. The church is paved with square red brick. The pulpit is of carved oak; and the ancient oaken lectern has a chain to which the old black-letter bible was attached. The movable seats of several of the

members of the college's stalls, of which eleven remain, are perfect, with their subsellæ carved in high relief with heads of ecclesiastics, armorial bearings, flowers, and other decorations. There is a curious octagonal font; and set in the chancel floor are some roughly-executed figures in green and yellow, "supposed to be collegiate remains."

Few churches in Surrey contain more interesting memorials, two to the Cobhams being especially worthy of notice. One is the Perpendicular altar-tomb of Reginald, first Lord Cobham of Sterborough (1361), one of the earliest Knights of the Garter, who so distinguished himself at Cressy and Poictiers. The garter is shown on the left leg of the effigy, and at its feet is the Oriental figure of the "Soldan," the family crest, perhaps traditional of the Crusades. The other is a later altar-tomb of alabaster, with the effigies of the founders of the college, Sir Reginald Cobham (1446) and Anne his wife. He was the only son of the second lord, but apparently was not summoned to the Upper House. On a monument to William Widuellus (1662) there is a modest appeal to—

> Desist those prophane feet, forbeare
> To fowle this hallowed marble, where
> Lies virtues, goodness, honours hiere.
> 'Cause the world was not worthy him to have,
> The great Jehovah shutt him in this grave.

There are many brasses for members of the Cobham family or for masters of the college, among them one for Reginald, second Lord Cobham (1403), a good specimen of early plate armour; another for Elizabeth Stafford (1376), first wife of the second baron, and one for Eleanor Culpeper (1420), the founder's first wife. Sterborough Castle, the ancient seat of the Cobhams, is about two miles east of Lingfield. Sir John Cobham obtained leave to embattle his house there in 1342. It was of a type of which no example exists in Surrey—that is, a concentric castle,

as it is called, in which the keep of a Norman castle is not found, and the strength of the defences consisted in the encircling walls, flanked by semicircular towers, and usually strengthened either by outworks, or by an inner ward of the same construction. This castle was garrisoned for the Parliament at the outbreak of the Civil Wars, and dismantled in 1648, with Reigate, for the same reason—that it might not serve as a rallying-point for the Royalists. The present house is modern. Nothing remains of the old place but the moat and some traces of foundations.

Lingfield Racecourse, south of the railway station, was established (after racing was banished from Croydon) under National Hunt Rules in 1890, and for flat racing four years later, when it was enlarged. It possesses one of the best "straight miles" in the country.

Traces of the extinct Surrey industry of iron-working have cropped up in these pages at Chiddingfold and elsewhere, and the subject is also closely associated with Lingfield. In Sussex and Kent there is little doubt that iron was worked before the Norman conquest of Britain and by the Romans during their occupation. But the earliest actual record of ironworks in Surrey is at Newdigate in 1553. In 1562 inhabitants of Kingston complained of the increased cost of firewood and charcoal, owing to the iron-mills set up in the county. "If spedie remedie be nott hadd nowe at this tyme," they pleaded, "youre seid suppliauntes sholl have nether wood nor coles." There are other indications that Surrey was becoming in parts a manufacturing county, and that iron-mills were being set up in increasing numbers. The sixteen great pieces of ordnance in the possession of Sir Thomas Carwarden at Bletchingley have already been referred to. They may have been made at Lingfield, Godstone, or Burstow, or at Worth in Sussex. The same seams of iron were worked over the county border, partly in Lingfield parish and partly in Worth parish. The same water-

power was dammed in different places to afford a blast for the bellows of the furnace and power for the hammer and the forge. Forge Pond was in Lingfield parish, Furnace Pond over the border, in Worth. Both were made by damming the same stream. Everywhere in the neighbourhood of a furnace the work of the colliers, or charcoal-burners, was carried on. Coal invariably meant charcoal; pit-coal was called sea-coal in the sixteenth century. The repressive Acts of Elizabeth, their strict enforcement by Charles I., the destruction in 1643 by Sir William Waller of the iron-works belonging to Royalists, the increasing cost of fuel, the badness of the roads in the Weald—all these led up to the death of the industry in Surrey. The discovery of the possibility of smelting iron with coal, completed about 1735, added to the advantages held out by other fields of production. Finally, the want of patriotism on the part of iron-masters, who smuggled over iron guns to France in war-time, and so caused a Government contract for naval guns to be transferred in 1779 to the Carron Works in Scotland, gave about the deathblow to a Surrey industry in which the Lingfield district was greatly concerned.

On the green at Plaistow Street, half a mile south-west of Lingfield, under a huge and picturesque oak which is only kept standing by great props that support its branches, was once a cross. "The cross itself is gone," says Hussey, "but below the foot of it, covered by a modern tiled roof, is a small sandstone building, barely large enough to shelter two, or possibly three, worshippers. This yet retains the appellation of St. Peter's Cross, the parish church having been dedicated to St. Peter." The "small sandstone building" was afterwards used as THE VILLAGE CAGE, though how the evildoers were induced to regulate their offences in view of the limited accommodation of the lock-up, is not clear. There may have been a general understanding for outbursts in rotation, by twos, or even by threes, if the offending

trio were of average size. Common enough at one time, these village cages now exist in comparatively few places, and the one illustrated is a particularly interesting survivor. It has long outlasted the stocks and whipping-post, which also stood under the old oak.

SECTION X.

CROYDON.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven.

KEATS.

WHITGIFT HOSPITAL, FROM GEORGE STREET.

EARLY CROYDON: THE PALACE: THE CHURCH: WHITGIFT HOSPITAL: CROYDON CHASE: CHURCH DISCIPLINE: CHARCOAL BURNING: THE CANAL AND RAILWAY: JERRY ABERSHAWE: TWO INNS: BEDDINGTON.

AS we commenced our perambulation at Kingston, so conveniently near London, we may end it at Croydon, which practically adjoins the metropolis. There are ten and a half miles of roadway between the Royal Exchange and the Whitgift Hospital, and along the whole of this distance there is no break in the long lines of houses, save a stretch of a quarter of a mile between Streatham and Norbury. To all intents and purposes Croydon and London are now continuous. So essentially abreast of the times in every respect is the feverishly busy town, so unequivocally does it live in its present, with a keen eye on the possibilities of the future, that it requires no little imaginative

effort to invest it now with the glamour of its past. The swirl of its traffic and trade has swept away many of its interesting relics of bygone days; and indifference, one must regretfully add, has allowed other precious heirlooms to decay or perish. But the romance of old-world Croydon can never altogether be destroyed.

In the far away days of "once upon a time" there may have dwelt in the district some of the earliest inhabitants (not the very earliest, as the Eölithic man has now his claim to a share of our soil) of this island, for the gravel of Thornton Heath has yielded evidences of the presence of Palæolithic men—beings who at least had intelligence enough to chip flints to a symmetrical shape, and are thought to have borne a resemblance to the modern Esquimaux. Then England was not an island, and between it and the continent of Europe was no sea—only valleys with rivers running through them fed by many streams. These were the days when the elk and reindeer (which link us to the older and colder period when Arctic conditions prevailed), the Irish deer, the bison, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, and other such "wild fowl" roamed at large where now even the domestic dog is subjected to irritating restrictions. Across dry land and streams came the Neolithic men, a hardy race who brought with them the animals they had domesticated and the cereals they could cultivate. They found water in plenty, a supply of flints for their arrow-heads, birds and beasts that their primitive weapons could slay for food, timber to be burnt for fuel or hollowed out for canoes—maybe pieced together for huts. They were advanced enough to use grindstones to give their flint weapons a high polish. The land was fair to look upon and to dwell in, but the comparatively barbaric Palæolithic men were in possession. Then happened what has occurred even in modern times, and before the "advance of civilization" the earlier possessors succumbed. With the energy and decision of

born colonists the Newer Stone Men dispossessed the Old Stone Men—and exterminated them. Apparently about all that was left of the earliest settlers at Croydon was an axe-head found in 1897 in the gravel from the Thornton Heath pits; and of the Neolithic men a flint celt found at Bandon Hill.

The history of these early periods is indeed an apt exemplification of the surviving of the fittest. Another wave of invaders swept over our land, and they in turn overcame the long-headed Neolithic race. These were the Celtic people, infinitely superior in their possession of rounded skulls, with fair hair as a covering. Moreover, they were taller and stronger than their predecessors. They are believed to have belonged to the original Aryan race, whose birthplace was Southern Asia. Their weapons were made of bronze, and were no doubt more persuasive than anything known to date, but they were not above using polished stone implements also. That the Bronze-Age men found out the site we are interested in is assumed from the bronze spear-head and other of their relics found in excavating for a house opposite Beddington Rectory, and from similar discoveries at Wickham Park, now housed in the British Museum.

As they became acclimatized these early Celtic folk became more civilized, and being of an inventive turn of mind they discovered the use of iron. But again, in turn, they had to give way to the inrush of other tribes, and by the time written history begins, the holders of the district were possibly the Cantii, of Cantium or Kent, Brythonic Celts, with a language akin to the modern languages of Wales and Brittany, who had at some unknown period mastered the older races. Their manners and customs were not all commendable, but they were far from being absolute savages. They worked iron in the Wealden forest. They had war-chariots, and necessarily some sort of roads. They coined money; they traded with Gaul; and a little later than Cæsar's time they exported not only slaves, horses, and dogs,

but corn to the Continent. They certainly stained their bodies with woad; but, as Mr. Malden points out, we do not call the sailors of Nelson's days savages, though they had their chests and arms covered with strange patterns tattooed with gunpowder. The Celts—or British, as they are generally called—have left scarcely any undoubted traces of their presence here, though it is argued that there are traces of their language in one or two place-names. An old British track, a feeder of the main road which in later times came to be called the Pilgrims' Way, passed through part of the district, perhaps to Woodcote. British coins have been found on Croydon Downs.

Important Roman remains discovered from time to time show that it was a place of no mean importance in those days. At Beddington, thirty years ago, were found the traces of a fine Roman villa; on Croham Farm was discovered a small vessel lying with a Roman skeleton; and there have been other finds, including coins of all periods of the Roman occupation. At Woodcote there used to be extensive Roman remains, still even in Aubrey's time existing, and it is probable here was the Noviomagus of the Itinerary of Antoninus. More than one important Roman road traversed the district.

After the withdrawal of the Romans in 448 came the Jutes, the Angles and the Saxons, each finding a natural track open for them from their landing-place on Kentish shores westward along the ridge of the Chalk Downs. They must have touched Croydon, leaving here and there various evidences of their former presence. So many Saxon words are enshrined in place-names here that there can be no doubt it early attracted the attention of those settlers. Shirley is the wooded boundary; Selhurst the dwelling in the wood; Norwood the north wood—in contradistinction perhaps to the great southern forest of Andreadswald. Haling from its Saxon origin suggests a holy place once dedicated to the rites and services of our Druidical ancestors' deities; Waddon

recalls the Pagan worship of Woden, the great Anglo-Saxon god of war. In 1862 two hundred and fifty well-preserved silver pennies, many of them dating from the early years of Alfred the Great, were found during the cutting of the Thornton Heath Railway. On Farthing Downs are several tumuli of Anglo-Saxon age, and remains of places of interment of that period have been found at Beddington. On the chalk formation in Surrey a number of barrows have been found, but nowhere so many as the twenty-five that formerly existed on the hills above Addington. In and about the Croydon High Street numerous skeletons and coffins have been unearthed, the hill above the ancient site of the village having no doubt been a place of Saxon sepulture. In 1893-4 workmen came upon several ancient places of interest in cutting the Eridge Road on the Elms estate, the site of the residence of the late Sir Thomas Eridge. Among the finds were Roman remains which included a small, urn-shaped vessel of brown Upchurch ware, a vase, and two bottles; and twelve iron shield bosses, three swords, and spear-heads of Saxon date.

The earliest historical reference to Croydon is found in a Saxon document dating from about 962, the joint will of Beorhtric and Ælfswyth, where the place is mentioned as "Crogdæne," the "winding valley." The will is witnessed by Ælfleis, "a priest of Crogdœne," from which it would appear that a church existed then, though there is no evidence as to how and when it was founded. It is worth recalling that in the Domesday Survey sixty-four churches are mentioned at fifty-nine places in Surrey; and of these no less than ten were included in the Hundred of Wallington. They were Banstead, Beddington, Carshalton, Chaldon, Cheam, Coulsdon, Croydon, Merton, Sutton, and Woodmansterne. In all these places the existing churches represent the eleventh-century building on the same or a neighbouring site. As to Croydon the Survey records that it had a church, and that Archbishop Lanfranc "holds in demesne

Croindene." Thenceforward the story of the place is written in its ecclesiastical history.

There is probably no place in the kingdom—with the exception, of course, of Lambeth—whose association with many occupants of the throne of St. Augustine has been of so personal a character or has extended over so great a length of time. From the time when Lanfranc held the manor it may be doubted whether there was ever any considerable period, except a short one during the Commonwealth, when Croydon was neither the property nor the summer residence of the archbishops—that is, up to the disastrous year 1780, when a special Act of Parliament was passed to enable them to get rid of their ancient heritage. And it must be remembered how all-important a part the great ecclesiastical houses like that at Croydon played as centres that dominated their surroundings. All Farnham, for instance, depended upon the castle of the Bishop of Winchester. Chertsey was the creation of the great abbey. The Cistercian house of Waverley made an oasis of cultivation and hospitality in the midst of the wildernesses of the Lower Greensand. At Reigate the priory shared the importance of the place with the castle, by whose lord it had been founded. The abbey at Sheen and the priories at Newark and Guildford were all centres of life and employment for their respective neighbourhoods.

In what kind of primitive church, and to what kind of primitive congregation did Ælfleis minister? Probably in one of the rough wooden structures that were churches before stone was thought of. But between the "Priest of Crogdœne" of nearly a thousand years ago and the Lanfranc of the Survey, and from Lanfranc's death in 1089 to the accession of Stephan Langton, there are in Croydon's history gaps which cannot be filled in with certainty. Thenceforward incidents accumulate. Lanfranc may have founded the palace, but Kilwardby, who placed the crown on the head of Edward I., is the first prelate of

whose residence here there is any proof. He issued a mandate from Croydon in 1283. Peckham held an ordination here in the same year. Reynolds, who obtained a grant of a market for Croydon on Tuesdays, was tutor to Edward II. Here also lived Archbishop Sudbury, who was beheaded on Tower Hill by Wat Tyler's mob. Courtenay received the pallium in its great hall shortly after his appointment to the see in 1382. He should be remembered by Croydon, for he perhaps remodelled its parish church and contributed to the rebuilding of its palace. Arundel (1397-1413), the bitter persecutor of the Lollards and the chief instrument in procuring the horrible Act for the burning of heretics, built, or at any rate completed, the guard-room of the palace, where the unhappy James I. of Scotland passed in Arundel's keeping part of his fourteen years' imprisonment on English soil. Reginald Peacock was consecrated in the chapel in 1414. Chicheley, the shepherd boy who became an archbishop and the friend and adviser of his king, Henry V., completed the rebuilding of the parish church. Stafford (1443-52) rebuilt the great hall, or at any rate repaired and beautified it, practically putting the finishing touch to the palace. Kemp, the mainstay of the Lancastrians, dated most of his acts from Croydon or Lambeth. Bourchier, who lived here, placed the crown upon the head of Edward IV., officiated at the coronation of Richard III., and afterwards crowned that king's successful rival, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who became Henry VII. It was Bourchier, also, who united in marriage the representatives of the White and Red Roses, Henry VII. and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. Archbishop Morton, who occasionally lived here, planned the sagacious design of raising Henry Tudor to the throne, and of uniting the rival factions of York and Lancaster by the marriage which Bourchier celebrated. Warham, another occupant of the palace, officiated at the marriage and subsequent coronation of Henry VIII. and Katharine. Hence Cranmer

(1553-56) was summoned to attend Henry VIII. at Westminster, but ere he could arrive the king was speechless, having previously declared, "I will see no one but Cranmer, and not him yet." And at Croydon Palace Cranmer examined, on a charge of heresy, "that most learned confessor and most constant martyr," John Frith, who afterwards suffered martyrdom at Smithfield. Burnet tells us that one Andrew Hewet, an apprentice, suffered with him, and that when they were brought to the stake Frith expressed great delight at his approaching martyrdom, and in a transport of joy hugged the faggots as the instruments that were to send him to eternal rest. By the irony of fate, twenty-three years after the examination of Frith, Cranmer went to his own martyrdom, and showed that he, too, knew how to die.

Archbishop Cranmer handed over to Henry VIII. Croydon Park, in exchange for some other lands, and probably he gave it and the palace to his first wife, Katharine of Aragon. This ill-fated queen visited Croydon during the interval between the death of her first husband, Prince Arthur, Henry VII.'s son, and her marriage to Henry. Before and after her accession to the throne Queen Mary more than once visited, or resided at, the old palace, her mother's dower house. It had been the custom of her predecessors to devote the summer months to "progresses" through different counties, but these journeys were a considerable tax on those who had to furnish provisions at inadequate prices and to provide for the transport of the court and the crowd that accompanied it. Curiously enough, the queen who is known to posterity as "Bloody Mary" on this account denied herself the gratification of these pompous journeys, and generally confined her excursions to Croydon, where she used to walk out with her maids, without any distinction of dress, visiting the poor. According to Lingard it was "Bloody Mary" who "enquired into their circumstances, relieved their wants, spoke in their

favour to her officers, and often when the family was numerous apprenticed at her own expense such of the children as were of promising dispositions." By a special grant of Edward VI., the palace and park reverted to Archbishop Cranmer.

Archbishop Parker (1559-75) was one of the prelates who had the questionable honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth, and he was sorely troubled to find the requisite number of rooms with "chymeneys" for her numerous retinue. And on one occasion when she left she took leave of the archbishop's lady with the cryptic words, "And you—madam I may not call you, and mistress I am ashamed to call you—but yet I do thank you." It is said that "the fair vestal" disapproved of the marriage of clergymen. Edward Grindal, Parker's successor, took umbrage at Elizabeth's interference with the internal affairs of his diocese, and he dared to remind her that she was mortal. She acted like a mortal and a woman, and the spirited archbishop was confined to his house and sequestrated for six months. Elizabeth, however, seems to have afterwards overlooked the offending truism, and Grindal was restored to something like his proper ecclesiastical position. He resigned his primacy, on becoming totally blind, in 1583, but petitioned the queen to allow him to continue to use the palace. It was no wholesome house, he said, and that both he and his predecessors had found by experience, but it was conveniently near London, "whither he must often repair, or send to have some help of physic." Apparently the help was unavailing, for he died the same year, having willed his body "to be buried in the Quere of the Parish Church of Croydon, without any solempne herse or funeral pompe."

He was succeeded by an archbishop whose name is more familiar in the ears of Croydon people than any other in the long succession from Augustine to Dr. Temple, an archbishop whose noble Schools and Hospital constitute still a lasting

monument of the affection in which he held a place associated with him only in his official capacity—not, as in the case of Abbot and Guildford, by any claims of birth, or education, or early surroundings. John Whitgift (1583-1604) was a native of Lincolnshire, and was educated in London and at Cambridge. Preferment was showered upon him—the deanery of Lincoln, the bishopric of Worcester, and finally the primacy itself. Macaulay dismisses him as "a narrow-minded, mean, and tyrannical priest," but he judged him by modern standards of toleration and comprehension. Whitgift, says Mr. Sydney Lee, "conceived it to be his bounden duty to enforce the law of the land in ecclesiastical matters sternly and strictly." Those who stood nearer to him than Macaulay in point of time, and had ample opportunity of judging his motives and circumstances, bear very different witness, and one at least, Isaac Walton, goes so far as to claim that "he was noted to be prudent and affable, and gentle by nature." When Queen Elizabeth visited him he entertained her with princely lavishness, yet he called the inmates of his hospital his "brothers and sisters"; and "when the Queen descended to that lowliness to dine with him," says Walton, "would next day show the like lowliness to his poor brothers and sisters of Croydon, and dine with them at his Hospital, at which you may believe there was joy at the table." Unlike Grindal, he did not merely tolerate his palace at Croydon. On the contrary, he wrote with enthusiasm of "the sweetness of the place, especially in summer time." Always something of a courtier, he retained to the end the fickle regard of Elizabeth. To Whitgift, indeed, she is reported to have revealed "the very secrets of her soul"; and it was he who attended her on her deathbed and was principal mourner at her funeral. He lived to place the crown on the head of James I. in Westminster Abbey, and to see the opening of the Hampton Court Conference in 1604.

How the foundation of Whitgift in Croydon influenced Abbot in his similar benefaction at Guildford has already been mentioned. Abbot studied with the utmost care the plans and statutes of his predecessor, and having, moreover, more money, produced at Guildford a nobler and more richly decorated range of buildings. Like Whitgift, he was fond of his residence at Croydon, and on his accession he cut down the trees which environed it and concealed it from view. He died at the palace in 1633. Of his immediate successor, a tragic episode is recorded in Laud's own diary. During the consecration of Bishop Montague for Chichester, news came of the murder of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton, and tradition adds that the messenger made his way up the chapel to the communion rails and handed his missive across them to the primate. Laud was archbishop from 1633 until his execution twelve years later.

During the Commonwealth the confiscated palace was leased first to Charles, Earl of Nottingham, and afterwards to Sir William Brereton, "a notable man at a thanksgiving dinner," says an old Cavalier pamphlet, "having terrible long teeth, and a prodigious stomach, to turn the Archbishop's Chapel at Croydon into a kitchen ; also to swallow up that palace and lands at a morsel." He represented Cheshire in Parliament, and during the Civil War as a commander was successful in most of his operations. For this he received various posts and grants as a reward, among them being Croydon. He may have had terrible long teeth and a proportionate appetite, but it may be doubted whether he sacrificed the chapel to them, as it shows no signs of having been converted into a kitchen. Brereton died at Croydon in 1661, and tradition says that his body, while being taken to Handforth Chapel in Cheshire, was carried away by a flood and has not yet reached its destination, or at all events has not reached Cheshire.

From the restitution of the property to Juxon (1660) at the Restoration until its abandonment as an archiepiscopal residence

on the death of Hutton in 1758, is a period of no particular incident. Juxon restored the chapel and lived here; and Archbishops Wake, Herring, and Hutton also in turn occupied the mansion of many tenants. In 1780, under an Act of Parliament, the palace, the outbuildings, six acres of land and certain water-rights were sold to Mr. Abraham Pitches for £2,500, and the Addington estate purchased with the money. This property was in turn got rid of on the accession of Dr. Temple, so that the last link which for centuries bound Croydon to the temporalities of the see of Canterbury has at last been finally broken.

Afterwards the historic old residence of the primates at Croydon was used as an armoury, a parish-room, and lastly as a bleaching ground and laundry. By 1887 some of it had been pulled down, and what was left was rapidly falling into decay. It was then bought from the Starey family by the Duke of Newcastle, and devoted to the purpose of a second grade day girls' school in connection with the Kilburn sisterhood; who, it is a pleasure to say, show a reverent anxiety for its preservation. But the old palace is a national heritage, and its proper preservation can never be permanently guaranteed until some responsible public authority is patriotic enough to acquire and cherish it.

With the exception of the gateway little of the palace has actually been destroyed save servants' apartments and stabling. The house itself stands almost in its entirety. No appreciable part of it is apparently older than the fourteenth century. The Great Banqueting Hall, with its fine open-timber roof, has no rival in the county. The Guard Chamber, perhaps the oldest building in the palace, looks out into two strangely-picturesque little courts, on the far side of the more southerly of which is the site of the original Long Gallery where Elizabeth, it is said, danced "galliards" with her courtiers, and where she bestowed the Great Seal on Sir Christopher Hatton in 1587, after its refusal by Whitgift. This Long Gallery—which is now cut up

into a number of apartments—was rebuilt by Archbishop Wake (1715-1737). On the north of the second of the two little courts is the now sadly-dilapidated chapel, which may have been built by Archbishop Bourchier (1454-1486).

The old parish church was, through the humble instrumentality of a heating stove, burnt almost to the ground in 1867, but it was rebuilt by the late Sir Gilbert Scott with close fidelity to the original design, though lengthened towards the east. Perhaps the most regrettable incident of the conflagration was the destruction of the monuments of Archbishops Grindal, Whitgift, and Sheldon. That of Whitgift has at last been tardily restored, but Sheldon's is still a mere battered effigy, whilst the few poor fragments of Grindal's are said to be now packed away in a cellar. The present church is unsurpassed in Surrey in its scale and general magnificence—except, of course, by the Priory Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, which belongs more properly to London. The great western tower, which was practically uninjured by the fire, and its buttresses have been recently cleared of their Roman cement and restored in honest stone. The tower is held to be, beyond all argument, the finest in Surrey. The north and south porches also escaped destruction in the fire, but the former has since been extensively restored. On the other hand, the interior of the south porch is perhaps the only portion of the church which any longer exhibits traces of visible antiquity. There is above it a parvise chamber. Inside a few details still happily bear witness to the historic continuity of the fabric. Such, for example, is the piscina in the south nave aisle, in the neighbourhood of Sheldon's monument; the circular-headed niche to the east of the south door; and the corresponding niche, on the north of the church, surmounted by a canopy of exquisitely delicate workmanship. The two latter have perhaps been holy-water stoups.

The oldest of the monuments, and in some respects the most remarkable, is the only pre-Reformation memorial, with the

exception of brasses, now existing in the church—the beautiful recessed altar-tomb in the south wall of the Chapel of St. Nicholas. It is probably to Hugh Warham (*circa* 1537), of Church Oakley, Hants, and Haling, Croydon; a brother of the archbishop. It was less affected by the fire because it is of stone, not marble or alabaster. Close at hand, though not on its original site, is the restored Whitgift monument. This gorgeous example of Renaissance magnificence—overloaded with colour, ornament, and heraldic device—was restored by Mr. Oldrid Scott in 1888. The original was almost destroyed by the fire, but portions of the body are believed to be old. Mr. Corbet Anderson, whose authority may be unhesitatingly accepted, characterizes the monument—which was almost a facsimile of Grindal's—as "staring and pompous, and tricked out with all the gewgaw tinsel of a false taste." Within an iron railing at the east end of the south nave aisle are collected the battered effigy and some other fragments of the magnificent tomb of Archbishop Sheldon (1663-1677). Mr. Anderson gives it unstinted praise, and rates the sculpture of the skulls in the central compartment with that of the marbles from the Parthenon at Athens, executed in the days of Pericles by Phidias and his school. Among the brasses is a small inscription to Ellis Davy (1455), formerly fixed to an altar-tomb in the church. Mr. Davy, a mercer of London, endowed the town with an almshouse, yet his tomb, though less injured by the fire than most of the others, was allowed to "disappear" during the rebuilding. In the older church many consecrations occurred in early times, and from the long list of divines may be singled out the name of Myles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, the translator of the first entire Bible printed in English.

Whitgift, it has already been noted, loved Croydon well, and "after he had builded his hospital and school there," says Stow, "he loved the place even better." Modern Croydon, which

WHITGIFT HOSPITAL, THE QUADRANGLE.

allowed the Davy tomb to disappear, sanctioned the recent removal from George Street of the old Whitgift School-house. But the charming old HOSPITAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY is happily still left, having so far withstood the clamorous claims of wider streets for shops and tram-lines. The foundation stone was laid in 1596, and the structure was completed, three years later, in the archbishop's own lifetime, he being unwilling, as he expressly informed Stow, to be a "cause of their damnation" to his executors. The accounts for the building, which are still extant, show that its cost, including the School-house, was £2,116. The wonderfully quaint old almshouse, rivalled by no other in Surrey save the one it inspired at Guildford, consists of a single red-brick quadrangle, the west front of which is relieved by the founder's initials worked into a gable end with vitrified brick, by the arms of Whitgift quartered with Canterbury, and by the appropriate Latin reminder over the gateway that "he who giveth to the poor shall not want." Only one of the old chimneys remains; all the others are modern. The great oak doors, apparently original, are closed every night at nine o'clock. On the right, on entering the quadrangle, is the curious iron alms-box over three hundred years old. The special points of interest are the Chapel, the Dining Hall, and the room in the warden's apartments above it. The chapel is small and plain. It is, however, remarkable for remaining, with the exception of a fatuous modern porch, very much in its original condition. Even the rough wooden benches, without backs, are apparently quite untouched. At the west end is a rather striking portrait of the archbishop standing in front of a table, on which is a collection of strange-looking contemporary writing implements. On the north wall is a much faded and unidentified portrait of a lady in Elizabethan costume. More than one writer has, without malice, pronounced her to be the founder's daughter, regardless of the fact that he was a bachelor to the day of his death. The dining-

hall and the interesting old room above it contain much oak panelling, much of the fine original furniture, some curious fragments of painted glass, and a number of ancient muniments connected with the hospital.

The old manor of Lanfranc and the later prelates is still recalled by Park Hill (now built over), which perpetuates Croydon Park, the "chase" or hunting-ground for the ecclesiastical sportsmen. That they were addicted to sport we have already seen in the case of Abbot, but there is no record that a keepers' office at Croydon was so fatal as at Bramshill Park. Custodians of these parks were regularly appointed, and in 1352 the famous Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, who so summarily put an end to the insurrectionary aspirations of Wat Tyler, filled that post. The emoluments of the office were a lodge, all the small wood, the bark of all trees felled, and grass for two cows. To this was added, in specie, twopence per day.

The sterner side of ecclesiastical custom shows itself in the terrible harshness with which the discipline of the Church was wont to be enforced. Old parish registers tell how persons convicted of "grievous and notorious crimes" were required to stand in a conspicuous place in the church attired in a white sheet, and carrying a faggot, and in the presence of the parishioners to make, in a prescribed form of words, public acknowledgment of the wrong committed. Grindal ordered the guilty person to be "set directly over against the pulpit during the sermon or homily, and there stand bareheaded with the sheet, or other accustomed note of difference, and that upon some board raised a foot and a half at least above the church floor." The Croydon register of 1597—Whitgift's time—curtly suggests the tragic effect of such humiliation in the case of a woman who had pleaded guilty to immorality. "Margaret Sherioux," it says, "was buried 23rd June. She was enjoyned to stand iij market days in the town and iij Saboathe daies in the church, in a white sheete, with a

paper on her back and bosom showing her sinne. . . . She stood one Saturday and one Sunday, and died the nexte."

Beyond the story of Palace, Church, and Hospital there is little that can be said of bygone Croydon in association with any of its existing buildings; but interesting glimpses of it flash out occasionally from the pages of history. John de Warenne, who was brought up with Edward I.'s sons in Guildford Castle, had an only son who was killed in a tournament at Croydon in 1285, leaving by his wife three daughters and a posthumous son, who succeeded his grandfather as John de Warenne, the second Earl of Surrey and Warenne. When Henry III., in 1264, was defeated at Lewes, the Londoners, in spite of the victory of their party, were completely routed and driven off the field by Prince Edward. They rallied at Bletchingley, upon the castle of their ally De Clare, and fell back thence to Croydon. The king had made his submission to the barons, and ordered his garrison to evacuate Tonbridge. The garrison, however, on their march westward, heard that the Londoners were at Croydon, and turning north surprised them, slew many, and took much spoil. In 1588, when the Armada was threatening our coast, orders were issued for the assembling of 856 footmen at Godstone, and the same number at Reigate, but Croydon was honoured with 2,500 foot and 120 horse, though it is doubtful if so many ever assembled. In 1647 General Fairfax made Croydon his headquarters.

From the records of peace something is learnt of what was for centuries the staple industry of Croydon—charcoal burning. How long ago it was in existence is shown by the lines of Alexander Barclay, who died at Croydon in 1522—

> When I in youth in Croidon town did dwell,
> In Croidon I heard the collier preach.

In these olden times the High Street was much lower in level than the present thoroughfare, and it extended westwards towards

Beddington. In view of the importance of the modern main street, with its fine buildings and restless traffic, the Croydonian of to-day may well regard with satisfied complacency the fact that in 1534 the High Street was accurately described as "only a bridle path running through the fields." The houses had wooden steps to them, and on the rising of the little stream at Wandle people had to cross on planks. The inhabitants were smiths and "colliers," or charcoal-burners, and the most characteristic calling that of the charcoal trade. Until 1897 there was a curious reminiscence of it in an old building which stood on a plot of ground almost adjoining Thornton Heath Railway Station. On the gable of the house was the date 1590, at which time it was, according to tradition, the wayside resort of Dick Turpin and his gang. Later it was the residence of the original John Gilpin, the hero of another ride, immortalized by Cowper and even more famous than the mythical gallop to York. The Gilpin family were for many generations connected with Croydon, and an ancient chalice in the parish church records that it was given by one John Gilpin. The old house was known as "Colliers' Water," and part of the road in which it stood is still called Colliers' Water Lane. On the site of the house is still a cairn of stones, under which lie the remains of one Grimes, a collier, who also had lived in the house when all around was woodland. It is said that he made so much smoke as to be a nuisance to his aristocratic neighbour at Croydon Palace, and when he died he was not allowed to be buried in consecrated ground. "Grim, the collier of Croydon," is the title of a comedy written about 1662, and there were many other references to the Croydon charcoal-burners in that and the seventeenth century. Hannay, in the time of Charles II., writes of—

> Croydon clothed in blacke,
> In a low bottom sinke of all these hills;
> And is receipt of all the durtie wracke
> Which from their tops still in abundance trills—

his picture being coloured with burning charcoal. In "Locrine," a play published in 1595,

> The colliers of Croydon,
> The rustics of Roydon—

are mentioned. "Marry, quoth hee that looked like Lucifer, though I am black I am not the Devill, but indeed a collyer of Croydon," says Greene in his "Quip for an Upstart Courtier." And Crowley, in his "Satirical Epigrams" (1551), speaks of—

> The Collier that at Croydon doth dwell,
> Men think he is cousin to the Collier of Hell.

The charcoal trade existed at least to 1783, for Ducarel, the local antiquary, wrote that then Croydon was "surrounded by hills well covered with wood, whereof great store of charcoal is made." Probably, however, it died out at about the end of that century, by which time the use of Newcastle, or "sea" coal, had become nearly general.

The Croydon canal, opened in 1809, is another feature of commercial Croydon that is only recalled now by the few remnants left of it. It ran from what is now the West Croydon Railway Station to Deptford, but succumbed to the greater facilities of railways, and locomotives now flash along part of its old bed. The towing path still appears as a footpath on the east side of the railway between St. James's Road and Gloucester Road, and there are portions of the actual waterway still left near Norwood Junction and at Anerley.

More interesting is the fact that Croydon can boast of the first public iron railway in Surrey—not a railway traversed by locomotive engines, but a literal rail way, or tramway as we call it now. Similar roads had existed for some time in the North, the property of colliery-owners, running from the pits to harbours, or navigable rivers, and used by the proprietors only. In 1802 an Act of Parliament authorized the construction of an iron railway from Croydon to Wandsworth for the use of the public. Its

principal object was to convey lime and building materials from Croydon to the Thames, and several manufactories of various kinds stood near it, and used it to some extent. It was so successful that it was shortly extended to Merstham, and there was discussed a further project for connecting the Wey and Arun Canal, by a branch through Horsham, with the terminus of the railway at Merstham. But the scheme never got any further. The extension of the railway to Merstham was not successful. The gradients were thought too steep, and the amount of traffic was not remunerative. Steam power, even by fixed engines, was not thought of; the traction was all by horse-power. Though it was remarked how immensely horse-power was increased by the new invention, yet the experiment was considered a failure. In 1805 it is recorded that, for a wager, one horse drew sixteen loaded waggons, a total weight of above fifty-five tons, from the "Fox" at Merstham to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-one minutes. But this was downhill. One horse could not have pulled them up at all, and there was nothing worth sending up in them. The experiment inspired a contemporary writer to foresee the improbability of railways ever coming into general use. Thirty-three years later he would have seen the folly of prophesying, for then was started, also in Surrey, the earliest railway worked by locomotive engines in the London neighbourhood, the London and Greenwich line. The Croydon railway followed in 1839, using the same line for a short way.

Some sixty years have passed since then, and the difficulties and dangers of travelling experienced by our ancestors have already begun to cease as a living recollection. What it involved a century ago is suggested by at least one example in which Croydon was concerned. It was at the assizes there in 1795 that the noted Jerry Abershawe, who used to commit his highway robberies in the Putney Heath district, was tried for feloni-

ously shooting. He was executed on Kennington Common, and it is recorded of him that on arriving at the gallows he kicked off his boots and died unshod to disprove the letter, if not the spirit, of an old warning by his mother that he was a bad lad and would die in his shoes. His body was subsequently hanged in chains on Putney Bottom, to encourage the others.

"The Greyhound," a survivor of these "good old days" of journeys on horseback and by post-chaise, still stands, though the recent widening of the High Street has considerably altered its old-time appearance. The portion of Croydon on the Brighton Road must in coaching days have made it the scene of much picturesque coming and going, before the music of the post-horn gave way to the screech of the railway whistle and the aggressive toot of the motor-car. But another Croydon inn, destined to be made more widely famous, has disappeared altogether before the march of improvements. It had a unique literary interest in that it was so closely associated with Ruskin. "Of my father's ancestors I know nothing," he wrote in "Præterita," "nor of my mother's more than that my maternal grandmother was the landlady of the 'Old King's Head' in Market Street, Croydon; and I wish she were alive again, and I could paint her Simone Memmi's 'King's Head' for a sign." And in another reference he tells us that "the personal feeling and nature instinct in me had fastened irrevocably, long before, to things modest, humble and pure in peace, under the low red roofs of Croydon, and by the cress-set rivulets in which the sand danced and minnows darted above the springs of Wandle." Ruskin was born in 1819 in London, and "by the time I was four," he tells us, "there was just the least possible shade of shyness on the part of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square [his birthplace], towards Market Street, Croydon. But whenever my father was ill—and hard work and sorrow had already set their mark on him—we all went down to Croydon to be petted by

my homely aunt and walk on Duppas Hill and the heather at Addington." The homely aunt was the wife of a baker, whose shop used to stand in the same street as the inn. On his boyish visits to Croydon Ruskin's "chosen domain was the shop, the back room," he tells us, "and the stones round the spring of crystal water at the back door (long since let down into the main sewer), and my chief companion my aunt's dog Towser, whom she had taken pity on when he was a snappish starved vagrant, and made a brave and affectionate dog of, which was the kind of thing she did for every living creature that came in her way all her life long." Ruskin's maternal grandfather, the landlord of the "Old King's Head," was a fine, honest old fellow who could forgive anything but a lie. Ruskin tells how on one occasion his mother, when quite a little girl, was detected by her father in some deviation from the truth, and how "mine host" sent his servant out to buy a bundle of new broom twigs with which to punish her. "They did not hurt me," she used to say in after years, "so much as one twig would have done, but I thought a good deal of it." On all other occasions she seems to have behaved in the most exemplary manner, for we read that she attended a Croydon school, kept by a certain Mrs. Rice, where she was taught evangelical principles, and became the pattern girl and best needlewoman in the school. Her sister, on the other hand, "absolutely refused evangelical principles, and became the plague and pet" of the same academy.

A couple of miles or so to the west of Croydon, along the high road to Epsom, is the picturesque village of Beddington. At the corner of Church Lane is the interesting lath-and-plaster COTTAGE illustrated, once the Post Office, in style perhaps more typical of Essex than Surrey. Mr. Barrett unearthed a sketch made of it in 1769 by Grose the antiquary, but the century and a quarter that has passed since then has not altered the quaint bracketted old place in the slightest degree.

The church and what remains of Beddington Hall lie about a quarter of a mile to the west, and should on no account be overlooked. Here the Carew family resided for about four hundred years. They sprang originally from Devonshire, and the first who came to Beddington was the Nicholas Carew who was Keeper of the Privy Seal in the reign of Edward III. Another Carew of the same name was the recipient of many and

THE OLD POST OFFICE AT BEDDINGTON.

high honours from Henry VIII., and in 1531 the king visited him at Beddington for the hunting. It is a moot point whether he was accompanied by Anne Boleyn. But this Carew's glory set on Tower Hill, where he was beheaded for complicity in an abortive attempt to set Cardinal Pole upon the throne. Fuller, however, attributes his execution to a much more trivial reason—an unlucky quarrel with the king over a game of bowls. Sir Nicholas was not buried at Beddington, but in the church of

St. Botolph, Aldersgate. Down swooped the king upon the estates at Beddington and elsewhere, but Sir Francis Carew, the next in succession, obtained from Mary a reconveyance of them. He rebuilt the manor house, and here he had the honour of entertaining Elizabeth on two successive visits in 1599 and 1600. At this time, and for many succeeding years, the grounds were famous for their orangery, the origin of which was undoubtedly due to Sir Francis, though whether, as Aubrey states, he transplanted them from Italy, or, as some authorities assert, raised them from seeds introduced by his nephew-in-law, Sir Walter Raleigh, is not altogether certain. The trees were planted in the open, "where they throve to admiration;" but were preserved during winter under a "moveable covert." According to Lysons they "flourished for a century and a half, being destroyed by the hard frost in 1739-40." Sir Francis appears to have been altogether a notable gardener; and another instance is recorded of his horticultural genius in Sir Hugh Plat's "Garden of Eden," whence we learn that "he kept back the ripening of cherries by raising a tent over the tree, withholding the sun till the berries grew large, and when he was assured of her Majesty's coming he removed the tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their full maturity." By damping the cover he was able to gather his cherries a month after the season for them was over in England. In connection with Elizabeth's visits it may be noted that there formerly existed on the brow of the ridge towards Bandon Hill—and apparently still exists in part in the meadow to the south-east of the church—an avenue of elms called "Our Lady's Walk." The rest of it was ruthlessly felled in 1835.

Sir Walter Raleigh, who married Elizabeth Throckmorton, niece of this Sir Francis, was, according to the register of St. Margaret's, Westminster, buried in that church; but there is preserved an undated letter of extraordinary pathos from Lady Raleigh to her brother Sir Nicholas—who had inherited the estates,

and assumed the arms, of Carew—asking that the body might be interred at Beddington, and proposing to bring it that very night. "The lordes have given me his dead boddi though they denied me his life," writes the sorrowing widow. Lady Raleigh is said to have had her husband's head embalmed, and to have carried it about with her for the rest of her life in a red leather case. We have already referred, in connection with West Horsley, to the belief that the mournful relic ultimately found a resting-place in the church there.

About 1709 a large portion of Beddington Hall was rebuilt by another Nicholas Carew, the fine Elizabethan hall being still retained; but it had hardly been completed before one wing was destroyed by fire, and it remained in ruins until 1865, when the house was sold to its present owners, the Royal Female Orphan Asylum, and adapted by them to the purposes of a school. So effectually, indeed, had this process been carried out that the building now retains very little of its original appearance. The magnificent old roof of the hall and a very curious lock of the time of Henry VII. are now the main objects of interest spared.

Beddington Church is certainly more imposing than most of those in Surrey. The old part of the building is mainly Perpendicular, and was perhaps erected about 1387, at which date £20 was left for the purpose by the will of Nicholas Carew. The whole interior of the church, with the exception of the Carew Chapel, was decorated with diaper work in 1869, and the windows throughout are filled with modern painted glass. The most lavish decoration was, however, reserved for the chancel, which is probably, in its way, unrivalled in the kingdom. The wall spaces on either side of the east window are filled in with mosaics, and every available inch of wall is covered with rich frescoes. The magnificently painted roofs of both nave and chancel, the corbels supporting the former, and the great carved angels of the latter, are distinctly worthy of notice. The pulpit, according to Lysons,

was probably given by Sir Francis Carew, "being of mantled carving of the same form with that of the old room in the manor house." The chancel screen is modern, but some of the miserere seats—very unusual features in a simple country church—are old.

On the floor of the chancel is the very fine brass of Nicholas Carew (second of that name in Beddington); of Isabella, his wife, and of his son, Thomas. This Carew died in 1432. There are figures of husband and wife under a canopy of tabernacle work. There is also a slab with brasses of women in memory of Katheryn Bereyoft and her sister Eliz. Barton (1607). The greater portion of another brass is obscured by the choir stalls, and it is probable that others are altogether hidden in the same manner. Aubrey complained in his day of "similar scandalous neglect." In the new north aisle is a brass in a curious wooden frame to the memory of Thomas Greenhill, B.A. (1634), steward to Sir Nicholas Carew. The monument states that it was erected by William Greenhill, "Mr. of Artes, his Brother, and Mary, his Sister," but it does not say whether these relatives were jointly responsible for the extraordinary punning epitaph:

> He once a Hill was, fresh and Greene,
> Now wither'd, is not to be seene.
> Earth in Earth, shovell'd up, is shut,
> A Hill into a Hole is put.

On the framework, in the company of death's-heads and skeletons, is the further legend, "Mors super Virides Montes" (Death over the Green Hills). It recalls a mediæval brass elsewhere to the memory of one Thomas Hylle (or Hill), on which are some verses beginning "*Mons* in valle jacet." A small brass inscription in the south aisle at Beddington commemorates Eliz. Boys, servant to Sir Fran. Carew (1599).

The Carew Chapel is of Perpendicular architecture, and was probably built by Sir Richard Carew. At any rate he was the first to be interred in it, in 1520. His monument has been re-

painted. That to Sir Francis Carew is particularly fine. It is Jacobean in style, and was erected, as one of its three inscriptions shows, by Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to his "deare and well-deserving unckle." The other inscriptions are laudatory, and duly commemorate Sir Francis's receptions of royalty. The knight is represented, in alabaster, in skull-cap and armour, under a canopy supported by columns of black marble. On the base of the tomb are statuettes of Throckmorton, his wife, five sons and two daughters, all in an attitude of prayer. Two ancient screens divide the chapel from the church.

And here we reluctantly end our perambulation, with a keen sense of regret that there is still left so much of delightful Surrey through which it has not led us.

> I turn to go: my feet are set
> To leave the pleasant fields and farms.

All one may hope to have accomplished is to have given, within limited space, as suggestive a glimpse as possible of many, perhaps most, of the typical English homes and haunts of a county whose varied charms are not to be surpassed in England. There may elsewhere be grander and nobler scenery; there is nothing richer or more beautiful than Surrey. There is certainly nothing more sweetly and characteristically English.

> The sweep of English uplands,
> The sigh of English trees,
> The laugh of English rivers,
> Or breath of English breeze,
> The scent of purple clover
> Off English meadows blown—
> These, these to me are dearest,
> For they are England's own.

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